LIBRARY OF CONGRESS THE

TRACES

OF

THE ROMAN AND MOOR.

TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

This Volume

IS

MOST AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

Traces

OF

The Roman and Moor,

OR

TWICE TRODDEN TRACKS

THROUGH LOMBARDY

AND

THE SPAINS.

COPYRIGHT
Oct 12
1853.

BY

A Bachelor.

LIBRARY
CITY

NEW YORK:
LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN & LAW,
No. 8 Park Place.

1853.

No. 1,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN & LAW,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

DP41
T75

Contents.

	Page.
Dedication,	7
Preface,	9
The Start,	11
Milan,	24
Excursion to Como,	37
Genoa,	66
La Riviera,	79
Marseilles,	87
The Kingdom of the Spains,	94
Madrid,	111
Excursion from Madrid,	165
The Royal Palace,	201
Highway to Seville,	242
Andalucia,	265
Seville,	270
Cadiz,	333
Gibraltar,	352
Malaga,	366
Granada,	379
Barcelona,	437
End of the Traces,	450

Preface.

READER! From the magnificent nature of the scenery which characterizes the whole chain of the Italian lakes, and pre-eminently claims for Genoa the title of "The Superb City," as well as from the noble specimens of architectural beauty, that charm the eye in the Lombardian and Spanish dominion, I had at first conceived that no better name than "*La Superba*," could have been selected for the contents of this book.

But, laying aside mere verbal advantage, I have chosen, rather, the most simple among the many names suggested by my friends and the subject matter, and offer that which carries the strongest conviction of its fitness, since it embraces a description of those splendid nations, who, overrunning in their turn, both the northern part of Italy and Spain, left such vestiges in these countries, as will ever be easily recognized in the TRACES OF THE ROMAN AND MOOR.

Simply adding, that in the drawing of these sketches, I have not hesitated to levy contributions from certain distinguished travelers in Southern Europe, I bid adieu to my silent friends in the public, and, wishing them all god-speed, pray that Providence may ever continue to them the same prosperity and health that has enabled His servant to bring this book to a successful conclusion.

THE AUTHOR.

BLOOMINGDALE, *August*, 1853.

THE START.

Our flight from Venice was sudden. News came to the Piazza of Saint Mark that the railroad over the Lagoon had been broken up, and that the Austrian troops were advancing upon Venice. Padua was then in a state of siege—our retreat was therefore cut off in that direction. The opinion we had once entertained of the advantages of railroads in time of war, then proved a fallacy; and we were forced to hurry away from Venice in the best way we could. Hence, this abrupt break in our traces caused us again to travel.

We had no alternative but to escape by sea, and having hastily packed our trunks and locked our valises, we sent them away by the porter, who took them to the quay near the Ducal Palace. Whilst I was busy about the hire of a boat for Choggia, my friends went to Florian's for a hamper of provisions.

Our counsel met us on Saint Mark's soon after we had closed the contract, and helped us to buy a good supply of bread, wine, and Bologna sausages. He proved his Virginian gentility by this little act of courtesy. We were all sorry we had not met him before.

The truth was, we were in a fright in our flight. Appre-

hension and alarm had seized our minds, and we had not the heart to stop. We must have been great cowards and very "wicked, when no man pursued us" on the sail over the Lagoon.

About three o'clock we stepped into one of the common boats of the country, bound for some port in the distance. It was managed by a fisherman of the Adriatic, and a "lassie" whom we took for his daughter—a fair and portly girl of a merry eye, and full of laughter, not far from twenty, and still in her teens. The figure of our female companion was greatly swollen by the bundles of cotton goods which she had concealed under the folds of her dress. When she afterwards amused us by the removal of her surplus weight, our eyes were opened to the extent of the smuggling trade carried on by the boats which ply regularly from Venice to the different ports in the Adriatic.

Taking advantage of the roguishness of her disposition, we all joined in a hearty laugh at the Custom House officer, who stopped us at the Dogano; and leading this little incident to a familiarity, we enjoyed a very delightful sail, under the influence of a fine breeze and a clear sky, so that we arrived at Chioggia an hour before sunset. The smiling coast of Chioggia deserves to be visited for the character of its lively and industrious inhabitants, and the beauty of its women, for it was thence that Titian obtained his most expressive and ideal heads. We saw several beautiful girls in the shops which lined the borders of the canal. We had but little time to spend in observing the noisy personages on the quay, or any object of interest in the town, for the short interval of our sojourn was fully occupied in procuring a boat, and the passports and countersigns for the guards on the coast. Having

obtained a smaller boat, we started with a fresh breeze, and by the light of a lovely moon, which gladdened the whole surface of the Adriatic, were soon flying fast over its waters in the direction of Brondolo. During the journey, we were attended by a sergeant of the village, who enabled us to use signs and countersigns as we passed by the sentinels at their posts, and answer the challenges given by the officer on duty. Neither of our party knew much about this mysterious flight from Brondolo to Cavazera. The full moon shed her broad masses of light over the region of the coast by which we sailed, and the fatigues of the day already incurred, inviting us to slumber, I dropped myself down at the bottom of our boat, and having folded my long shawl over my body, was soon lost in oblivion and asleep.

At Cavazera we hired a vettura, and were conveyed along the banks of the Adige to the town of Rovigo, and thence by several changes of vehicles, for no other change occurred to relieve our journey, we hastened back to Ferrara. Late in the afternoon of the same day we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of the "*Swiss Pension*" at Bologna.

TO MILAN.

At Bologna I made an arrangement with a *voiturin* who was to conduct me to Milan. This humble mode of traveling is indeed the most commodious in Italy. It is true that one has not always *bon souper, bon gîte et le reste;* but the voiturin undertakes for the whole of the expense, and one is not troubled about the necessaries of life. Duclos, with the dignity of men of letters in his time, received wine, oil, chocolate, and other

provisions from the ministers and noblemen with whom he lodged; but those usages are now out of vogue, and though the regimen of some of the voiturin's hostelries is rather spare, it is still preferable to extending those parasitical habits even to the highways. There are, moreover, some inconveniences, such as fairs and feasts of towns or villages, the passage of rivers or torrents, in which the experience of the voiturin is very serviceable. This species of Mentor in smock-frock and cap is nearly always a very good fellow, and I can say that mine, Mariano Marini, was excellent. His mode of life is also very agreeable: joyfully received and welcomed by his hosts, and held in consideration all along the road on account of the money he expends and the kind of train he brings with him, this perpetual traveler is a true citizen of the world. He traverses all the great capitals, but still preserves his jargon, his manners, and his primitive character. An habitual spectator of the wonders of art or the beauties of nature, his almost stoical indifference contrasts with the astonishment and enthusiasm of the travelers he conducts; slow as he is, he has no object in traveling but to reach his journey's end; he is of a positive turn of mind, and his little stages, indicated and written down beforehand, are as irrevocable as the decrees of destiny.

Should the merit of my favorite voiturins seem thereby somewhat lessened, I should think myself deficient in impartiality, the paramount duty of the traveler as well as the historian, if I did not say a word or two respecting the sagacity of their horses, and of the habits and singular acquaintance with the great roads that they ultimately acquire. A master-voiturin of Rome, I have been told, had engaged to conduct from that city to Paris a numerous English family with all their baggage. He had no one at liberty but a new hand who had

never been that road. But the mare Julie was there, and the master recommended the driver to follow her directions respecting the stages and the hours of starting, which she indicated by certain motions, flutterings, or the shaking of her bells; the man was prudent enough to conform to this advice, not imitating the muleteers of the Duke of Vendome, who, he said, were always wrong in their disputes with the mules. The journey was very favorable, and Julie, harnessed to a splinter-bar before the other four, led the human load from Rome to Paris.

In your treaty with the voiturin, a written contract which ought to be worded with as much precision as the lease of a house, or an agreement with a publisher, there is an important variation which I must mention: instead of breakfast (*collazione*) and of dinner (*pranzo*) which in general exposes you to having only a middling cup of coffee in the morning and a late and unwholesome supper, you must stipulate for two repasts (*due pasti*); then you can demand soup in the morning, and a good dinner, that will allow you to wait till night. The poet's precept is very applicable in the case of a voiturin's agreement:—

D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.

At early dawn the vetturino had packed us all snugly away in his vettura, (which by the way, is the best mode of traveling through Italy,) and we were started afresh on the route toward Milan. The road from Bologna to Modena crosses the Reno, somewhere in the neighborhood of Sammogia, was the former site of the famous island in which the Triumvirs met for three days; where they mutually bartered away the lives of their friends and enemies; where, in the frenzy of their cruelty, they even commanded every one, under pain of death, to rejoice at

their proscriptions; where, in short, Cicero's head was bargained for during two days, and became the pledge of their union. This island, diminutive in size, but equal in celebrity to the most noted in history, disappeared in an earthquake, as if nature, benevolent in her anger, had wished to sweep away all vestige of such atrocities. The river itself, the ancient Labinius, has lost its name, and appears there only a kind of straggling torrent in a field of gravel.

The plains adjacent witnessed the dying struggles of Roman liberty; but Anthony's defeat at Modena made no real change in the state of affairs. The Senate did not take warning from it, and the fate of the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, on the field of battle, was but the prelude to the republican and stoical deaths of Brutus and Cassius.

Our halt at Modena during the oppressive heat of noon, afforded us an opportunity to view the town and some of its remarkable points. We found the inns along this entire journey far better than we had anticipated, and every attention was paid to our comfort at the instance of the clever vetturino whom we had procured.

Modena, with its porticos, had an air of comfort and prettiness. The palace, its gallery and library, are nearly all the town. This extensive and magnificent edifice, with its superb court, is out of proportion with the petty state of the sovereign who inhabits it. Such is the pomp ever required by sovereignty, however small it may be. The gallery received many paintings which had been returned from France, for almost all the masterpieces by Guereino, Guido, and the Carraccio, have traveled to Paris and back. The library of the palace, the famous old one of the house of Este, was honored by having for its managers two of the best writers in literary history,

Muratori and Tiraboschi. Muratori was a colossus of learning, and besides being an excellent scholar and librarian, was a good parish priest, occupied with his poor, the guidance and salvation of his parishioners, and the service of his church. Tiraboschi was a prolix writer, and his *History of Italian Literature*, is more useful as a book of reference, than interesting to read.

The library contains about 90,000 volumes, and possesses an old copy of the Bible, probably one of the first ever printed, which is remarkable for the clearness of its type and the blackness of its ink, showing the perfection of the art of printing at its birth. Besides the numerous manuscripts of Tasso, and several beautiful and rare illustrated articles and missals, this library offers a rich treat to amateurs, in its scarce primitive editions, and altogether deserves to be placed in the first rank of the Italian libraries.

La Ghirlandina, the steeple which we ascended in order to obtain an extensive view over this region, like all the *campanile* or bell towers of Italy, was detached from the cathedral; which was of the Lombard Gothic order, and by no means so elegant a structure.

The panorama, seen from this belfry, embraces an extent of circumference for sixty miles, and reached from Bologna on the south, to the outskirts of the town of Reggio on the north. Inside the steeple may be seen, hanging by its chain, the famous deal bucket taken from the Bolognese, and which, under the name of the Secchia Rapita, was prettily sung in a charming poem by Tassoni.

About the hour of sunset we entered the pretty and well-built town. Reggio is a charming town, of so gay and pleasing an aspect, that if Ariosto was not born there, it may be said,

he ought to have been. It is altogether worthy of having been *il natio nido* (the natal nest) of that graceful poet. In spite of the inscription and the credulity of a celebrated traveler, the little rebuilt house in the Cathedral Square, was not the house in which Ariosto was born. This poet saw the light in the Castle of Reggio of which his father was the governor, and the false tradition which states his birth to have taken place "in the middle chamber of the first floor, towards the Square," arose half a century after his death ; it originated in the vanity of one of his mother's relatives who wished to give celebrity to the house she inhabited.

The finest church in Reggio is the Madonna della *Ghiara*, which, with its dome in the centre, and four others at the extremities, presents a model of Saint Peter's in miniature, according to Michael Angelo's plan, before it was spoiled by Carlo Maderno, who reduced it from the Greek to the Latin cross, and destroyed its admirable unity.

We only passed the night at Reggio; but the performance of the civic band, on the Cathedral Square lent an air of cheerfulness and joy to the evening that we spent at the "Poste Hotel." The town seemed to us singularly clean, gay and agreeable, and the inhabitants courteous and full of animation; a characteristic which satisfactorily explains the carelessness and non-chalance of a certain General of the Reggians portrayed by Tassoni, who was composing a madrigal, when the enemy came upon them, and being compelled to arm,

Era stizzato
Di non aver finito il madrigal.

Was *very* sorry,
For not having finished his madrigal.

PARMA.

We arrived at Parma about mid-day and spent the hour of noon in visiting some of its most interesting monuments.

The Steccata, the finest church in Parma, built since the revival, will bear comparison with the most celebrated in Italy; on the ceiling is the famous *Moses breaking the tables of the law*, painted in clare-obscure, and *Adam* and *Eve*, by Parmegiano. This great and capricious artist had not finished the *Adam*, though he had taken the money for it, when, being seized with a passion for alchemy, he left off working at this ceiling to prosecute his vain researches. According to the rude usages toward artists then prevailing, he was thrown into prison, but he contrived to escape, and died shortly after, a solitary wanderer from one hiding-place to another, at the age of thirty-seven, like Raphael, whose steps he had faithfully followed.

The cupola representing the *Virgin and Jesus Christ* surrounded by angels and saints, is one of Sojaro's finest works.

On a grand stone tomb of Alexander Farnese are his helmet and sword with the single word, *Alexander:* it touches the heart because it holds a hero, while other tombs which have neither posterity nor ancestors, leave one nearly indifferent.

Near the church of Saint Louis, is the celebrated chamber of Correggio, in the old convent of Saint Paul. The paintings of this chamber, the first that Correggio did at Parma, were ordered by his generous protectress, the abbess Giovanna, daughter of a Parmesan noble, before the monastery was subjected to closure, and when the splendid and independent abbess, named for life, was, like most of them in her time, thrown into the midst of the affairs, pleasures, and vanities of the world.

Over the fire-place is a fresco representing Diana in the clouds in a golden car drawn by two white hinds. The ceiling is azure, and covered with graceful genii wantoning amid ovals pierced through a vast treillage; beneath, faces painted in camaieu present, face-wise and perfectly naked—the Graces, Fortune, the Fates, Minerva, Adonis, Endymion—figures imitated from the antique, and worthy of it, which prove how intensely the artist had studied, notwithstanding the uncertainty of his abode at Rome. The three crescents, Giovanna's arms, the crozier, sign of her dignity, placed on the keystone of the vault and surrounded with a golden crown, surmount this voluptuous and pagan decoration, mixed with profane inscriptions in Greek and Latin, and which seem to belong rather to some house of Herculaneum or Pompeii than the ceiling of an abbess' closet.

Parma may be called the capital of Correggio's talent; and the Gallery of the ducal palace contains the greatest number of his works. St. Jerome, his master-piece, returned from Paris after the period of the illustrious pillages in 1798. The saint has really usurped the appellation of this picture, as it contains the *Virgin, infant Jesus*, Magdalen caressing and kissing his feet with the tenderest expression of respect. St. Jerome is one of the two other figures, with two angels and his lion. The history of this painting, executed in 1524, shows that the social position of artists was then very inferior; Briseis Cossa, the widow who ordered it, only allowed Correggio 47 sequins ($110), and his board for the six months that he worked at it; she had, however, the munificence to add to these fees, *two loads of wood, some measures of wheat*, AND A FAT PIG.

This whole collection is remarkable for the choiceness of its works and other judicious selection, and arrangement. The

Cathedral and Baptistry of Parma are in the first rank of Italian Gothic monuments; but, with the marble that decorates them, may also be seen the imprint of Italian taste, preoccupied by contemplating the wrecks of antiquity, and which has not that daring ignorance, the source of the singular beauties and fantastic grandeur of the Gothic edifices of the North.

The cupola, painted by Correggio, the first of cupolas, cannot be conveniently subjected to a close examination. Though much injured, it is impossible not to admire those superb remnants of painting, not less finished when closely viewed than brilliant at a distance, and that *Assumption*, so lively, blissful, and triumphant.

A rich cenotaph had been erected to Petrarch in the chapel of Saint Agatha, in the cathedral in which he was archdeacon and canon, an ecclesiastical title and dignity forming a singular contrast with his fame as a lover and a poet. Petrarch directed his body to be buried in the cathedral in case he died at Parma, although, as he himself avows, he had resided there but very little, and was at best but a very indifferent archdeacon.

The superb Baptistry, entirely of marble, is of the end of the twelfth century. It is ornamented outside with statues and basso-relievos, presenting incidents from the Old and New Testaments, and curious hieroglyphics. The interior is no less characteristic; the ceiling is covered with Gothic and Greek frescoes of the middle ages; Diana and Apollo are there placed in juxta-position with the history of St. John and the figures of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles. The profane in those barbarous ages, conjoined with the sacred; so much do the emblems of paganism still seem mixed with those of Christianity. The coloring and gilding of these frescoes, after

more than five centuries, are still wonderfully brilliant, and prove that they were laid on with extraordinary skill.

Selva Piana, fifteen miles from Parma, the beloved retreat of Petrarch, whither he retired after being crowned at Rome, presents no vestige of his residence there. The house formerly called *Casa alle pendici*, from its situation half way up an acclivity, has almost disappeared in our days; it was standing sixty years ago; at present nothing remains but the woods and the prospect extending to the Alps, and commanding the whole of Cisalpine Gaul. Such an abode must have inspired a poet, and Petrarch has duly celebrated it: "This immense forest, on a verdant hill, is called *Plana*, though a steep ascent; the earth there engenders beeches with lofty branches to ward off the burning rays of the sun, and young delicate flowers of variegated colors; a limpid stream and the cool breeze from neighboring mountains, temper the heats of Cancer and Leo. The summits of the cloud-capt mountains tower above the forest.....Thousands of birds and animals of various kinds inhabit its sacred shade; a brook rushes down the hill and refreshes the young turf in its wandering course. In its bosom is a flowery bower made by no artist's hand, but created by nature, the friend of poets, to give them inspiration: there, the warbling of birds, combined with the murmurs of the stream, invites to grateful slumbers: the grass affords a charming couch; the boughs protect you with their shade, and the mountains shelter you from the southern winds. The rude swineherd has never defiled such a refuge with his feet; the peasant points thereat with his mattock or his finger, and the guardian of the woods tremblingly reveres it from the mountain top. The breath there inhales a marvelous perfume; its aspect presents a picture of the Elysian fields, and this secluded spot is the

peaceful retreat of the wandering muses. I steal away thither and escape the world and society."

A decree of the Duchess of Parma has directed a monument to be erected to Petrarch's memory, on the site of his house at *Selva Piana;* this monument, amid the cottages of the present village, will recall from afar the poet's glory and felicity.

Notwithstanding our short stay at Parma, our sojourn there was agreeably entertained by the many illustrious monuments of the town. On the road to Fiorensole, we passed the picturesque old Castle Guelfo, in ruins, which were beautifully clad with rich masses of ivy, which hung like a mantle over its forlorn condition, as if struggling to conceal the deep ravages which time had made in an edifice which once resounded with the pomp and pageant of the Feudal lords.—Even this quaint little town had its glorious Cathedral, the pride and boast of the parish, whose inhabitants were shoemakers, and they seemed no less occupied for liberal provisions of their soul, as they now seemed to be busy with the soles of other people. We were struck here, as in many other towns through which we had passed, with the pretty faces and picturesque costumes of these villages, and most particularly were we pleased with the neat arrangement of the head-dresses which were peculiar to this parish.

Before sunrise our vetturino called us for a fresh start, and soon after we were on our way, by the road to Milan which leaves the town of Piacentia, somewhat to the left. Beyond the point whence we caught a sight of this distant town, we were obliged to cross the Po.

At noon we reached the town of Lodi, and had time to examine the position of the celebrated bridge, which formed so remarkable a chapter in the battles of Napoleon.

The road beyond Lodi to Milan, shows the peculiar features of the rich plains of Lombardy, their labored cultivation, and the excellent system of irrigation which sustains the abundance of this region. The culture of the rice plant proves the fecundity of the soil, and its effects by the miasmatic airs are depicted in the dwarfish appearance and sallow aspect of the inhabitants of these flats.

MILAN.

It is impossible not to be struck even in passing, with the appearance of wealth, commerce, and industry of this great city, as you enter it by the gate of the Porta Romano. Moonlight lent an increased charm to the ærial beauty of the minarets and thousand statues which adorn the form of the noble Duomo, and heightened the effects of its brilliant architecture, by an aspect which daylight even did not entirely dissipate, so majestic, and fairy-like, and beautiful are the outlines and properties of this Gothic, religious edifice.

The French aspect of Milan, so happily noticed by Montaigne, from its resemblance to Paris, and confirmed by Tasso, in the partial and unjust parallel which he wrote at Paris, is most conspicuous in the palaces of the prince—those brilliant imitations of the imperial residences of France, but less magnificent. *La Villa*, with its English garden and its position in the interior of the city, is the Elysée Bourbon of this bastard Paris ; and Monza,—of the *Iron Crown* memory—three leagues from Milan, reminds one of Saint Cloud.

Despite of the lavish use of the title of PALAZZO, among the Italians, the palaces do not commonly sustain so superb an ap-

pellation, but unless devoted to some public service, they are, in general, more modestly and properly called houses.

The Duomo is a prodigy of labor! Even should the edifice be completed, and its four thousand statues added to the hundred pinnacles, and perched upon it, the Duomo would still be but an enormous toy, with more boldness and singularity than beauty of design. All this marble crowd seems alike in form and expression, and its whiteness like that of the building is painful to the eye. Having been constructed after the plan of the Cathedral of Cologne, like all imitations it falls short of the primitive grandeur of its model, and the minute, detailed ornaments of the buttresses, seem rather meretricious additions to plain pilastres, than those graceful germs of architectural foliage and delicate scroll-work, which form a part, or, rather, compose, the pleasing features of the purer Gothic of the North.

Yet the lines of this gorgeous, pyramidical mass are elevating and attractive, whereon the sight mounts upward by so pleasing a succession of graduated effects, that the mind is also transported aloft by a sympathetic movement of wonder and admiration.

Standing on each side of the principal entrance, and drawn from the quarries of Lake Maggiore, are two gigantic colomns, each of a single piece of red granite; they are perhaps the largest ever employed in any building. The choir, in beautiful design, is richly adorned by seventeen basso-relievos of a rare delicacy of touch, and the stalls are covered with superb sculptures from the designs of Pellegrino, Brambilia, Figini, and Meda, representing divers incidents of the life of Saint Ambrose, and other bishops of Milan.

It would be difficult to avoid emotion on seeing in the subterranean chapel the body of Saint Charles Borromeo, who was

in a manner the hero of his country. The memory of this vast, ardent, and unbending genius, this kind of governing Saint, as also that of his family, is pre-eminent there above that of emperors and kings. The holy archbishop is clothed in his pontifical robes enriched with diamonds ; his mitred head reposes on a golden cushion ; the sarcophagus is of transparent crystal, through which the features even of the great man may be easily contemplated. How great, truly, is the contrast of the word *humilitas*, the family device of the Borromeo family, which is written on the tomb, with so great a display of riches, in this shrine the ceiling of which is ornamented in silver relief, representing serious scenes in the life of the Saint, whose tomb is encased with silver.

From the top of the enormous pyramid of the Duomo—for there is in reality no steeple, its place being supplied by a kind of tower, ugly and ill-proportioned—from the top, we repeat it, of this sort of marble mountain, the view is truly admirable.

The cultivated plains of Lombardy appear an ocean of verdure beneath the azure sky; the eye discovers at once the Alps and the Appenines, and this immense horizon is like a new and superb panorama of Italy.

ANCIENT CHURCHES.

Christian antiquity presents no older monument than the basilic of Saint Ambrose, erected in 387, by the saint whose name it bears; it still exists, a real chaos of architecture, among those works of various and remote ages, which compose a shocking medley of art, plan, and interior. Italian architects have ever exhibited a carelessness in not retaining the primitive character of these edifices in repairing them. Before the

church is one of those spacious courts, which the middle age art borrowed, imitated from antiquity, and are still found before many of the Italian houses of worship. It was there that, during the time of paganism, the profane remained, and where, in after times, the rigorous public penance of the early church took place. There is something religious in the aspect of these old porticos, and they nobly separate the sanctuary from the tumult of cities.

In this church there is an immense old pulpit of marble, opposite to the modern one, it is pretty much like the gallery used by the Romans, in which the orators had room to walk about. These old pulpits are in much better taste than the kind of deal boxes suspended in our churches, above which rises a man, who twists and agitates himself, and seems ill at ease in so narrow a space. Were we not habituated to this manner of preaching, it would appear a very singlar exhibition.

In the nave of Saint Ambrose, the famous brazen serpent is placed on a column—that some have even gone so far as to take for the one that Moses raised in the desert, or at least made of the same metal, and on which the learned have discussed at a prodigious length. The populace are persuaded that it will hiss at the end of the world; and the sexton, one day when dusting it, having somewhat deranged it, the alarm became general when the ominous serpent was seen turned towards the door, and it was necessary to put it right immediately, in order to allay the terror of those who already thought they heard it.

This style of basilic is the most impressive after the Gothic. At morning service, at the hour of solemn mass, one cannot fail to be moved by the low, sweet strains of music which steal through the vaulted aisles, and mingle with the orisons of the

penitents within; even should one not have faith in the religious forms of the Romanist, he may exercise charity in these judgments which are always better suppressed than uttered.

SPLENDOR OF THE ALTARS.

The sumptuousness of the Italian churches, until one becomes used to it, appears truly wonderful. The altar, and even the pulpit, are sometimes set with agates and other precious stones. It must be difficult to speak in the midst of all these riches, and eloquent words must be requisite to touch an audience thus dazzled. I much fear that the precept of Horace may be often applied to the sermons delivered in these pulpits,

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,

Nevertheless, I have never shared the prejudices of the economists against sumptuousness in altars. This sumptuousness tends to neither corruption nor dissipation like that of the world, but it is conservative and useful. There are some ornaments also which can be appropriated to no other purpose, such as precious stones; it would be difficult to put these objects of national pride in circulation; then, is it not better to place them on an altar, where they add to the majesty of religion, and excite neither envy nor hatred, than to make them ornaments for the forehead of a courtesan or the sword of a despot?

The churches of Italy are generally shut for some hours in the middle of the day, namely, from twelve to four or five. There are none open during the whole day but the cathedrals, such as the Duomo of Milan, Saint Mark of Venice, Saint

Peter of Rome, and the basalics. This regulation of closing the churches has something of Protestantism about it; it seems opposed to the religious manners of the Italians as well as to Catholic usages; it is, moreover, inconvenient to travelers, who frequently have but little time to visit these churches, partly temples, partly museums. The entrance of strangers is annoying to the worshippers, and not less disagreeable and painful to themselves. One feels uncomfortable and confused at finding oneself standing alone, guide-book in hand, in the midst of a crowd of persons kneeling and praying, occupied in counting the columns of vert antique, Carrara marble, and lapis-lazuli, surrounded by half-naked beggars. If you enter in the middle of a sermon, the embarrassment is not less; the fire of the orator, the echoing burst of his voice amid the silence of his auditory, the fierce and animated expression of his countenance, contrast strangely with the cool indifference and somewhat awkward air peculiar to persons who are gazing round as if seeking for something.

How many times has the piety and fervor of the worshippers appeared to me *the better part!* And how vain the restless curiosity of the traveler beside the sublime simplicity of the believer! It would be advisable to leave the morning to the services of worship; for noon, the time of closing, is the precise moment when the light is the most favorable for the paintings. Despite Italian indolence, a more serious consideration ought to put an end to this injudicious practice; independently of the frequent need of prayer that the soul experiences, how many faults, crimes even, have been prevented by fortuitously entering a church! It is said that every body sleeps at that hour, but the unhappy and evil-doers sleep not, and the passions do not know a *siesta.*

At a period when there has been so much talk of ultramontanism, our clergy would not do amiss to copy the Italians in the benches and the cleanliness of their churches; France is the country, perhaps, where the Deity is worst templed, and her negligence on that point is a discredit to her high civilization.

But there is one excess of zealous attentions that I will take care not to prescribe, since it is one of the greatest vexations for the traveler. I allude to the mania which possesses the Italians for hanging their churches on holydays. On the eve of such days, the upholsterer, armed with his hammer and ladders, takes possession of the monument; curious inscriptions, tombs of great men, all disappear under his hangings; magnificent columns of granite and Carrara marble are smothered under his tinselry; and there may be seen hanging on the front, or to the vaulted roof of some old basilic, or elegant temple of Bramante, Palladio, or Michael Angelo, long strips of various stuffs, yellow, white, pink, etc., as at the shop fronts of our linendrapers. This ludicrous embellishment, applied with such bad taste, is the same to architecture as paint is to the human face. I have even seen Saint Peter's decked out in this showy manner; it is true that the vastness of its vaults made the upholsterer's task difficult enough, and that the little square bits of crimson-cloth that he had put up against the walls were hardly perceptible. The noisy labors of this artisan sometimes not being completed when the fête begins, are annoyingly continued during the services, while, on other occasion, he is in such haste that he begins to take down his finery before they are concluded, lest the brilliancy of such fine colors should be lost.

THE CŒNACULUM.

Placed in the refectory of the old monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, is the celebrated *Last Supper*, by Leonardo Vinci, still beautiful despite the ravages which have marred, and less injured by the hand of time, than despoiled by ruthless men. It was not difficult to recognise its beauty. Through the mists of ruin that envelope it, and the bungling retouching it has undergone, one may still discover the spirit, variety, expression and life of this admirable composition. The apartment which contains it served once as a stable and granary, and yet retains evidences of the barbarous abandonment in which the Dominicans had formerly left the Cœnaculum, and of the revolutionary outrages inflicted in 1797, on this masterpiece of Leonardo.

Parini, an ingenious and elegant Italian contemporary poet said, that the man capable of such a conception could have produced a poem. If the sight of these fine paintings excited and fed the pious musings which alleviated his sorrows, we may be pardoned if we fail to arouse a kindred sympathy by a description of our view of them in their damaged condition.

The face of the Saviour partook of miraculous feeling and the grouping of the Apostles was excellent and significant. Those of Judas, Peter and John show the effects of the highest contrasts, brought together by the medium of an harmonious character. The ardent temperament of Peter, the tried, earnest, generous and faulty disciple was in happy intervention between the love of John and the treachery of the perfidious Iscariot. There is also, clearly indicated, that expression of surprise, of mournful suspense and inquiry, at the moment when these memorable words were uttered, "*One of you shall betray*

me;" and although the action of all the figures is intense and full, "all interest is absorbed by the touching agony of the Saviour," in the overflow of his sorrowful and sympathizing love which embodies the true idea of Piety, and seems to say, that his thoughts, like *Himself*, were not of this earth. Even though we had been prepared for a sight of this painting from the period of our earliest associations, it was still remarkable that even in its decay there are still the lingering traces of the beautiful, and those hallowed tones of feeling which are ever connected with, or attached to, whatever is perishing and truly, eminently, felt for ruins.

LIBRARY AND OBSERVATORY.

Besides the numerous private libraries in Milan, there are the Ambrosian and the public library of Brera. The latter has only a thousand manuscripts, among which are the famous choir-books of the Chartreuse of Pavia, but it contains one hundred and seventy thousand volumes, and is the best furnished of all the Italian libraries with modern books of science, natural history, and voyages.

Our visit to the observatory, and a call on Professor Carlini, afforded us an hour full of instruction and remark. The instruments, with the exception of a *transit*, were very antiquated; but the view from the upper tower of the star-gazer embraced the whole town, and its charming environs. The foundation of the observatory was formerly the tower of an ancient church, and dated from the year 1200.

It may be, that the splendor of the Florentine, Bolognese and Roman museums of paintings, causes the gallery of Brera to be too much neglected, which was but recently begun. If it

has no great Titians, and is also destitute of other masterpieces, it possesses some admirable paintings of other masters of a school distinguished for simplicity, expression, force, and the marvelous gift of perspective.

Raphael's *Marriage* of the Virgin, a work of his youth, would not have been bettered by his after years; for talent, when arrived at its perfection, often loses something of its simplicity and grace. He was twenty-one years old when he painted *Lo Sposalizio:* Guereino's *Abraham dismissing Agar*, one of his finest works, beams with expressions of her grief, whose countenance reveals intense mental suffering within. Besides an excellent Annunciation by Francesco Francia, attributed to Perugino, and an admirable head of an old man by Titian, there is an interesting though somewhat ordinary painting by Giovanni Sanzio, the father and first master of Raphael, a poor painter, but a man of good sense, who felt that his lessons were insufficient for such a pupil, and accordingly lost no time in consigning him to Perugino.

THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY.

The Ambrosian library containing over 60,000 volumes and 10000 manuscripts, possesses among other remarkable works, the famous Virgil of Petrarch, in which is his impassioned note on Laura, and an inscription by the poet, regarding his natural son, who had robbed his father, and given him much trouble. His Virgil seems the depository of Petrarch's sorrows. Although the marginal notes, and those at the bottom of the page are lengthy and numerous, embracing quotations from the ancient authors, and critical collations, they seem little worthy of this erudite poet, and were never thought sufficiently im-

portant by Mai, to publish. Perhaps they were of Petrarch's youth, when his father snatched from him, and threw into the fire, the Virgil he was secretly reading, instead of studying the *Decretales*.

It is impossible to suppress a species of literary emotion, on seeing, in a large wooden chest, the celebrated palimpsesti of the pleadings of Cicero, for Scaurus, Tullius, and Flaccus,—on the writing of which the poems of Leduluis, a priest of the sixth century, had been transcribed. In contemplating these old black sheets, calcined and perforated in some parts by the action of oxygenised muriatic acid, I was pleased to see modern science rushing to the rescue of ancient eloquence and philosophy, and chemistry stripping off and annihilating the ignoble text which concealed a sublime original. It was impossible not to be struck at the sight of this second species of ruins, and this determined searching of the monuments of thought and genius, relics of the greatest orator of Rome, found again after more than two centuries, under the Gothic lines of a versifier of the middle ages and the protocol of ecclesiastical decrees. The palimpsesti of the Ambrosian Library proceeded in part from the monastery of Saint Columban de Bobbio, situated in the recesses of the Appenines, where a mass of precious manuscripts were stored. In those barbarous times the cloister and the mountains were the asylum of letters, these learned remnants published, annoted, translated, by clever and experienced writers and editors of our times, are gloriously promulgated throughout the civilized world; and Cicero, in his eloquent orations, is again listened to by a greater number than ever heard him in the forum or the comitia.

But there is a manuscript less imposing than these palimpsesti; namely, ten letters from Lucretia Borgia to Cardinal

Bembo, at the end of which is a piece of Spanish verse by the latter, breathing an exalted spirit of Platonism ; the answer of the lady is much plainer, and she accompanied it with a lock of her hair. Thus does the bottom of this mysterious portfolio, this strange pedantic medley of poetry, philosophy, and sensualism, offer a striking characteristic monument of the corruptness of Italian manners in the sixteenth century. This lock of a lady's hair, in a great library, in the midst of old manuscripts, is a striking singularity ; one would scarce have expected to find it there, and it seems strange to confide the custody of such a charge to the doctors of the Ambrosian library.

It is particularly difficult to make researches at the Ambrosian. Would it be believed that its illustrious founder, Cardinal Frederico Borromeo, had forbidden the making of a catalogue? It is said that it cannot be done without a dispensation from Rome. The existing apology for a catalogue is truly a mere cypher ; the authors are arranged by their Christian names, which, in Italy, have more importance than with us ; in the list there is a crowd of Johns, Jameses, and Peters, and to find Petrarch, one must look for Francis. To increase the perplexity still more, there is no title on the backs of the books ; the aspect of these nameless volumes covering the walls of this immense hall, is somewhat intimidating, and were it not for the good fame of the founder, one might think ill of all this occult science. The librarians, however, know pretty well what they have, and what they have not ; they only consult their memory, and the catalogue is purely traditional.

Of the physico-mathematical manuscripts of Leonardo Vinci, there only remains now at the Ambrosian a single volume on Engineering, of great size, called the *Codice Atlantico*, containing machines, caricatures and notes collected by Pompeo Leoni.

The letters are written from right to left, in the Eastern manner, and can only be read by a mirror. Like his worthy rival, Michael Angelo, Leonardo Vinci was also scholar, sculptor, architect, engineer, chemist, mechanician, and man of letters; with such men the multiplicity of accomplishments, instead of injuring each other, seem, on the contrary, to extend and strengthen them. The sight of this singular manuscript, with its reversed characters, proves by its manner, how the influence of the East was reflected on Italy in Leonardo's age, and to how great an extent Italy was indebted to it for warmth and brilliancy.

There is a small but rich museum in the Ambrosian library, in which may be seen the cartoon of the School of Athens, the first simple and sublime sketch of that immortal composition. M. de Chateaubriand standing before it, said, "I like the cartoon as well." The latter having been carefully restored, seems to outlast the painting, which is daily falling to decay. A portrait of Leonardo Vinci, on red crayon, done by himself, is a true patriarchal countenance; the features are calm and mild, notwithstanding the bushiness of the eyebrows, and the exuberance of beard and hair.

Several charming paintings by Bernardino-Luini, such as the young *St. John playing with a lamb*, and the *Virgin at the Rocks*, which were brought from Paris, are also at the Ambrosian, and the grand fresco of the *Crowning with Thorns*, closes the number of remarkable objects which adorn the walls of the Ambrosian library

EXCURSION TO COSMO.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

Our course as far as Monza by railroad, presented no object of interest, except the Iron Crown, which is kept in the rich old Lombard basilic of that town. Having met with some opposition in our attempt to see this celebrated curiosity, through a ruse on the part of the sacristan to extort money, we failed to obtain a sight of the real crown, but were satisfied by looking at a copy.

We must, therefore, describe it from a guide book:—"The iron crown, the real wonder of Monza, is inclosed in the upper part of a large cross, placed in the chapel of the cathedral. It is rarely seen but at a certain distance. The iron circle it incloses is, as every body knows, made of one of the nails of the true cross used in the Passion." From this point the road to Como became extremely picturesque, and still more striking on a nearer approach to the town itself, where the hilly aspect of the country lent relief to our journey.

The situation of Como on the lake, is one of great beauty, and from the windows of our hotel, we caught the first sight of its pretty waters. The Casino, one of the most elegant edifices in the town, was erected for the convenience of the nobles during the Austrian domination, and is convenient and elegant in its arrangements. Having spent some time in walking on the terraces of the port's walls, admiring the beauty of the lake, and the brilliant display of the constellations above us—a brightness of peculiar splendor in Italy, we were accosted by the officers on guard, from whom we learned much about the

wars of Italy, and their hatred of the Austrian rule. It was not, however, until the moon had arisen, that we enjoyed its rich effects on the lake before us, and heavy and black shadows from the mountains were cast upon its bosom, whilst the numerous houses and villas of the port were bathed in a flood of light resembling hoar frost, and producing the most magical result of a glowing and brilliant chiaro-oscuro.

On the following morning we again observed the effects of sunrise on the Lake, and found it as beautiful as we could have expected from the glimpses of the preceding night.

It would be difficult to describe the variety and the enchanting localities of the Lake of Como. With its woods, rocks, cascades, the mildness of the air, and the olive and citron groves that reach down to the banks, it presents an image as it were of Switzerland and Italy combined; Greece even seems to be there, and she has given some of her harmonious names to sundry places in the environs; for instance, Lenno, Nesso, Lecco, Colonnia, Corenno, which naturally remind one of Lemnos, Naxos, Leucadia, Colona, and Corinth. This number of Greek names is a proof of the emigration of the Pelasgians into the north of Italy, and the name of Cosmo, too, bespeaks of a Greek derivation. The Pelasgians were originally from Arcadia, and on the beauteous shores they found the freshness and charming solitudes of their native vales.

In spite of the singular, and perhaps rather cold epithet of the great master, (Virgil,) *Lari Maxime*, the Lake of Como does not present, like some others, a great plain of monotonous waters; on the contrary, the scene appears to close, re-open, and renew itself every instant; its little straits produce the effect of a succession of lakes, and the headlands which they form, present admirable views of different kinds. I went over

it several times with infinite pleasure, as well as its environs, and I could have wished to have sojourned there longer. It would not be very expensive to live in this delightful country; at Babbiano, one of the best situations on the Lake, there was shown a very pretty house let to an English family for $50.

At eight o'clock we went on board the little steamer that plies its waters, and ran along the shores of this beautiful sheet of water. The characteristic of the scenery is a combination of harmonious beauties, uniting every variety of scene with the greatest contrasts. Pretty villas and regal residence, mingle with hamlets and villages. The richest culture of the vegetable world follows, and furnishes the rugged sides of the mountains; olive groves and vineyards smile over abrupt and fearful precipices; pleasant cliffs are ornamented with towers and castles, convents and chalêts run out into the lake, breaking up the monotony of its surface, whilst every turn exposed new features and new views. Every headland appears to limit the extent and prospect; they form, as it were, a succession of limited lakes. Beyond all are the silvery snows of the Rhetian Alps and the the bottom of the lake is superb, where it is shut in by these mountains, which witnessed the exploits of Drusus,

Videre Rhœtis sub Alpibus
Drusus gerentem Vindelici—

mountains which subsequently gave equal renown to the great captains of modern times, from the Duke of Rohan, the determined conqueror of the Valteline, to Macdonald, the vanquisher of icy fogs and the Grisons.

On an agreeable declivity, near the point of Torno, a pretty village which rises in the form of an amphitheatre, may be seen the ruins of an old monastery of the *umiliati;* for the borders

of the lake are covered with chapels, churches and convents, which have a very picturesque effect when viewed from the water. Near by was the villa of the celebrated *cantatrice* Pasta.

At Bellaggio which may be considered the terminating point of the picturesque beauties of the lake, I stopped in order to ascend to the Serbelloni villa.

This position, commanding a full view of the union of the Lake Lecco with Lake Como, from the noble terraces in front of the mansion, also embraces various rich landscapes on both shores. A short row from the landing soon brought me to the villa Melzi, remarkable for its garden and fine prospect. The gardens are laid out with elegant taste, and the walks embellished with statues, among them is a beautiful group of Dante led by Beatrice, a work by Canova, who also executed Melzi's sepulchral monument which stands in the chapel.

The torrent called *Il fiume latte*, which rushes in foam through the rocks, falls into the lake, and gives its name to the village situated at its feet, reminded me of the cascade of Pissevache near Martigny. A comparison of these popular metaphors, intended to produce the same impression, shows all the difference between the genius of Italy, and (if we may say so) the genius of Switzerland. In this way words may sometimes serve to distinguish the character and spirit of nations.

Near to the branch of Lecco, which has not the varied and animated aspect of the Cosmo branch, but is sad and solitary, stands Varena, favored with so genial a climate, that, besides its pines, oaks, laurels, cypresses, and numerous olives, the aloe, and even the plants of Syria will flourish there.

On returning to the left, Domaso and Gravedona meet the view. On the mountain between these two small towns the women wear large gowns of brown woolens, with a hood like

that of the Capuchins; these ladies are also called *frate* (lay brothers). They adopt this strange costume in consequence of a vow made by their mothers, which they religiously observe. But coquetry loses nothing by it; this humble dress does not conceal either their elegant forms or pretty faces; and among the rich, gold, coral, and lace occasionally shine on the robes of the good fathers.

Lower down are discovered the ruins of the stronghold of Musso, an ancient fortification hollowed out perpendicularly in the rock. Musso was defended with singular audacity by the famous Giovanni Iacopo Medici, whose sisters, Clarissa and Margaret (the latter the wife of Count Borromeo, and mother of Saint Charles), shared his perilous adventures, and stimulated the women to augment the fortifications. Francesco Sforza, after ordering the murder of Ectore Visanti, wanted to get rid of the instruments of that crime, Medici, and another captain named Pozzino. The latter was killed; Medici had received orders to repair the castle of Musso; however, while making the passage, he suspected Sforza's intentions, and opened the letter thus entrusted to his charge, by which he was convinced of the fate that awaited him. He immediately replaced this letter by another injoining the governor to transfer to him provisionally the command of the fort; and from this rock he braved all the attacks of Sforza by land and water, became the terror of his race, pillaged all the environs, took possession of the Valteline, and did not consent to make peace until he had obtained, besides the payment of 30,000 sequins, the sovereignty of Lecco for himself and his descendants, and the possession of Meleguano, another fortress between Milan and Lodi, in exchange for the one he occupied. It is painful to behold such men stained with crime, as it restricts the admiration their

prodigious courage inspires. How great would their glory have been, if, instead of being impelled by their own danger and personal interest, they had been actuated by patriotism and honor!

Cadenabbia and Tremezzine, situated on the same side, in the middle of the lake, for position, climate, and their many beautiful villas are the Baiæ of this little Mediterranean. The Sommariva villa, although of the bad taste of the last century, is one of those splendid seats which would not have been disdained by the luxurious and voluptuous Romans, so severely reprehended by Horace. There may be seen an exact copy of Jocond, by Leonardo Vinci, and the beautiful basso-relievos of Thorwaldsen's Triumph of Alexander, ordered by Napoleon for the Quirinal palace

At the town of Vico, on returning to Como, is the Odaleschi villa, the most extensive of the many on the borders of the lake, and an abode of almost princely splendor. All the rich wainscotings of this palace are less grateful to the taste than the shade of the superb old elm-tree planted at this gate on the bank of the lake, with its stone bench, whence one may enjoy so delightful a view of Como, the lake, and the mountains.

One Paolo Giovio pretended to have built his palace on the site of one of Pliny the younger's villas. The Odaleschi is on the same spot as the delightful *suburbanum* of Pliny's modest friend, Caninius Rufus, with its gallery where an eternal spring prevailed, its impenetrable shade of plane-trees, its canal with verdant banks enamelled with flowers, and that lake which served as a basin to receive its waters; for the memory of Pliny is predominant over all the shores; he has bestowed his name on one of the steamboats of the lake, and though more than seventeen centuries have elapsed, he is still the glory of the country.

I was delighted with Como: its position in a species of valley on the banks of the lake, and its towers, render it picturesque. The marble cathedral, erected by the people, is a vast and beautiful monument of the era of the revival. The town-hall, adjoining, of alternate blocks of black and white marble, presents a good specimen of the Loggia, or arcades, that are so common in Italy. Como has also a superb literary Casino. This establishment of an Italian town of fifteen hundred souls, is superior to all those of the same kind in Paris.

On an eminence near the road, is to be seen still standing the tower of Baradello, another monument of the intestine broils and revolutions of Italy in the middle ages. It is there that Napoleon della Torre was shut up in an iron cage until he perished, after nineteen months of torment. The cages seem to have been very abundant in Italy; the Duke de Nemours and Cardinal La Balue underwent it, and Comines confesses that he had an eight months' taste of imprisonment.

BORROMEAN ISLES.

Before returning to Milan, I visited the Borromean Isles. The road thither, by the way of Varese, displays the richness of the cultivated plains of Lombardy; the formation of the land being more varied in the vicinity of the mountains which border the lakes. The situation of Varese was very pretty, and the town wore an unusually animated appearance, in anticipation of the fete of the Corpus Domini, on the morrow. The prospect from the *Madonna del Monte* near this town, is varied, immense and magnificent, extending from the chain of the Alps, where Mont Rose raises its towering summits, as far as Milan. In the vicinity are many pretty villas laid out in Italian style,

which contributed somewhat to vary the carriage-drive from Varese to Laveno.

At Laveno, where I passed the night, I engaged a boat of the country, at the usual charge by the Government tariff, to take me to the islands on the lake. The aspect of Lake Maggiore at early dawn was sublime, and as the sun lighted the tops of the mountains, the golden rays gilding their peaks, exalted the mind to thoughts of deep emotion.

The successive stages, steps, terraces, arcades, balustrades, and rows of vases and statues, and all the symmetry of the Borromean Isles, which would be extravagant anywhere else, are not displeasing there, but form a contrast beside the awful irregularity of the Alps which enclose and overlook them. The gardens, rather built than planted, of Isola Bella, resemble a large pyramid of verdure, rising out of the water with half its base cut away. Rousseau had some thought of placing the action of Julia in these isles, but he rightly judged they contained too much art and ornament for his characters. Such an abode requires the loves of princes, and lovers like La Valliere, or Mademoiselle de Clermont.

Isola Madre the least artificial of these islands on the bosom of the lake, is little frequented, and to this it is indebted for that natural simplicity which its neighbor has lost.

The palace of Isola Bella is magnificent, but not in good taste; it was erected in 1671, by Count Italiano Borromeo, who transformed this rock into a garden. There are some paintings of Chevalier Tempesta, scattered through the apartments. Being condemned to death for the murder of his first wife, in order to marry a person he loved, Tempesta was saved by Count Borromeo, who concealed him in his island. These paintings are seventy-five in number, for the most part land-

scapes and pastoral scenes; one might say that the painter endeavored to forget his crime in contemplating the quietude and innocence of the fields. The portraits of Tempesta and his second wife, are also there, placed opposite each other; there is an expression of cruelty in the beauty of the latter, which makes one feel that she was his accomplice. Despite the merit of the pictures, one feels a kind of horror in this museum by a single man, at the reflection that it is the work of crime and the passions.

In the garden of Isola Bella, are the two largest laurels in Europe. These two laurels seem an emblem of glory. Their origin is unknown; they were planted by nobody; they existed before the present gardens were made, and of themselves had taken root in the rocks. It is said that in one of the Italian campaigns, Bonaparte, when at Isola Bella, engraved the word *Battaglia*, on the largest of these laurels.

An Austrian afterwards made a sabre-cut at the tree, as if to erase the word; the bark has been taken away by an Englishman, and now the glorious strokes, made by the conqueror's hand, are scarcely legible.

Beside the aristocratic and almost princely sumptuousness of Isola Bella, are the hard-earned comforts of Isola Pescatore, very pleasing to the eye. There every inhabitant has a small house, with a boat and net, his small aquatic estate. The population of this island is extraordinary, and confirms the remark of Montesquieu on the propagation of nations living on fish; its circumference is less than half a mile, yet it contains over two hundred persons. Its aspect, however, is not unpleasing; the village steeple, the tiny houses of the fishermen, their nets hung in festoons to dry, are grateful to the eye which has just been gazing on the monumental pomp of the palace and gardens of the Borromean isles.

LAKE MAGGIORE.

The steamboat which starts from *Sesto* Calende, and goes to Magadino, traverses the whole length of Lake Maggiore. In the passage the boat passes over the territory of three different States, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Switzerland. The *Gazette of Lausanne*, and the *Courier Suisse*, said to be independent papers, are rēad on board the boat.

This majestic lake offers a double aspect; on the side of Lombardy it is bounded by fertile plains and verdant hills of no great elevation, ornamented with new houses; the towering Alps are on the other shore, which is wild and bristles with rocks covered with convents, *chalets*, and old fortifications, in the latter portion of which, the Borromean isles, situated in the middle of the lake, may be called the limit, rises majestically the rock of Caldiero, in the eleventh century the retreat of the deacon Arialdus, a martyr to his sermons against simony and the concubines of the clergy. Olivia, the mother of Widus, the infamous archbishop of Milan, was so carried away by her maternal affection, that, assisted by two priests, she assailed Arialdus in his hermitage; they cut off his ears, nose, lips and hands, and last of all inflicted a secret mutilation, to which these infuriated wretches added the most indecent sarcasm. What a strange and horrible history of martyrdom instigated by a woman! Opposite the coast of Canero, which is so marvelously sheltered from storms, are two picturesque forts in ruins. In the beginning of the fifteenth century they were the resort of five brothers Mazzardini, a species of pirates who defended themselves for two years against four hundred men of the army of Philip Mariea Visconti, Duke of Milan; when

obliged to surrender through want of provisions, they were all thrown into the water with stones tied to their necks.

What a brilliant pageant must have been presented at the fete given on the lake to the King of Sardinia, when he visited the Borromean isles, in September, 1828. Painted triumphal arches, with the Italian tinsel and customary Latin had been erected where his majesty was to pass. The appearance of Isola Bella, when illuminated in the evening, presented a most extraordinary coup d'œil. The transparencies and theatrical decorations were well suited to an island so symmetrical and artificial; and the roses of Sanquirice seemed more natural there than those of spring. The night scene was infinitely superior to the pompous harangues and receptions of the morning. A multitude of illuminated boats, in the shape of dragons, or of temples with Corinthian columns, ornamented with foliage, crowded round the blazing island, and the enthusiasm of the Milanese for sights of this kind was at its height. Unfortunately bad weather came on and deranged the fete, and the night was one of unceasing tempest; it might have been said that the vast sheets of lightning and the old Alpine thunders were indignant at the *feux de joie*, and the new luminaries that disturbed their solitude, and seemed to parody their majesty; the lightning replied to the rockets, and the thunder to the crackers; and this contrast, which must have annoyed those in full dress, added still more to the curious effect of the sight.

I did content myself with merely viewing from the deck the colossus of Saint Charles Borromeo, which stands on the hill of Arona. If on shore, I might have been inclined to penetrate into the interior of this bulky statue of Saint Charles, and seating myself in the long nose of the Saint, as other travelers have done, give way to meditations. What an advantage it is

to have a position. This colossus of Saint Charles holding the book of his synodical constitutions in one hand, and with the other giving his blessing,—a statue twenty-one metres and a half in height, the head and hands of bronze, the rest wrought copper,—a kind of Egyptian monument, erected at the close of the seventeenth century visible for miles around is visited by everybody, while the churches and paintings of Arona, so interesting with respect to art, are neglected.

Sesto Calende on the Ticino, eight leagues from Milan, is the entrance of Lombardy. The immense melancholy and monotonous plain of Lombardy forms a contrast with the lively spirited, and almost French ardor of its inhabitants and the events of its stormy history.

Milan with its several public gardens, fine promenades, and drives within its wall occupied our time after our return from the Lakes. The out-of-door life of Milan is merry, the appearance of the principal streets striking, and they assume an aspect of gaiety and extreme animation in the evening. The Cafés were crowded with occupants listening to the execrably poor music of hurdy-gurdies and mandolins. Some self-conducting velocipedes and pretty good choruses, afforded a variety to the usual amusements.

I did not see La Scala at the season of its splendor. At the time of our visit, the house was closed for the summer, and we could only learn, that it had accommodations for more than four thousand spectators, and the merit of being perfectly resonant, notwithstanding its immensity. La Scala is all the society of Milan ; and people really know not how to pass the evening if there be no performance, for they have not there, as at Florence, Rome, and Naples, a *corps diplomatique* to give receptions. Notwithstanding the great fortunes and easy cir-

cumstances of the inhabitants, no one thinks himself obliged to be *at home*. The practice of receiving visits at the theatre, so injurious to the spirit of society, is not to be eradicated in Italy; every lady is a queen in her box, and like Cæsar, she will prefer the first place in that little empire to the second in a drawing-room.

ARENA AND ARCO DELLA PACE.

The *Circus*, or *Arena*, intended for races and naumachy, is capable of holding nearly forty thousand spectators, and is truly an antique monument—this work of the French, and of the clever Italian architect Ludovico Canonica, is wanting in Paris. Perhaps there is no more worthy ornament of a great city than these arenas destined to receive the people, where they may sit to be amused by the spectacle of games, in which agility, strength, and address bear off the prize. But I think it would be requisite to make some changes in the order established by Augustus, who had thrown back the women to the farthest seats, with the exception of the Vestals, the empress, and ladies of the imperial family and of the chief patricians. French politeness would never consent to this rude etiquette of the Roman emperors. Certainly we do not claim, under Christianity, and the ease of our civilization, the *panem et circenses* that the haughty Rome lavished on the people she had conquered. Such coarse pleasures would not suit us; there are now other generous illusions to satisfy, and the ennobled race of man has a right to something better than such combats.

The *Gate of the Simplon*, now the *Arco della Pace*, at the end of the immense Piazza d'armi, is now nearly complete. The statue of Peace, as on the arch of the Carousel, succeeds to

that of Napoleon; the car is drawn by six bronze horses, a greater number than was customary among the ancients; four other horses, mounted by figures of Fame, are placed at the angles. The figure of Peace and the horses are truly superb, and honor the talent of the sculptor S. Sangiorgio, and the skill of the founders, the brothers Manfredini, who seem to have recovered the method of the ancients. The rich ornaments executed under the direction of the clever artist S. Moglia, surpass, for taste and effect, those which were previously selected. The brilliant basso-relievos, three of which have been boldly decided by a traveler to be superior to those of the Parthenon, are by Pacetti and SS. Monti of Ravenna, Monti of Milan, Acquisti, Pizzi, and Marchesi. One of the basso-relievos represents the Emperor Francis entering his capital in triumph after Napoleon's fall. The arch of Peace, all dazzling with marble and sculpture, is the largest which the moderns have conceived. It has cost three millions, and would amount to more than double at Paris; and if it yield in height to the Arc de l'Étoile, it is infinitely more magnificent.

Hot weather and the offence of decayed garbage, rendering the street quite pestilential to breathe, we left Milan about the last of the month, determined to revisit Como, and to pass thence, by the way of Lugano and Arona, on to Turin.

On the following afternoon, we took the rail cars for Monza, and arrived at this time in time to witness the close of the festival of San Giovanni. Having obtained a wagon at the inn, we were enabled to reach the town of Como by two o'clock in the morning.

We again sailed up and down the Lake, and were thus carried to the extreme end of the lake, at Coleco, where the waters are closed by the Rhetian Alps, and the scenery appears grand

and sublime. The shores of the lake towards Vico, afford a beautiful promenade to the citizens, and from the end of this walk you obtain a pretty view of the town, and new features of the waters are to be admired. The scenery is for ever varied by the perpetual play and changes of light and shade. A heavy shower at sunset lent peculiar effect to the scene before us, while the rays of the setting sun glanced through the misty air, and a graceful and delicate rainbow, bending over the heavens, rose so lowly from the outskirts of the town, that it seemed to have sprung out of the walls of the noble old tower on the banks, and, crowning the summit of a hill, sunk in its repose upon the waters of sweet Como.

The steamer carried us to Menaggio on the succeeding day; the morning was beautifully clear, and Lake Como looked lovelier than ever, for the atmosphere wore an aspect of exceeding purity. Our view from the hill of Menaggio was one of extreme beauty, commanding diverse prospects at every turn of the road winding round it. Bellaggio is the prominent point on the opposite bank that separates Lake Lecco from Como. Our ride to Porlezzo, one of great beauty, passed beside the cultivated vineyards of this region, and along side the pretty little Lakes of Piano and Bere. At the latter place, having learned from experience not to pay over one-fifth of the price demanded of foreigners, we had no difficulty in securing a boat at a moderate sum, and shortly afterwards we were rowing on the waters of Lake Lugano, in active enjoyment of the characteristic features of this lake, which were wilder and more naked than those of Como, it appearing rather like a happy introduction to Lake Maggiore, in its pleasant interval between the two last; it unites the one with the rugged Alpine scenery and sublimity of the other. Lugano, a thriving manu-

facturing town with a Swiss population, its frescoes of Luini, and situation at the end of the lake, is worthy of a visit from all lovers of nature, the arts, and liberty. The sitting of its Council give it an unusually animated appearance.

After dinner we ascended by a circuitous and untrodden path through the woods, the ragged sides of Mount San Salvatore, and from its top enjoyed a glorious panorama of the entire district, a view commanding all the numerous branches of Lake Lugano, besides other smaller sheets of water, several villages, and a far-off vision of Mount Rosa and other more distant chains of the Alps.

TO TURIN.

The *Diligence* from Lugano carried us to Luini on the shores of Lake Maggiore. The hill overlooking this town, commands a magnificent view over the lake and its encircling mountains. At the foot of the declivity we were taken to the steamboat which plies daily on the lake, and in a short time were landed at Arona, where we were booked for the Diligence going to Turin. Inside the coupé we had a most agreeable gentleman, a resident native, who accompanied us on our journey, and from him we derived much valuable information about the country and its products.

At Novara, an old dirty Spanish town, we found some rich and beautiful churches. The superb basilic of Saint Gaudenzio, by the architect Pelegrini, is rich in paintings by the best masters of the Milanese school. The two superb doors of the inner chapel of the tomb of Saint Gaudenzio are a solid mixture of cast-steel and bronze: the four great bronze statues represent the patrons of the town and diocese of Novara. The

Triumph of *Saint Gaudenzio* in fresco on the cupola, is full of imagination. The tomb of the Saint may be considered one of the most splendid and elegant in Italy. The steeple, a graceful structure by Count Benedetto Alfieri, finished in 1786, was built with the funds proceeding from a tax of a farthing on every pound of meat. On each side of the entrance a Roman inscription is enchased; one of them perpetuates the memory of a certain Tilianeoreus, who, although questor, *owed nothing to the Republic*, an unusual circumstance, it appears, among the Roman questors, since it was thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity in an epitaph.

We saw a *Last Supper* in one of the chapels of the Duomo, varied, by Cæsar da Sesto, the best pupil of Leonardo di Vinci, the friend of Raphael, who delicately said to him:—"Is it not strange, that with a friendship like ours we reciprocally show each other so little regard in painting, and contend so much one against the other?"

The old walls of Novaro, which have stood many a siege, have been converted into delightful promenades.

On the road to Turin, we passed through many rich plantations, and a country abounding with the evidence of a remarkable fertility. Mont Rosa appeared constantly in view, and lent, with its imagery of beautiful tones of light by sunset, a charm to the journey of the traveling party. What occurred in the diligence between dusk and darkness, or what places we passed during the hours between midnight and dawn, is little known to the writer; but we well remember, that shortly after the early cock's crow, and in broad daylight; an early hour before breakfast we had passed through the Gates of Turin.

TURIN.

To a person returning from Italy, Turin has a cold and extraordinary aspect: the streets have a kind of regularity without magnificence which differs considerably from other Italian towns, so that one seems to embrace the entire features of its extent and peculiarities by a look through any one of them. The medley of Italian manners and martial usages is another peculiarity, and the military splendor of the troops, contrasts, by its cleanliness, with the dirty tawdryness previously seen. In passing along the market-place, one observes that the peasants universally adopt low, straw-flats, bound round the rim, and trimmed with red velvet, and blue ribbon streamers, giving to them a coquettish and picturesque appearance.

Turin is daily increasing, and its population now exceeds a hundred and twenty thousand, including eight thousand workmen. The capital of the King of Sardinia seems to have grown in proportion with his States, an odd assemblage of different peoples and countries—a kind of political chequer-work—which, in its diminutive proportion, presents disparities of soil and manners not less marked than in the largest empires; which unites the fertile plains of Piedmont, the frozen summits of the Alps, the arid mountains and forests of Sardinia, and which has blended into one common country the indigent and faithful Savoyard, the rich and deceitful Genoese, the intrepid native of Piedmont, and the half-African Sardinian.

Most of the clocks of Turin strike the same hour twice in succession, and some even, as the clock of Saint Philip's church, repeat, every quarter, the number of the last hour completed. The incessant announcement of passing time makes one impa-

tient and even sad ; one's life seems thus to be hastened along and clipped into disjointed fragments. The noise of these clocks has often brought to my recollection the comic emotion of Count X*** de Maistre, in the *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*, when, after hearing it strike twelve three times, he exclaimed, stretching out his hand toward the clock : "Yes, I know it's twelve,—I know it, I know it but too well." Montaigne says, that in his day, the clock of Nuremburg struck every minute; this clock, instead of indicating the time, became rather the tocsin of life.

The gloomy Royal Palace, occupied as the residence of the king, is the most prominent object in the centre, and of every view of the city. Its former interesting collection of paintings was removed in 1832, to the Pinacotheca in the Castle (*Castello*); and there remains a museum of ancient arms, formed by King Charles Albert, near his apartments, which is rich, well arranged, and of a superb effect. There is a suit of armor that belonged to Henry II., which becomes a kind of trophy there ; but instead of being the fruit of conquest in the battle of Saint Quentin, as might be supposed, it was fairly purchased at Paris.

Madama Palace, so called after the Duchess of Nemours, wife of Charles Emmanuel II., who inhabited it, is now a fine Pinacotheca. Above this castle stands the observatory, which is under the management of the illustrious Plana ; it was built by Victor Emmanuel when he recovered his States, much less, it is said, to encourage astronomical observations, than from his taste, and perhaps gratitude, for the speculations of astrology, to which that prince had devoted his attention in his exile, and for the charlatans who had drawn the horoscope of his restoration.

The fine piazza of Saint Charles has the bronze equestrian statue of Emmanuel Philebert, surnamed the Iron-headed, Duke of Savoy, and also the four allegorical figures representing the county of the Vale of Aosta, the principality of Piedmont, the county of Nice, and the duchy of Savoy, which compose the monument. This statue was cast at Paris, and the artists have, generally, praised its conception, movement, boldness, and picturesque effect.

Valentino, embellished by Christina, queen of Victor Amadeus I., was the pleasant and joyful abode of the worthy daughter of Henry IV. and her little court, which Hamilton has so well described in the *Memoires de Grâmmont.* This palace scarcely appears Italian; one would rather call it a great French chateau, with a long avenue, seated on the banks of the Seine or Oise; for the Po, which runs beside it, is rather narrow and very tranquil in this part, and this ancient king of rivers, long dethroned for ever, is but a mere rivulet of Turin.

The oldest building here, is the palace *delle Torri,* or the towers of the city to the north, now a prison; it is supposed to be of the sixth century, and of the Lombard epoch.

The University of Turin dating from the year 1405 has worthily maintained its ancient celebrity; its lectures are zealously followed, and at the entrance of Italy it may be regarded as the most brilliant focus of enlightenment in that learned and talented country. Several of its professors have ranked in the highest walks of European learning and science.

EGYPTIAN MUSEUM

This rich collection, the first in Europe, was temporarily located in apartments which had not been put in order, and

consequently had more the appearance of a warehouse full of antiquities than of a museum. In the court was the stone statute of Osymandias, fifteen feet in height, and weighing eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds ; the old colossus at Thebes was wrapped up in straw mats like a young shrub in the Flower-market. It was on the sacred library of the tomb of Osymandias that the inscription, *Treasure of remedies for the soul*, was formerly written ; I regretted to see the magnificent statue of the most ancient amateur of books amidst such confusion. The kings of Egypt seem to rank almost with the gods. Some other of their statues are admirable ; particularly the contemporary statue of the great prince Thoutmosis II., and the wilfully mutilated one of Amenophis II., the same with Memnon, a king whose fame is less derived from his conquest of Ethiopia than from his harmonious colossus. But the Apollo of the museum and of Egyptian art is the statue (about seven feet high) of Ramses VI. (the great Sesostris) in black basalt spotted with white ; he is seated on a throne in military costume, and holds a crook-like sceptre in his hand. The phisiognomy is mild and spirited ; the hands are perfect, the forms pure, and the feet, which are commonly neglected in Egyptian statues, are in just proportion. The beauty of Egyptian statuary, which excludes movement and variety of attitude, consists in solidity and strength, for it even becomes architecture in some vast edifices, of which it forms the front, the peristyle, or propyleums. The figures of queens and goddesses in many instances have a vulture on their heads, because they were regarded as the mothers and nurses of the people : this savage bird of prey seems a strange emblem to express such a sentiment, and I regret the pintado or *Afra avis* for which this vulture was for a long time wrongfully taken.

The collection of steles or pictures sculptured and painted on stone, which are still remarkably bright in coloring, is the most complete in existence. A basso-relievo of rose-colored granite represents the god Amonra between the goddess Neith and the god Phtha, the one God between the creating and preserving powers. All these pictures and basso-relievos present scenes of worshipping the divinity, of honors rendered to the dead, of judgment on the soul, etc.; it is pleasing to find, at so remote an age, the sentiments of piety and affection that honor human nature.

The articles used in the various business of life are numerous and most interesting. Among the implements of a lady's toilet are two little ivory dogs, one of which still retains the thread that was wound on it more than two thousand years ago ; and this weak flaxen wreck employed in female labors was destined to outlive such a succession of powerful empires. I did not much like, however, the Egyptian shoes of pasted cloth with figures on the sole ; this manner of treading underfoot one's enemies or tyrants seems little worthy of so wise and grave a nation. These figures in general represent the Pastor kings, who, despite their gentle name, were the oppressors of Egypt more than two hundred years. The domination of the *Pastors* a people from the North, was to the Egyptian empire what the barbarian invasion was to the Roman. Notwithstanding the harsh judgment pronounced on the Pastor kings by the new Egyptian historical science, one would wish to except King Sabbacon, of whom Diodorus relates the admirable story quoted by Montesquieu : the god of Thebes appeared to him in a vision and ordered him to kill all the priests in Egypt ; he inferred that the gods were no longer pleased that he should reign, as they commanded him to do things so contrary to their ordinary will, and he retired into Ethiopia.

In the Egyptian museum we also find agricultural implements and arms; several models of ploughs ; a yoke for oxen; arrows, a helmet, and a fine scimitar of bronze. The occupations of husbandry and of war, when found one without the other, announce the weakness or barbarism of a people ; but on the other hand, if combined, they distinguish the best kind of civilization. When we observe the immense quantities of mummies, it seems that the instinct of preservation was never carried so far, for it extends even to beasts, and we also see carefully embalmed ibises, jackals, cynocephali, hawks, fishes, crocodiles, and young bulls, marked on the forehead with the characteristic sign of the ox Apis ; cats have little sarcophagi to themselves, ornamented with paintings which represent them playing. But the manuscripts, on papyrus or rolls of cloth, taken from the catacombs of Thebes, must be the most instructive and important part of this museum : the *cacoëthes scribendi* seems never to have raged more widely than among this primitive people, who, in that respect, may challenge the most advanced nations. There we find the immense funeral ritual, a superbly written papyrus more than sixty feet long—a pompous and minute ceremonial of death, the most complete that we possess of the people who paid the grim tyrant the most fervent and assiduous worship ; acts of Pharaoh Amenophis Memnon, ordinances of Sesostris, contracts made in the time of the Ptolemeys, the plan of Ramses Meiamoun's catacomb, a kind of subterranean palace, more extensive than the royal residences of other princes, and fragments of a chronological table of above a hundred kings. As I contemplated all these dusty and mutilated wrecks of the oldest civilized nation of our globe, piled up at the foot of the Alps, I said to myself : Perhaps the day will come when our own remains, all our monuments of marble and bronze, all the

magnificent evidences of our power and glory will be shown in the museum of some now savage people, in a desert yet unknown, near a lake of which we have never heard, in the bosom of impenetrable and gloomy forests or of lofty mountains hardly discovered. The Sacys, Akerblads, Youngs, Champollions, Seyffarths, and Pfaffs of another world will in their turn write dissertations, and obstinately defend their different systems. Louis XIV., with his brilliant age and immense works, will be as the great Ramses or Sesostris of those distant days; and our recent conquests, so rapid and transient, will be like fable after history.

Many of the views about Turin, commanding the ever towering figure of Mont Rosa, are strikingly beautiful and interesting. That from the bridge over the Po is peculiarly picturesque and pleasing. This bridge is terminated by the noble temple *del Dio*, built in imitation of the Pantheon, at this point graceful hills covered with pretty and showy villas rise before the vision, whilst afar off, on the top of a distant mountain, the bold outline of the Superga crowns the beauties of this charming panorama, and happily terminates the prospect in that direction. Above that position and higher up the river a graceful iron bridge spans the Po, which has lost here much of the grandeur which it sustains in the vicinity of Ferrara.

I was present at the celebration of the festival of Saint Peter, in the latter part of June, a day on which every one is absorbed in the ceremony, or procession, and the functions of High Mass at the Cathedral. I do not ever remember to have seen such a multitude of ugly women as were poured out into the streets from the numerous convents of the city; so unfortunately homely were they, that, it may be remarked, that they were not able to make faces more unpleasant than their natural

ones, and a grimace or two might have improved the expression of each sister of charity.

The Cathedral of Saint John has little to boast of, and nothing attractive in its architecture. The music performed at the féte, was rather of the distracting order, and calculated rather to craze the brains of the people than to soften and tranquilize their souls. So that with the unfortunate absence of beauty, and the turmoil of the Cathedral, the pageant of Saint Peter presented a spectacle of mournful interest to the beholder. But the rich and picturesque church of San Sudario, adjoining the Cathedral and the Royal Palace, is of the contorted architecture of P. Guarini, and presents his ordinary mathematical triangles. In this rotundo is preserved, in a silver shrine, ornamented with gold and diamonds, and put under glass, the sacred winding-sheet that enveloped the body of Christ, a sacred relic brought from the East in the time of the Crusades by a Frenchman, Geoffroy de Charni, a Knight of Champagne, like Thibaut and Joinville. Francis I. invoked it before the battle of Marignan, and on his return he went on foot from Lyons to Chambéry, where the San Sudario then was, for the purpose of worshipping it. This relic, which, indeed, is not the only one which claims the same honor, (for there is a similar in the basilic of Saint Peter's at Rome, and two more besides, one at Besançon, the other at Cadouin in Perigord,) is for the French at least a national and glorious memorial.

On the afternoon of the last day that we spent at Turin, we took a pleasant stroll along the banks of the Doria, in order to admire the singularly bold arch which spans the current of its wild and impetuously rapid stream, a pathway by the river's side leads back to the city, and upon the plankway of another

bridge, we rested a long time watching the views of the mountains in the back-ground, and the fine effects of sunset over the whole extent of the country around us. It was excessively hot at Turin, and the noon-day sun sunk on the plain, reflecting its force and intensity through the rest of the day. It became hotter to the end of our sojourn, and notwithstanding the views of Mount Cenis, (*thought of Caucasus,*) and thoughts of the Alps, the excessive heat of the weather forced us to hurry away toward Genoa.

ENVIRONS.

Stupinitz, a hunting palace, the roof of which is picturesquely surmounted by a great bronze stag, may be regarded as the most splendid edifice of its kind in Europe, and it is one of Juvara's principal works. The oval saloon presents a singular and well-combined invention; it corresponds with four apartments disposed in the form of a cross, for the princes, with lateral buildings for the lords in waiting, the officers, and hunting-men. Four long avenues proceed from the four glazed windows of this saloon, and have a majestic effect.

The hill of Turin is charming in summer; it is variegated with woods, vineyards, gardens, beautiful palaces, and handsome houses; there are not, indeed, many good roads, but a multitude of shady and retired footpaths. I saw the rising sun from these heights, and the effect was superb, though the horizon was dimmed by vapors: Mount Viso, and the whole chain of the Alps, were tinted of a rosy hue by his first rays, and appeared in the distance like immense brilliant pyramids.

The Superga temple, which is said to be so called from its position on the ridge of these mountains, *super terga montium,*

crowns this beauteous hill. It was built in 1706, by King Victor Amadeus I., in pursuance of a vow he had made to the Virgin, if the attack he concerted on that very spot with Prince Eugene should compel the French to raise the siege of Turin. This church and its monastary, of a fine architectural disposition, despite its impurities, pass for the best and most ingenious of Juvara's constructions. The *Superga* church is the burial place of the sovereigns of Piedmont, but the modern vaults of this Savoyard Saint Denis, all lined with white, yellow, and green marble, and light as day, seemed to me devoid of majesty and sadness; the fantastic ornaments of the architecture, notwithstanding the richness of its materials, are unsuited to the tombs of kings, and the stone arches, the caverns blackened by ages of the old basilics, are far more fitting for the sanctuaries of death. In a separate vault are the remains of the children and princes of the royal family that never ascended the throne: the first lived but a few days in innocence; the second may have been honored as benefactors; both seemed to me happy in having escaped the throne. This little throne of Savoy is, moreover, the one that numbers most abdications. One would say that these kings of the Alps, the sovereigns of ice and rock, whose dominions are nearest the heavens, take disgust at the earth more easily than others. In the apartment intended for the king is a complete collection of portraits of the popes, two hundred and fifty-three in number, from Saint Peter to the present possessor of his chair. When we reflect on the fact that the first thirty of these pontiffs were all martyrs, it is impossible not to admire and respect this new courage, unique in history, and this same and intrepid sacrifice to the same truth. If, while contemplating the portraits of the succeeding popes, I sometimes fell on unworthy portions of

this great history, the general impression was not destroyed, and instead of all the phantoms of human power, the exhibition of material and physical strength that pursues you in the other galleries, I loved to contemplate all these laborious helmsmen of Saint Peter's bark, the eternal representatives of the greatest moral power that ever acted on the world.

TURIN TO GENOA.

On the royal road to Genoa, I observed that the entire route of the highway was sprinkled to allay the dust. The plan adopted to perform this work, was by digging a small channel at the side of the road, and letting into this water from various sources by the wayside; now the water was thrown over the middle of the road by men who shoveled it out with long wooden ladles. The cheapness of labor in this country enables this to be done without greatly taxing the people.

Darkness overtook us shortly after reaching Piorino, causing us to regret that we could not visit the vineyards of Asti, which produce annually about 4,000,000 gallons of the best wines in Piedmont, and, when they become old, will bear comparison with the strongest of old Spain.

In the morning we arrived at Alexandria. Notwithstanding its extent, the beauty of its name, and its twenty thousand inhabitants, it seemed rather a vulgar place, and, but for the citadel, of itself a town, and strictly forbidden to strangers, we should have been at a loss for a superb aspect. Towards noon we went over the field of Marengo. There was nothing to be seen but a few scattered fragments on that scene of the celebrated battle throughout the still and deserted plain. What has become of so many heroic men? If contemplating their

features in the portraiture of the able Isabey, you seek an answer to the question, death alone will give the clue. The column erected on the spot where Desaix was killed is not there now. It is said that a lady, living in the neighborhood, who was an admirer of his life, had it buried on the spot where it used to stand, that it might not be destroyed. There is something touching in these honors of sepulchre conferred on a monument of French valor by a foreign lady. This new column is already inhumed, like a time-worn monument of Athens or Rome, and it is associated with deeds no less glorious. The present proprietor of this spot has erected an *auberge* on the plain, after the plan of the castle at Saint Helena, and on a spot of ground before this house, a statue has been erected to the hero,—Napoleon.

At about three posts further we struck the Appenines where Novi, sheltered by a mountain, holds its picturesque position, and invokes your memories in this plain, where perished the brilliant Joubert, one of those young conquerors of the first wars of Italy, being surprised at daybreak by the impetuous Suwarrow.

Just upon entering the valley of the Appenines a furious gale commenced blowing, the force of which was almost strong enough to stop the speed of the horses. These winds, peculiar to this region, which are drawn through the funnels of the mountains of the frontiers, are borne with a violence of irresistable impetuosity, and are sometimes powerful enough to overturn the diligence.

Upon reaching the summit of a steep ascent, a fine view of the first spur of the Appenines presented itself; the circuitous windings of the mountain-road was now and then occasionally seen peeping behind the hills, and again stretching its course for miles along the valley. Here also, we crossed the line of

the projected railroad to Geneva, which will require some of the heaviest tunneling in Europe, one of the five contemplated having already been begun. On a nearer approach to our destination, the hills sundered wide apart on each side of a rugged and desolated torrent-course, and the declivities on each side soon commenced to be covered with pretty houses and villas, clearly indicating the proximity of a large city. It is not until one passes into the quarter of Saint Peter d'Arena—"itself a *fauxbourg* of splendid palaces and gardens"—that one catches a sight of the delightful amphitheatre of hills, at whose base lies Genoa with its forts, fortresses and towers, shipping, palaces, and active commercial life.

GENOA.

The aspect of Genoa, with its port, its palaces, its terraces, its balconies of white marble planted with orange trees, a realization of hanging gardens, and the ramparts that crown its vast amphitheatre, is truly superb, and earns for it the well-known title of La Superba. This city has only three streets, and it is one of the finest in the world. It is indeed *la reale, la nobil città*, so poetically sung by Tasso, and said by Madame de Staël, to have been built for a congress of kings.

The port of Genoa seems always busy, and whilst Venice is losing her population daily and falling into decay, her old rival, the residence of the court some months of the year, appears flourishing. The diligence, and skill, and courage of the sailors of the Gulf of Genoa, *assueto que malo Ligurem*, who are about thirty thousand in number, are extraordinary. Their tartans, small crafts about the size of a room, on which they sail, reach

even the ports of the ocean; and in the month of October, 1822, a Genoese vessel had arrived from Peru, after a passage of ninety-three days. This enterprising and laborious race of men, interesting for their manners, frugality, and thrift, strikingly contrast with the inhabitants of most other countries in Italy, and they seem to have preserved something of the navigating instinct peculiar to the Italians of the fifteenth century.

A strange hereditary aristocracy, that one would hardly expect to find there, is displayed in the service of Porto Franco, a kind of small sea town, always exclusively reserved to Bergamese porters, all others being rigorously excluded. They seem, however, worthy of their privilege, as they have a reputation for dexterity and uprightness which has endured for five centuries, and their *company*, known under the Arabic name of *caravana*, dates from the year 1340, and was instituted by Saint George's Bank.

The great hall of Saint George, over the custom house of happy proportions, and with a fir tree roof, as usual in that country, is ornamented with the dusty and neglected statues of its founders. Saint George's Bank, a political, fiscal, and commercial institution, which owned the island of Corsica, Sarzana, and some other towns on the eastern and western coast, was like the East India Company of the middle ages. Its history was almost that of Genoa. An ancient marble group shows the proud power of the Genoese; it represents the griffin holding in his claws an eagle, the emblem of the Emperor Frederick, and a fox, the Pisan arms, with this inscription:

"Gryphus ut has angit
Sic hostes Genua frangit."

Over the principal door of the custom house, are suspended

some links of an iron chain which was used to close the ports of Pisa, but was borne off in triumph by the Genoese in 1290.

The gate of the Old Mole, an imposing and solid fortification by Geleasa Alessi, has on the side toward the sea, the following fine inscription by Bonfadio:

AUCTA EX S. C. MOLE,
EXTRUCTAQ. PORTA
PROPUGNACULO MUNITA
URBEM CINGEBANT MŒNIBUS
QUACUMQ, ALLUITUR MARI.
ANNO MDLIII.

The Loggia de Banchi, is a skillful and economical structure, by Alessi, which, for the boldness of the roof, consisting simply of ship masts, the Genoese call *un bel azzardo*, as if such hazards did not commonly befall men of genius.

PALACES.

If Genoa may be well termed the *Superba*, it derives its chief attraction from the number and beauty of its Palaces in the Strada Nuova.

The Spinola (Maximilian) Palace, is distinguished among them by the happy proportion of the porticos in the court, the originality of its cloister, arched roofs, and the room on the first floor painted in fresco, at eighteen years of age, by Luca Cambiaso, a clever and precocious Genoese artist of the sixteenth century, of a bold and prolific genius, who worked with two pencils at once, but whose good period only lasted a dozen years.

Indifferent with respect to art and badly built, the Serra Palace is only noted for its saloon on the first floor, which was highly praised during the last century, and surnamed the *Palace of the Sun*, by the President Dupuy; but its decoration, in which there is truly an excess of mirrors, is rather distinguished by richness than taste. It is said that a million of francs were expended upon this toy, a monument of ostentation and luxury, rather than true magnificence. The terrace, overlooking the sea, commands an extensive prospect over the town.

The Brignole (*Rosso*) Palace has some great porticos of fine proportions, and the gallery is one of the first in Genoa. Its rooms, although well distributed, and in bad taste with excessive frescoing of the ceilings, contain many excellent paintings, among which I especially remember certain works by Pellegro Piola, a Genoese painter of great promise, who was waylaid and assassinated in his twenty-third year, by his rivals, jealous of the popularity of his *Madonna*, which is still exposed in Goldsmith's street, another victim to the violent professional enmities of that age, and akin to the Artist's hatred, mentioned by Valery, while speaking of some frescoes of the ceiling in the Chapel of the Treasury of the Cathedral at Naples. He there says, "The superb frescoes of the ceilings, the corners, and lunettes, are also by Domenichino; but for the persecutions he experienced from his rivals he would have painted the cupola, at which Lanfranco refused to work unless the part begun by his great predecessor was effaced. Guido was also to have been employed at this chapel, and had repaired to Naples, whence he was forced to depart suddenly in consequence of the threats of Spagnoletto, and the Greek, Belesario Corenzio, then a true despot over the arts in this country, who had tried

to poison him. The Cav. d'Arpino, was likewise menaced by him, and took flight. Gessi, a pupil of Guido, not deterred by his master's adventure, also came to Naples with two of his own disciples to replace him; but the latter being enticed on board a galley, under pretence of seeing it, the anchor was raised, and their disconsolate master could never discover what became of them. When we see Titian at work with a knife by his side, Giorgione arm himself with a cuirass while painting in public; Masaccio, Perozzi, Barroccio, die of poison; and when we remember the tragic fate of a multitude of other painters, the hatred and passions of artists appear, especially in Italy, more violent and irritable than the self-love of literary men."

Whilst passing along the Strada Balbi, curiosity led me to visit the magnificent Durazzo palace, now the King's, which has two grand white marble staircases to the right and left of the vestibule by Carlo Fontana, and is the only one in Genoa, in which carriages can enter and turn with facility, for sedan-chairs only were used in this capital in former times. The first masterpieces of the pictorial art decorate this and other palaces in Genoa, a rich and mercantile city, a formidable place of war which is not perhaps duly appreciated for its works of art.

The royal palace of Andrea Doria, of the architecture of Fra Montorsoli, who was summoned from Rome to build it, has a long characteristic inscription of a single line under the entablature of the windows, which states that its illustrious founder had been admiral of the Pope, of Charles V., Francis I., and of his own country, an extraordinary man, whose alliance was sought by the greatest princes, who had defeated the Moors and Turks with his own galleys, and was himself almost a power.

The poor statue of the old admiral, as Neptune, stands in the

middle of the garden near the shore ; but his romantic moustache of the fifteenth century, contrasts strangely with the nakedness and classical attributes of the marine deity. The door is from the designs of Perino del Vaga, a pupil of Raphael, who, having escaped the sack of Rome with loss of his all, was generously welcomed by Doria, decorated this palace with his finest paintings. Such are the stuccos and grotesques of the vestibule, resembling the Loggia, at which Perino del Vaga, had worked; some little children, Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scævola, and three other subjects of Roman history, worthy of Raphael for invention and composition, and the ceiling of the *War of the Giants*, almost equalling the frescos of the *Farnesina*. The trellis, opposite and above the palace, with the porticos and colonnaded porches running out toward the sea command various views of the picturesque points of Genoa, and fresh glimpses over the forests of the harbor, between the Old and New Moles. The grounds and fountains are now neglected like the rest of this superb abode. The mausoleum of Rœdan, the dog given by Charles V. to Andrea Doria, is almost buried. It was placed at the foot of the colossal statue of Jupiter, that the great Rœdan, as the whimsical epitaph stated, might not cease to guard a prince, even after his death. Doria again returned in triumph to his country, and his dog, so magnificently interred, cannot have the merit of that of Ulysses, which a French poet has happily painted in four words—

> " Ai-je encor des amis .....
> Un seul m'était reste, NON PARMI LES HUMAINS."

Not far from Jupiter is the grotto, from the designs of Galeaso Alessi, a brilliant construction of white marble, form-

ing a terrace, which so admirably finishes the garden and overlooks the sea.

At the top of the garden of the Scoglietto, a villa of ordinary architecture, but a quiet and cheerful retreat from the heats of the city, it is singularly agreeable to observe its terraces, grottos, cascades, its orange, lemon, and pomegranate groves, its pine woods, and especially its site above the sea.

It was no less interesting to ascend to the lighthouse, called the Lantern, at Genoa, a picturesque structure, reared on a lofty rock which served for its base; and then to behold the magnificent horizon thence discovered.

Whilst visiting the various palaces of Genoa, during the hours which had been appointed for the admission of strangers, by their respective owners, there was none that so largely claimed our attention as the Pallavicini, with its judicious and elegant architecture, position, and charming grotto; rendering it one of the most remarkable in Genoa. It is pretended that Cromwell once inhabited it, but nothing can be more uncertain than this tradition.

Still, on walking through the Balbi Strada, what an enchanting effect was produced by the porticos of its splendid palace, (the Povera,) so remarkable for their proportions, and the richness of its nympheum, which terminates in a large garden of oranges planted in the soil. The palace itself is in excellent style, and the rooms being ornamented with paintings of great merit, all the decorations consisting of blue and gold enamel. The courtesy by which we were permitted to enter during the actual occupation of the family, did not fail to contribute to the pleasure of our interview.

I visited the charming picturesque retreat of the Marquis Giovanni Carlo di Negro, a perfect model of that courtesy and

Italian good feeling towards strangers, which can never be sufficiently praised. He has expended a large fortune in adorning the grounds with terraces and labyrinthine walks, having husbanded the small surface of the soil on this place with such economy, that every inch is cultivated with as much beauty and advantage as the nature of the land permits. From these hanging gardens you obtain extensive and glorious views over the harbor and the sea, and from other points of these parapets of rock, rich prospects are to be had towards the inland, embracing the swelling hillocks of the interior, and displaying their sides covered with many pretty villas; the prospect reminding one somewhat of the vicinity of Florence. The garden of the Marquis, visited by the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, was worthy of these honors, less from its wonderful situation, its library, its exotic plants, than the talents and urbane character of its amiable possessor, who, besides being a passionate lover of the fine arts, was a distinguished improvisatore and author. Among the many charming features that claim for Genoa its title of the Superb City, there are none so likely to be remembered by strangers as the beautiful promenades which they have always delighted to frequent at evening. These public walks form a peculiar attraction in almost every seaport of note on the Continent, and under whatever name they may be found, whether of Alemeda, Paseo, Corse, rampart, fortification, or sea-girt walls, they will be first discovered and most eagerly sought after by the wanderer, in order to refresh his mind with these scenes of life and gaiety with which they abound.

That grand street of palaces, the Strada Nuova, furnishes a noon-day promenade. This, on Sunday, is crowded with passengers on the way to the cooler retreats of the terraces.

The Acqua verde, and Acqua sola, the most beautiful of these walks, commanding not only a view of the city's outline, but holding in embrace that extensive and magnificent panorama of sea, sky, inland, port, harbor, shipping and active life at sunset, so justly the boast of her citizens, have within their reach the distant isles of the Mediterranean and the bold forms of the descending Appenines. There is a charm in both that wins the soul at evening, when their paths are trodden by the feet of the Genoese beauties; for pretty women and smiling landscapes never yet failed to sooth the heart of the rover in distant lands, especially at the evening stroll, when the setting sun paints the scenery with its splendor, and the rosy fingers of its gorgeous rays pencil the sky and sea with the last faint blushes of quivering light.

But the ladies, or the women, we must repeat it, are the chief objects of attraction in these gardens. The beautiful girls of Genoa, and the roguishly eyed Genoese, enchant the beholder, especially on Sundays, when all the town is out in promenade, either upon the circuit of the fortifications, or the other fine terraces of the city. How bewitching are those piercing glances darting from bright eyes, that peep out under the light folds of their gossamer white veils, so faintly concealing their snowy skins, and softening the lustre of their raven locks. All the Italian ladies have a peculiar faculty in dressing their hair, but the Genoese have attained to perfection in the art. The head is combed with the same order before the ears, as with us, and brought behind so as to lie in plaits or hang in graceful loops in pendants, which are kept up by an elegant tortoise-shell comb ; a thin muslin gauze or lace veil falls from the embrace of heavy golden pins, covering their necks only to enhance their charm, while it flows in graceful

folds over the form of their bare arms, and dropping from the head somewhat after the style of the mantilla, seems to dally with the winds as wantonly as these fair owners with their favors. This pretty costume, with the added gracefulness of their noble gaits, render the Genoese beauties exceedingly attractive, and excite in the spectator all these sentiments of admiration and surprise that can be embraced between the sight of gracefully poised heads, pretty faces, bewitching glances, and figures of peerless grace. Truly, ye fair ones of the evening's walk, ye did often cause me to forget my first love!

A STROLL.

On one occasion after a visit to the Pallaverini Palace, we entered into the Church of Saint Stephen, in order to see the *Martyrdom of the Saint*, a celebrated painting given to this Church by Leo X. and the Cardinal Giulio de Medici, which is one of the finest and most remarkable chefs d'œuvre of Italy. The lower part by Giulio Romano, may be regarded as his best work in oil; the upper part is by Raphael. It had suffered so much from time and its removal from Paris, that the brilliancy of the coloring was almost obscured, and were it not for the excellent drawing of the figures, and the beauty of the drapery of the Saviour in the upper part, it would be difficult to recognize the hand of its master.

By continuing our walk, we reached the noble structure of the bridge of Carignano, a bold construction joining the two hills, with houses seven stories high beneath it, built by the Sauli family, ancient patricians of Genoa, who were devoted to the public welfare and convenience. Few cities present so varied and animated an aspect as that obtained from this point; the

peculiar construction of the houses, and their colors and shapes, added their charms to this fascinating spot; and while these harmoniously blended with the verdure and outlines of the hills in our rear, they happily combined to increase the beauty and loveliness of the scene in our front, wherein the soft sky of this climate was in perfect union and keeping with the purer blue of the sea.

The smiling hill of Albaro, covered with superb villas, formed a fit close to our delightful sojourn in this city; and, with the Saluzzi Palace, brought to our mind the residence of Lord Byron at the *Paradiso*. This palace he inhabited; he departed thence for Greece, but returned a moment, when, becalmed a whole day, within sight of Genoa, and he had there a presentiment of his approaching glorious end. Having expressed a wish to see this palace once more, he went thither, accompanied by Count Gamba alone. "His conversation," says the latter, "took a melancholy turn; he spoke much of his past life and the uncertainty of the future. "Where shall we be," said he, "a year hence?" "It was like a gloomy prophecy," adds his friend; "for the year after, on the same day of the same month, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors."

I happened to be in Genoa, at the anniversary of the day of our national independence, and it was with feelings of satisfaction and pride that I attended a dinner, given by the American captains of the port, which claims the honor of having given birth to Columbus. I was pleased to have met there so creditable a representation of those seamen to whom our commercial interests have been so happily intrusted; and glory in the acknowledgment of the fact, that our navigators will bear an honorable comparison with the captains of any nation in the world; in fact, it may be safely said, that in

their gentlemanly deportment, correct conduct and maritime skill they excel over all others that I met abroad. At this celebration no excess was indulged in, nor vulgarity of manner or conversation exhibited. The time was pleasantly and instructively passed in discussion of our national politics and policy, and a sociability and courtesy enjoyed, which carried with them the firm conviction, that the honor of the American flag had not been unwisely committed to these honest tars. The first of the Americans was a sailor—one Christoforo Colombo.

On the last afternoon that I spent in the city I ascended the hills, back of the town, and walked, while enjoying the many magnificent views obtained at successive heights in my progress, until I reached a long piece of the aqueduct that brings the water from a distance of six leagues into the different parts of the city, and even to the upper stories of every house; and thence resumed my walk until I arrived at the uppermost fort in the line of the fortifications,—the limit of the finest promenade in Italy, whence two distinct and superb vistas were leisurely and delightfully enjoyed, over the city, the harbor, and the sea. Descending by a different pathway, cut mostly out of the rocky side of the mountain, I passed down into the valley, aad was soon lost in the shades of a deep ravine, overhung with the forests that surround the walls of the *Albergo de poveri*, one of the most extensive hospitals in Italy, having accommodations for two thousand and two hundred inmates.

Probably no other city possesses so many or such luxurious abodes for misery and affliction. The luxury of the arts has been introduced into these asylums of wretchedness and toil, imparting to them a kind of dignity. The statues of the different benefactors represent them seated or standing, according to the amount of their donations.

The superb staircase and porticos of the court of the hospital *dé Pammatone*, are built with marble of a dazzling whiteness; never had bodily pain a more magnificent dwelling, and moral suffering is not better lodged in palaces. As, at the Albergo, charity has its ceremonial and etiquette; the donors of 1000 livres have an inscription; those of 2000 livres a bust; 4000 livres are required for a statue.

Near this asylum for the afflictions of the people exists a monument of its courage. A marble slab, with an inscription, marks the spot where, on the 5th of December, 1746, the Austrians attempted to compel the people of Genoa by blows to raise one of their mortars, which had broken through into a drain as it was passing along the street. A stone, thrown by a child eight years of age, the son of a shoemaker, who was incensed at seeing his father beaten, was the signal for that noble insurrection, which soon became general. Overwhelmed by the stones with which they were assailed, the German soldiers were driven from the town, and their generals consented to negotiate. The doge, the senate, and nobility, who had, at first, assayed to suppress the insurrection, then came to the aid of the victorious people, who had made themselves masters of the arsenals and ramparts; troops and money were sent from France; and the Republic of Genoa, honorably included in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, recovered its ancient limits.

The conservatory of the *Fieschine*, a convent, and house of industry, founded by one Dominican Fieschi, celebrated for its artificial flowers, which are sold in all parts of Europe, presents a piquant contrast; poor and holy maidens bedeck with their garlands the world they have quitted, and these brilliant but very dear flowers are offered you for sale through the double grating of a parlor, by a Flora in wimple and biggin.

Thus having seen all that was interesting in this vicinity, we closed the evening of our last day at Genoa, a city of palaces, and magnificent charities, not only luxuriously great, but beautifully and brilliantly good with all its charms of earthly loveliness, its aspects and prospects, by sea and land, the meeting of its processions, the songs of the people, the lively and spirited expression of the countenances, the glaring colors of the dresses worn by the women, the solidity and size of the buildings; in fact, where everything combines to inform us that we are in Italy, and in Genoa, the proud City! The magic of these names deepens the impression on the senses. "Italy!" I repeat involuntarily, "and Genoa! this, then, is Italy! and this is GENOA LA SUPERBA.

LA RIVIERA.

TO NICE.

THE road from Genoa to Nice is by the way of the celebrated Riviera following the coast, and is unsurpassed by any other in Europe in the beauty of its landscapes, or the richness and variety of the cultivation, which decks the marginal of the land side.

You ride always in sight of the ocean, now ascending to elevated points by the wayside, whence you look out over an immense expanse of land and water; now crossing valleys, fording mountain streams, or skirting rich plantations, and passing through many picturesque vallages, you then run among the vineyards and olive groves, whilst your course is scented with the rich perfumes of the citron and orange trees.

Starting from San Pier d'Arena, perhaps the most magnifi-

cent of all suburbs, the beautiful Villa Imperiale, by Galeaso Alessi—now belonging to a learned Genoese physician, Scassi—is remarkable for its scientific plan, its well-proportioned elevations, and its extensive gardens ornamented with grottoes, ramps, sheets of water, and charming fountains. The richness of the villas in the vicinity of Genoa, is not surprising, as they were formerly the theatres of the splendid fêtes, that the sumptuary laws of the republic did not suffer in the town; it was in the country then that diamonds were worn.

Having crossed over the bridge of Cornigliano, the spot, where, after sixty days' resistance, after doing all the physical or moral powers of man could achieve, Massena signed his honorable capitulation, we passed by several delightful villas, and many beautiful towns. Among these, Cogoleto will not give up the honor of having given birth to Columbus. Notwithstanding the multitude of researches and dissertations it is now pretty certain that Columbus was a native of Genoa, according to the sublime and affecting passage from the will of the great man: *Que siendo yo nacido en Génova . . como natural de ella, porque de ella y en ella naci*, a declaration that ought to be conclusive.

The pretensions of Cogoleto appeared for a time well founded, from the fact, that two admirals named Colombo, and natives of that place, sailed with Columbus. They even pretend to know his house, a kind of hut on the sea-shore which I found very fitly occupied by a coast guard; on it may be read, after a multitude of miserable inscriptions, this fine verse, an impromptu by Gagliuffi:

"Unus erat mundus: duo sint, ait iste; fuêre."

In the town-house, is an antique portrait of Columbus, but it

can hardly be a likeness, or this intrepid, eloquent, enlightened, and inspired man had a very ordinary appearance. The situation of Cogoleto on the sea-shore, was very picturesque, while the ruins of an old castle surrounded by a thicket of cactus, in the foreground, with the background of low hills sloping towards the water's edge, lend it an aspect of exquisite beauty.

The whole road beyond, continued with heightened and increased interest. Tall steeples, and quaint old watch towers, ornamented the bold line of the coast; and, occasionally, palms with fig trees, united to lend an oriental feature to the scenery, whilst oleanders and acanthas varied by clumps of prickly-pear shrubs fringed the road-side before we arrived at Sarona. The people along shore seemed to be industrious, happy and contented; their occupation was that of ship-building, and manufacturing of paper and other articles.

Savona, a very ancient town, agreeably situated, but rather deserted, has the finest fort on this coast, which stands on a rock close by the sea, it was the last village reached before dark. From this point we journeyed during the night as far as the town of San Remo.

This wealthy town, ornamented with gardens and fine buildings, is more particularly remarkable for the palm trees of the hermitage of Saint Romulus which crowns its heights, and displays their oriental pomp, beside an abundant Italian vegetation of orange, citron, and olive trees. The Bresca family still enjoys the just privilege granted by Sixtus V., of supplying the churches of Rome with palms on Palm Sunday. This privilege is said to have originated in the following manner, though I find no trace of the anecdote in the best informed contemporary historians; it is, however, in some measure supported by the frescos in the chamber of the Vatican Library :—When Fon-

tana was preparing to raise the obelisk of Saint Peter's by the machinery he had invented for that purpose, he required the most profound silence, that his orders might be distinctly heard. The inflexible Sixtus published an edict to the effect that the first bystander that shouted should be instantly put to death, whatever might be his rank or condition. At the moment when the ropes, as if by magic, had raised the enormous mass almost high enough to place it on the pedestal, when the Pope was encouraging the workmen by approving nods, and Fontana, who alone spoke, was ordering a last and decisive effort, a man suddenly exclaimed with a stentorian voice : Acqua alle corde! (wet the ropes,) and advanced from the crowd to deliver himself up to the executioner and his satellites, who stood near a gallows erected on the piazza. Fontana attentively observed the ropes, and seeing that they were on the point of breaking from extreme tension, ordered them to be instantly wetted ; they were immediately contracted and the obelisk settled on the pedestal amid universal plaudits. Fontana ran to the man whose advice had been so opportune, embraced him, and presenting him to the Pope, asked and obtained an instant pardon. Bresca was further rewarded with a considerable pension, and this hereditary privilege of supplying Rome with palms. Ever since the Easter festival of 1587, a ship has annually sailed with this sacred cargo, and Providence seems to have blessed it beforehand, for of these two hundred and sixty-five vessels, not one has suffered a shipwreck.

Vintimiglia, seated on a rock, and somewhat deserted, is an ancient town, claiming its ancestry from the Romans. Cicero mentions it in his *Epistolæ Familiares*, and Tacitus narrates the action of that Ligurian mother who perished in the pillage of the town, rather than yield up her son to the

soldiers of Otho; she was tortured to make her confess where he was concealed, but, says the historian, *Uterum ostendens, latere respondit.* The ancient cathedral was perhaps the temple of Juno, and the Church of Saint Michael, that of Castor and Pollux. Latte is the fashionable resort, the Albano of Ventimiglians.

The small State of the Prince of Monaco, projecting into the sea, is only an orangery on a rock.

La Turbia, the last place of interest on the route of the Riviera, still holds the remarkable ruins of the trophies of Augustus, which were erected to him by the Senate, in memory of the battle of Actium, and were surmounted by his colossal statue; it is not unlikely that La Turbia takes its name from these trophies, (Trophœa Augusti,) which, at a distance, has the aspect of a tower. This tower is the last of the many wonderful points of view on the road. The coast of Italy, from Genoa to Nice, seemed to me superior to the other part extending to Leghorn. It offers a succession of brilliant promontories, covered with olive groves, whose pale verdure contrasts with the vivid green of the pines, the orange, lemon, and chestnut trees; immense palaces, pretty red-painted houses, cupolas, and steeples of churches, add to the effect of this vast decoration, interspersed with rocks and torrents; in some parts beautiful valleys, under cultivation, extend by the side of the sea, and from smiling and tranquil bays of verdure, beside the restless azure of the waves. The rising and setting of the sun, are admirable on this horizon; nature here unfolds at every step her most magnificent scenery.

Nothing, therefore, could more properly terminate the incomparable beauty of this variety of perspective, than the picturesque aspect of its terminus—the town of Nice.

NICE.

I was not disappointed with the interior of this town, while walking through its cleanly and well-paved streets after our entrance. Notwithstanding the interest created by the memory of this seat of the famous Grand Council of the Church, Nice, with all its antiquities and its amphitheatre, seemed less an Italian town than one of the old French prefectures; the sign boards are in French, and the Savoyard garrison spoke the same tongue; Nice also belonged to France, as part of the county of Provence; Malherbe regretted its loss, and in these admirable verses expressed his wish to see it retaken:

> "Guise en ses murailles forcées,
> Remettra les bornes passées,
> Qu'avoit notre empire marin;"

in his ode to Maria de Medici, on the happy future of France.

The climate is genial rather than brilliant, and the population chiefly consists of a languishing colony of opulent strangers, most of them victims of the factitious enjoyments of society, who are prematurely destroyed by their apparently happy, but really miserable kind of life, of which listlessness, regret, and disappointment are the incurable diseases. The public promenade inspired a kind of melancholy; I saw some young English ladies there, who were charming and of fair complexion, but pale, and on the confines of death.

There are certain maladies against which the climate of Nice, far from being efficacious, as imagined, is mortal; thus every year's experience tends to prove that it hastens the end of persons attacked by pulmonary consumption.

"Although presenting no object of art, Nice," says Valery, "was associated in his mind with the memory of a superior woman, whom I was fortunate enough to see again there, for the last time, shortly before she died." The Duchess of Duras, author of *Edouard* and *Ourika*, the delicate and pathetic painter of the fatality of social inequalities, then inhabited a small house at the extremity of the town. It was not, indeed, the animated and brilliant saloon of Paris, which combined the taste, elegance and politeness of the French society of past days; and the education, reason, and solidity of the new society, where are met all the eminent men in politics, letters, sciences and arts; but this lone house, this orange-orchard was the hospital, the solitude of an invalid assiduously tended by a beloved daughter. The loss of the Duchess of Duras, so painful to her friends, who alone could know all the truth, activity, devotedness, and enthusiasm of her noble character, seemed also a kind of calamity for mere people of the world: such saloons have a happy influence over opinion; they do honor to the country, and promote civilization; they excite and develope its genius, and represent it nobly to the eyes of foreigners.

TO MARSEILLES.

The first portion of the road out from Nice was of a similar character to the path of our journey thitherward; it might still be called the Riviera, for it continues in view of the sea; alternately leaving it, and regaining it, until all sight of the waters is finally lost at Firgus. Our course from this point became still more interesting from the fact of the occurring season of the harvesting of the crops. Here we saw them treading out

the grain with horses, after the manner of the East, with oxen, (the use of the flail apparantly not being in vogue). The view here obtained of the Estrella mountains, while we were passing over Mont de Grasse, was magnificent, commanding a sweep that embraced even the pretty green little isles of Saint Marguerite, which shone like emeralds in the distant sea.

Immediately after crossing the frontier, you will be struck with the contrast exhibited between France and Savoy. Observe the improvement in the roads; the more careful and individual cultivation of the soil; the happier air of the peasantry, and the coy grace of the pretty persons, and smiling faces of those pert little bonneted demoiselles who pass you by the way-side. Everything tends to remind you of "la belle France," that country which is still gay, in spite of the freshness of a new revolution. The olives and grapes of France supplant the oranges and figs of Piedmont, as her more generous nature displaces the stern and sterile features of the mountains of Savoy. The vine is nourished from the soil with no other support than a few small uprightly set sticks.

While running over these mountains, I missed the luxuriant verdure of our forests covering the Alleghanies, being reminded of them by the naked outlines.

At Firgus, where we saw some fine relics of the ancient Roman aqueducts, we left the sea road entirely, and crossing over the weary length of the vast sand plain, skirting the woods of Brignole, were soon lost to all recollection of the famous brigands that once inhabited these forests, for we had fallen asleep under the murmurs of the rustling foliage, and we slept until we awoke at Aix, with a feeling of chagrin at hearing that this was not the Aix of Champagne; or, if it was, we were not able either to get any of it to drink, or to learn from the natives,

whether this grape had ever been raised in the country. There is not a more monotonous road in the world, than that which stretches its line from Aix to the port; and a sense of weariness and solitude controls your thoughts until the eye glistens at the first sight of of the noble fort and city of Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.

THE CITY.

"Look out for a row to morrow," said the venerable Monsieur Rabout, my banker, as I seated myself in a quiet corner of his cabinet, waiting for him to cash my credit from the Barings.

"Revolutions are fearful things for the rich," he added, "and if this state of affairs continue, we shall all of us have to emigrate from France."

"You had better not," I replied, "this emeute may soon blow over, and things will settle down in a few days in a calmer state, when order will be restored ; and it would be folly for the only respectable people in France to quit the country, at the time when they were most needed to confront the actions of the enemy, and by withdrawing with their moneys, thus deprive the government of the sinews of war. You had best stay and fight it out my friend," I continued, "the red republicans will soon fail in their plots, and the *sans culottes* will be provided with pantaloons, in Cayenne. I will not stay to see the fun."

Marseilles, therefore, under this present state of excitement, offered few inducements for a sojourn in the city; besides its Parisian aspect took away all the original interest which it

otherwise might have had, if the imitation of the capital was not so perceptibly obtrusive.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

On the following morning, that of the anticipated outbreak —(the revolution did not happen as it was expected)—I took the cars at the station, and before ten o'clock was on my way to Montpelier. The usual activity and bustle incidental to a railway depot, had attracted me to observe the peculiar gaiety and excitability of the people, and to remark the strong contrast existing between the French laborers and the peasants of Savoy.

What a relief it was to be steamed away from the din and dust of a market town, and thus launched, as it were, into the bosom of nature, for the freer indulgence of one's thought, or the fresher breath of pure air at the lungs! Nevertheless, all rail road rides are stupid in themselves, for you are so pummelled and jumbled by the nervous vibrations of their running motion, that your body quivers like a jelly at the end of your journey, and little is left for the brains to digest, where objects of sensation are so rapidly sent through the sight, that landscape and animals hurry away like objects on the lenses of a magic-lantern. Fortunately there was nothing worthy of especial attention on the route. In the cars, however, I formed the acquaintance of a young Spanish girl, who was returning from Turin to her home at Vittoria, in Spain, after a period of instruction as a governess at Turin. This happy meeting gave me an opportunity to brush up my knowledge of the Spanish language, for there is no more facile and agreeable way of learning a tongue, than that of listening to the speech

of a pretty young female, with whom it would not be difficult to revive a small feeling of love. There is no better dictionary of language than the lips of a fascinating woman.

Our other companions in the same cars, were several young Arab boys, on their way to school at the military college of Perpignan; they afforded me an occasion to recall my slumbering Arabic, so that between the governess and these youths, with the advantage of two tongues, and a constant use of the French, my journey as far as Montpelier, proved more interesting than I had anticipated when I started from the station.

On arriving at the first relay-house we were obliged to be ferried over the Rhone, the railroad-bridge not having yet been completed over this stream. Having resumed our seats in the cars, on the opposite bank of the river, we were impelled by our iron-horse through a very pleasant country as far as Nymes.

Here we stopped about one hour; and my Spanish sweetheart and I, wasted the interval by dining quite cosily and *sans ceremonie* at a *tratteur* in the neighborhood of the hotel. While discussing our meals we were heartily entertained by the amusing loquacity of a traveled lacquey, who conversed very learnedly on several topics of history and antiquity, thus helping our digestion with a variety of philosophical and literary remarks. After our repast we walked out to admire and wander over the superb ruins of an ancient Roman coloseum, which was in an exellent state of preservation.

We arrived at Montpelier about dark; and having supped, left for Toulouse, by a road leading through one of the most cultivated districts in the South of France, and skirting that rich plain of arable land embraced between the parallel spurs of the hills, crossed these as they extended their projections from the Pyrenees. I was quite pleased with the situation of

Toulouse, as it lay stretched over both sides of the Garonne, with its excellently planned gardens and charming promenades along the banks of the river.

Among the passengers which the interior of the diligence took at Toulouse, were the wife of an English horse-jockey, a Spanish merchant, and an emigrant who took especial care of my young Spanish companion, under the plea that she was *un paisano*, a compatriot of the same province. We had a delightful ride from Toulouse, but saw little of interest on the road until we arrived at the town of Auch for dinner. Here, having dined to our satisfaction, we started out from the hotel, in spite of the remonstrance of the conductor, who threatened to leave without us, in order to visit the celebrated cathedral of this town, and, as the ladies were with us, we dared him to attempt to start, well knowing that we had tickets for a through passage, and that he would not venture to arrive with an empty stage. From this point the journey became much more agreeable, for we became better acquainted with our fellow-passengers, and the face of the country through which we passed wore a more undulatory aspect, while the view was relieved by occasional glimpses over the outlines of the remote Pyrenees.

At Pau we were obliged to separate from our English and Spanish companions, and having taken leave of them, I had no resource but to visit the famous old chateau of Henri Quatre, wherein, at that moment, Abdel Kader, the African chieftain, was imprisoned. This old castle seemed a glorious remnant of the feudal ages, and it appeared like a revival of its former glories, to have a barbarian chief placed within its strongholds. The Arab, Abdel Kader, deserved a better fate at the hands of his captors; a Roman would have crowned the warrior

and patriot, who had fought so nobly for his country and his home.

Being quite tired of Pau, and of its English residents and gardens, I sought relief at the waters of the Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees. The ride out to this watering-place was truly delightful, reminding me somewhat of the valleys in the lower cantons of Switzerland, for the baths are beautifully situated at the foot of the Pyrenees, which almost looked down upon them from their giddy heights. On our approach we were met by a company of pretty *blanchisseuses*, who solicited our washing at the most reasonable terms, these escorted our coach to the vicinity of the hotel at which we lodged, and there having left us, with their usual French courtesy departed, but not without first having left a card upon which were printed the terms of a washing at "prix fixe." I went immediately to bed after our arrival and fell into a profound sleep which lasted until seven o'clock in the evening, from which, having awakened, I arose and ordered a fresh bed for the remainder of the night.

The "Eaux Bonnes" to me, who was not an invalid, proved to be the most stupid place that I had ever seen. It may be pleasant enough for invalids, but to me, in spite of the grounds which were prettily laid out, there was nothing of interest, save a walk among the hills, or a stroll by the side of the rills, that furnished waters for the bathers.

They have happily been named the "French Switzerlands" from their picturesque and much frequented situation, for the characteristic features of the Pyrenees at this point on the border of France and Spain are exceedingly bold and romantic. We returned to Pau, on the afternoon of the second day.

On the following morning, at five, I took the diligence from Pau to Bayonne, by a road far more picturesque than that of

yesterday leading to the baths, and becoming still more interesting, as it approached Bayonne, the situation of which was truly charming. The town itself wore a lively and gay aspect as we entered, the women had all the manners and grace of the Parisian, wearing thin kerchiefs on the back of the head so as to contrast richly with the folds of their well arranged suits of hair. The bridge over the Adour separates the Jews' from the other quarters of the town. Bayonne, the Basque, Bay-o-na, "the good port" is placed on the Nive and Adour. The strong citadel, fortified by Vauban, was the key of Soult's position in 1814, and the scene of one of the last most murderous and unnecessary conflicts between the French and English. Here the *bayonet* finished the work, and on the spot where it was first used by some Basques, who stuck their knives in their muskets' muzzles; now it is the English weapon, which no foe has ever dared to face twice.

In the old castle of Bayonne opposite the Prefecture, in 1563, did Catherine de Medicis, an Italian Machaivelli, meet Alva, a Spanish man of blood and bigotry, and planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was executed August 24, 1572, to the joy of the Vatican and the Escorial, for Philip II. never laughed heartily but that once.

The cathedral is well worthy of notice. Thus from Marseilles to Bayonne I was transferred by coach, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The situation of Bayonne on the bosom of a rich valley, surrounded by the spurs of young mountains, was pre-eminently lovely.

BIARITZ.

In company with some Frenchmen from Champagne, I visited the sea baths of Biaritz. It was a glorious feeling to

plunge into the ocean at this point of the Bay of Biscay. What a thrill of joy came over me, and what a crowd of pleasant thoughts rushed into my brain, as I dipped into the waves of these same waters which were washing the shores and rock-bound coasts of my own native home in America! Such moments have a power to rouse the fires of the soul, when kindred thoughts are awakened, and the heart's finest chords vibrate through the medium of the elements.

From the cliff-built Phare of the Biaritz, the rocky, iron-bound coast of hard Iberia looms in view. This first glance of a new land and people, relieves the monotony of the common-place *Landes*, which extends to Bourdeaux. Now, what a change awaits those who love surprises and comparisons. It is the passing into a new planet, or like crossing from Dover to Calais, both so near, indeed, to France, and yet so widely, so irrevocably apart from antipathetic French ways and things.

At *Bidart* the Basque country is entered, and the peasantry are at least cognate with those on each side of the *Bidasoa*, but their's is a neutral ground, and they are Basques—that is, neither French nor Spaniards.

SPAIN.

"QUIEN DICE ESPAÑA,—DICE TODO."

A WOODEN bridge, painted with a dingy red, on the French side, crosses the *Bidasoa*, which flows like the British Channel, between these two antagonistical nations.

This river, once crossed, the first sight and welcome of Spain will scarcely inspire the mind with love; but the noble people, and their wild, racy, original country, improve on better acquaintance, and the more as we advance into the sunny oriental East and South.

Now, you have quitted France and French things, all around breathes *ajo y Españolismo*, mules and mantillas; and however lacking in surface and sensual civilization, *Man* is here the vigorous plant of a strong soil; here he stands erect, full of personal dignity and individual worth and independence; the members, indeed, are strong in masculine virility and vitality, although a head be wanting. Yet the Spanish PEOPLE are still unbroken, despite of Austrian and Bourbon, who have failed to dwarf their high spirit and character, and sacrifice their worth, valor, and intelligence, to advance the personal intrigues of unworthy rulers in church, camp, and cabinet.

We had taken the diligence at Bayonne, and our drive as far as the frontier was extremely agreeable, with occasional glimpses of the sea on one hand, and views of the distant Pyrenees on

the other. At Irun, the first Spanish town, rising conspicuously in front on its hill, we changed both the character of our journey, and the animals attached to the vehicle.

While the annoyance of passports was attended to, and the baggage examined, I was curiously engaged in watching the manner of tackling our first team of mules. Eight of these beasts were harnessed in the places of the horses we left behind; thus again clearly indicating that we were in Spain. The luggage having been weighed and sealed to Madrid, we took a glance at the village of Irun, with its projecting balconies, groined roofs, and Spanish signs—so peculiarly characteristic of the nation—and perceiving that all was ready for a start, we entered the coupé and then shut to the door. The draft mules having been properly hitched to, the postillion mounted his horse, the calesero took his seat by the side of the majoral, who then in a loud voice started the stage off, the whole team running at full speed. In the middle of this gallop, the calesero jumping off the box, ran along the road, and hallooing at the top of his voice, goaded the jacks, while he repeatedly yelled at the leader, and bawling out lustily, shouted: "Arrah! arre! anda caballo! hoah! generale! carrajo!—ah oa! anda colonella—oá cadetta!—and whoop, angelo de dios and carean! pirara!" Wildly the whole troop rushed up the hill, like a beggar on horseback bound to the devil. So furiously did the beasts mount the steep that the rocking and cracking coach dashed and tossed us about like a churn, for they rolled up the diligence with such a thundering rattle, that the racket on the road woke up a fat old citizen who was quietly taking his siesta on the balcony of his house.

At the same rapid and excitable rate, we were driven through the extent of the Basque provinces. This curious

people, possessing a peculiar manner and dialect—a hardy and industrious race of mountaineers—are quite independent of the Castiles, and, in fact, are the true republicans of the north. We were struck with the rich verdure of the well-cultivated hill-sides, and remarked the great abundance of the in-gathering harvest. The neat appearance of the cottages, with high, shelving roofs, and happy peasantry inhabiting them, often reminded us of Switzerland.

We had not proceeded much farther before we reached that singular district called the "*Pasages*," where the sea enters within the narrow bounds of the adjoining hills, so narrowly as scarcely to admit the hull of a single vessel. Behind these straits lies a deep, land-locked bay, one of the best harbors on this rock-bound coast, but when once within, ships ride safely. Our road, passing at first by the sides of the mountains, at length crossed the lagoon, enabling us to obtain a magnificent view of the hills and valleys that adorn the outlines of this sloping coast. Saint Sebastian also enjoys a similarity of position in the gift of its natural harbor. This town was formerly the depôt of the Phillipine and India Companies. It appeared to be separated from the main land; in fact, being only united to it by the draw-bridge of its castle.

Mantillas were first observed at this place, where the costumes of the peasant began to attract our notice, and the maidens who wore their pretty straw-hats, suffered their long, twisted braids of hair to fall over their shoulders, secured by long streamers of ribbons in beau-knots. The postillions here assumed their low-crowned, velvet hats, trimmed with black cockades; and the ox-carts, borne along by tasseled beasts, had their wheels made of tires and cross-braces of wood. Besides what funny hats the curates wear, having

the semblance of a stove-funnel with a hole for the head, or, perhaps, more like one of our patent Yankee smoke-curers.

The latter part of the road to Tolosa is a charming pastoral, Swiss-like ride, especially the last four or five miles among the hills, wild woods, and long-leaved chestnuts. The situation of Tolosa on the banks of the Urola is quite picturesque ; and her women have magnificently fine eyes, opening like almonds.

We wake up and find ourselves crossing the Sierra, drawn by eight oxen, with the sound of our muleteer's voice hallooing and screaming, while urging the beasts up the mountain.

What a picture of wildness was there presented in the solitude of the dark hour while passing over the Pyrenees, mountains of less ruggedness, and better cultivated than the Appenines.

About four o'clock in the morning we passed through the walled town of Mandragon, well placed on the banks of the beautiful Deva, while the moon flooded its surface and the stream with gushes of brilliant light. Before reaching Vittoria we crossed the Welsh-like hills of this region, with green copses, maize crops, and pretty villages perched on the eminences, amid chestnut groves. Here the Irish-looking hat of Castile gives place to the low, blue cap, or *bereta*. The legs of the peasants are swathed up to the knees with Moorish bandages, and their feet encased in Iberian brogues. The women toil at their hard tasks, and look old and broken. The architect will now remark the pepper-pot belfrey-domes of the churches, the carved coats-of-arms over the portals of the *family* mansions, and the solidly-built houses, with projecting cornices and protecting roofs. Here rain and damp are the enemies of the climate, while stone and iron are the drugs of the soil.

At Vittoria, a busy and flourishing post town, of about 12,000 inhabitants, placed on a gentle eminence above *its* plain,

we dismissed our first postillion. One could not fail remarking the wonderful hardihood of this youth, who had ridden for a continuous period of twenty-four hours with scarcely any relief but the time afforded in changing the horses at the relays.

This town offers a novel contrast in the old and new portions; the former with its curious *plaza*, its dark tortuous streets, being directly opposite to the latter which is all line and rule. The public *alemedas* are charming places of resort for the people, outside the town, where under the leafy avenues of *la Florida* and *el Prado* the lower classes meet and dance in the afternoon.

Vittoria, the capital of Alava, which is the last of the Basque Provinces reminded us of the origin of the Basque, and led to the consultation of a work, in order to describe the peculiar characteristics of this people.

THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

Las Provincias Vascongadas consist of the three united provinces of Alava, Viscaoa, and Guipuscoa. These provinces forming the mountainous triangle of the northwest of the Peninsula, are the *Cantabria* of the ancients, a name derived by some from *Kent-Aber*, which they interpret the "Corner of the Water." This corner of the land, like Wales, is the home of the remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants, who never have been expelled or subdued; thus the character of an unadulterated primitive race remains strongly marked in language and nationality. The highlanders, bred on metal-pregnant mountains, and nursed amid storms in a cradle indomitable as themselves, have always known how to forge their iron into arms, and to wield them in defence of their independence; and what sword equals that one which is moulded from the plough-share?

A sense of separate weakness has taught these provinces the secret of *union*. This federal association is expressed in their national symbol of three hands joined together, with the "Irurac Bat" which is equivalent to the tria juncta in uno, of the Bath order of the *united* kingdom.

Universal nobility is the birth-right of every Basque peasant. Peppery as the Welsh, proud as Lucifer, and combustible as matches, these pauper peers fire up when their pedigree is questioned, and well did Don Quixote, (I. 8) know how to annoy a Biscayan, by telling him that "he was no gentleman." Basque gentility often consists rather in blood than manners; better born than bred, the Cantabrian is not always courteous nor ever quick in rendering honor to whom honor is due; he considers a sort of boorishness to indicate a republican independence, and thinks the deference which one well conditioned person pays to another to be a degradation to his noble birth-right; their provinces may be the three Graces of Spain, but the natives sacrifice but little to those amiable types.

The modern Basques, however brave and active as individuals, form very bad regular soldiers, as they are too obstinate to tolerate drill and discipline; again they can only be managed by one of themselves. Gonzalo de Cordova affirmed that he would sooner be a keeper of wild beasts than the commander of the Basques. They are excellent at Guerrilla warfare, commerce, etc.

In time of peace, fishing forms the occupation of those who dwell on the sea-board; agricultural and pastoral pursuits inland; the ores of the iron-pregnant hills are worked at smithies as rude as those of the Iberians. The towns are Swiss-like, surrounded with green hills and enlivened by trout streams; the streets are often drawn at straight line, intersect-

ing at right angles; and the *alemedas* are pretty. The sombre looking balconied houses are so solidly built that they look like fortresses, and here every gentleman's house is indeed his castle.

Agriculture being the first profession of Adam, who bore arms, is not held to degrade these peasant peers. Simple, hardy and patient, they have the virtues and vices of highlanders, and feeling strongly attached to their mountain home, love their rocks and Alps, and are wretched when torn from them. These provinces are made up of mountain and valley, with a sea-board line. The elevated slopes are covered with oak and chestnut trees, and the produce of the country is corn, apples and wine.

Shortly after leaving Vittoria, we left the province of Alava, the last of the Basque territory, on the other side of the Ebro. This river is passed at Miranda by a fine bridge. Nature becomes less fair, fountains less abundant, the population diminishes, and the towns have no more trees and gardens near them; the face of the peasant is sterner, for poverty is still there. The square tower of the churches is changed for the open belfry. The town is utterly uninteresting; here are placed the custom-house offices, as this is the fiscal frontier of Castile. The Ebro is the geographical and vegetable line of demarcation between the Basque provinces and the Castiles.

What a contrast was here presented between the smiling aspect of the one, and the gloomy, sterile, and harsh nature of the other.

In fact all Spain is a conglomerate of strong contrasts, and of divers people and manners, differing, in all its parts, both in the aspect of its nature and the character of its soil and inhabitants. Its provinces are held together more by the community

of speech, than by the sovereign head, and is suffered to live out their half normal existence by the consent of the other continental nations. Hence, Spain has ever been, and will continue to be, the prey of foreigners and the land of guerrillas.

THE CASTILES.

How different, also, the aspect of the two Castiles, these empire provinces, which join each other, and constitute a large portion of the central plateau of Spain, of which they are truly the *El coro, corazon y Castilla*, the choir, "heart and citadel:" composed chiefly of tertiary formation, they rise at an average about 2,000 feet above the sea.

Here, we were, then, in Castile proper,—the New Castile, "*viejo y feal.*" This "*canting*" name of Castilla was taken from the number of the fortresses erected on the frontier of Leon and the Asturias, whence the Moors called the province Ardo-l-Kaloa, "the Land of the Castles," and also Kashtellah. These primitive castles were no unsubstantial *Chateaux en Espagne*, but solid, real defences, and held by brave men, and built in imitation of Roman citadels, the noble masonry being quite unlike the Oriental *tapia* of the Moorish Alcazares of the South.

The two Castiles are the largest provinces in Spain, and contain some of the oldest and most interesting cities. The mountains are highly picturesque, abounding in curious botany and geology, and their Swiss-like valleys are watered by trout streams; they present a perfect contrast to the *parameras, tierras de campo y secanos*, the plains and table-lands, which are lonely, tiresome steppes, bounded only by the horizon, silent, treeless, songless, and without hedges, enclosures, or landmarks, looking as if belonging to no one, and not worth possessing.

The Castilians have a singular antipathy to trees, and, like Orientals, they seldom plant any, except those which bear fruit or give shade for their alamedas. They imagine that the branches harbor birds which eat up corn.

Shade, fuel, and timber for domestic purposes are in consequence dear at Madrid, an evil which is daily increasing. Water is very scarce, not only for irrigation, but even for domestic uses, and nature and man are alike dusty and tawny; everything is brown, his house, his jacket, his stew, his wife, and his ass.

The plains, however, are some of the finest wheat districts in the world. The *Chamorro* and the *Candeal* are the best and usual sorts of grain, of which, however, there are more than twenty varieties.

The Castilian is *muy horado y hombre de bien, vir bonus*, a good man and true; but he is well-bred rather than polite, and inclined to receive rather than to make advances, being seldom what the French call *prévenant*, but then, when once attached, he is sincere; his manner is marked by a most practical equality; for all feel equal to the proudest noble through their common birthright of being Castilians. Treat them, however, as they expect to be treated, and all this ceremony of form and of words, all this nicety of sitting down and getting up, will not be found to extend to deeds.

The Castilians, from their male and trustworthy character, are still Robur Hispaniæ (Flor. ii. 17, 9,) the virility, vitality, and heart of the nation, and the sound stuff of which it has to be reconstructed. A genuine one is true to his God and king, his religion running often into bigotry, his loyalty into subserviency; he hates foreign dictation, clings to the ways of his ancestors, thinks Spain the first kingdom in the world, the

Castiles its first provinces, and himself the first of its population. No wonder, therefore, that these peasants, as Addison said of those in the Georgics, toss about even manure with an air of dignity; this is the result also of natural instinct even more than of social conventions, since each, esteeming himself inferior to none but the king, cares little for the accidents of rank and fortune. Nor does poverty, the great crime never to be pardoned in England, unless it be very grinding, here unfit a person for society, *Pobreza no es vileza;* nor does it destroy personal respectability and independence; indeed, where the majority are poor, the not being rich does not degrade, and an innate gentility of race, which nothing can take away, renders them indifferent to the changes and chances of fickle prosperity, and proud even in rags.

The Castilian, in *particular*, claims to be synonymous with the Spaniard in *general*, and gives his name to the kingdom, nation, and language; and his grand pretension is to be an *old* one, *Castellano viejo y rancio*, and spotless, *sin mancha;* that is, uncontaminated with the black blood of new converts from Moor or Jew.

While engaged in transcribing the above epitome of the Castiles and the Castilians, my thoughts naturally reverted to the strange scene then presented from our position near the bridge over the Ebro, where the wild torrent was rushing fearfully under the piers, and the novel features of this region threw a mournful cast over our reflections.

Such a ragged set of beggars, miserable villagers and fallen ruins, in keeping with the poverty of the country, forced our attention to the present condition of the land, in melancholy contrast with the pomp and glory of the ancient kingdom under the magnificent reign of Ferdinand and Isabel.

Throughout the whole route of this day the face of nature presented a dull and dreary aspect, mountain succeeded the monotonous waste of land where cultivation ceased, and nothing of interest relieved the path until we reached the picturesque pass of Pancorbo, between the defiles of the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenees spurs, where the river Oroncillo and the road have scarcely room to thread the shadowy, narrow gorge, in the middle of which is a chapel to Nuestra Señora del *Camino*, our Holy Lady who superintends the way, and protects travelers from avalanches, for all around arise fantastic rocks, which hem in this natural portal and barrier of Castile, in which the old Spaniards defied the Moorish advance, and the modern ones ran away frightened even at the name of Buonaparte. Above, to the west, was a ruined castle, which commanded a fine view of the Rioja; in it Roderick is said to have seduced the ill-omened *Cava: ay! de España perdida per un gusto.*

What a host of beggars rushed up to the sides of our diligence when we "stopped" at any of the relay-houses in order to change our mules. They appeared in such a variety of rags, as if they were caricaturing their own parts and professions. Their coats and pantaloons were not only of many colors, like Joseph's, but made of ten thousand patches: so covered as to bury completely their original identity, and the often-mended stocking, caused one to doubt whether they had ever possessed even a consciousness of their originality.

BURGOS.

Towards evening we came in sight of the noble steeple of the Cathedral of Burgos, rising with its superb pile of florid Gothic, and clustering filagree pinnacles. Soon after entering the

town we hurried across the main square, in order to visit the superb cathedral, which was considered by Napoleon to be Spain's greatest jewel. The mind naturally recurred to the period of the ancient greatness of this kingdom, when Burgos was the seat of kings. I shall never forget the aspect of its cathedral on our approach, as the last rays of sunset blazed through the two towers, and illuminated the crowning spires of the most delicate stone-work, which looked like so much lace. The various chapels of this cathedral deserve close inspection, from being full of good sculpture, tombs, and painted glass. The grandest is that del *Condestable*, which was erected as the burial place of the Velasco family, the hereditory constables of Castile. Its rich florid Gothic *capilla* is as large as some churches, and as admirable inside and outside as its pinnacles, or *agujas*, form a charming cluster, and correspond with the spires. The engrailed edges of the archway form a rich lace-like frame, under which the light, simple, and cheerful chapel is seen, with its tombs and heraldic decorations. These fine tombs were sculptured in Italy; the costumes, armour, lace-work, and details deserve a study.

Burgos, a name connected by some with the Iberian *Briga*, at all events means a "fortified eminence," and is akin, to Burgh, Borough, Bury, etc. It was at first subject in some degree to to the kings of Leon, when Fruela II., about the year 926, invited the chief rulers to a feast and then put them to death. The citizens of Burgos thereupon elected judges to govern them. The most celebrated of these magistrates were *Nuño Rasura*, *Lain Calvo*, and others who figure in old historical ballads. At length Fernan Gonzalez shook off the yoke of Leon, and in him the title of "*Conde de Castilla*" became hereditary, and a "Count" was then equivalent to an independent sovereign.

Thus, as among the Jews, the age of the law preceded the age of the monarchy. His granddaughter Nuña married Sancho el Mayor of Navarre, whose son, Ferdinand I. of Castile, united in 1067 the kingdoms of Leon and Castile by marrying Sancha, sole daughter of Bermudo III.

When Alonso VI., in 1085, raised Toledo to the rank of capital, disputes of precedence arose between Burgos and its rival, which were only compromised in 1349 by Alonso XI., who directed Burgos to speak first in Cortes, saying that he would speak for Toledo. The kings of Castile, by removing their court from Burgos, cut away the sources of its prosperity, which the invasion completed. The population has decayed from 50,000 to 12,000; but still Burgos is venerable-looking, dull, damp, and cold, with a marked character about it, of a genuine old Gothic Castilian city, and those who dwell in it are also *Castellanos rancios yriejos*—good men and true. Its chief support arises from the traffic of travelers going to Madrid. Its cheese, the *queso de Burgos*, is very much renowned in Spain, but those who know Stilton and Parmesan will think it better suited to hungry Sancho Panza's taste than to theirs.

The French entered Burgos for the first time Nov. 10, 1808, which is the epoch of its ruin, the whole Spanish army under Belveder, having turned and fled at the opening charge of the invaders, who did not lose fifty men. The unresisting city was then sacked by Bessiéres, *á la Rioseco;* here, however, he was only the agent of Buonaparte in person, who wished, by an early example of terror, to intimidate all future resistance. His views were so perfectly carried out, that he thought it prudent to lament, in a bulletin to be read at Paris, the "horrors which made him shudder," but which one little word *spoken* by him on the spot would have prevented.

Burgos is shaped in an irregular semi-circle with large portions of the old walls remaining on the river front. The grand gate *de Santa Maria* is massy, strengthened with bartizan turrets and battlemented, and her image crowns the pile. Charles V. added the statues of Burgalese worthies, which are grouped in niches around his own, to wit, Don Diego Porcelos, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid, Nuño Rasura, and Lain Calvo. The river Alanzon flows through planted walks to the *Isla*, where the French built a stone bridge, which the patriotic natives destroyed after the evacuation, because the work of an enemy. The river flows down to the *Vega*, while higher up is the *Espolon* or *Esplanada*, which, with its gardens, was laid out by the Marquis de Villena. The heavy statues of Fernan Gonzalez, Alonso III., Henrique III, and Ferdinand I., were placed there by Charles III. The white regular modern row of houses on the *Espolon*, "the spur of a cock," or "the angle of a pier" by which water is broken, encase the ancient town like a new binding does an old book, and contrast with the dark irregular lanes behind, and the gloomy half-fortress mansions in the Calle Alta, San Lorenzo, Avellanos, San Juan, and older quarters.

Every one should devote a day to a pilgrimage to Miraflores, and the tomb of the Cid. One word on the Cid, now we stand near his grave. Rodrigo Ruy Diaz of Vibar, where he was born in 1026, is the Prince, the Champion of Spain, *el Cid Campeador*, the hero of Gotho-Spanish epos : his boast was to be a Castilian "to the back-bone," *Castellano a las derechas.* Thus, in the '*Poema del Cid*,' written in the twelfth century, its Achilles, even then, was spoken of with pride and affection, being already like Nelson, the property of his whole nation, el *mio* Cid, *my* Cid. "He who was born in a *good* hour,"—"he

who in an auspicious moment girded on sword;" and he feels himself to be the honor of his country, "*Soy el Cid, Honra de España,*" which he is always ready to prove by his good sword. The leading events of his life have been handed down in an unbroken series of Spanish and Moorish writers; Alonso el Sabio, in the thirteenth century, speaks of him as already the hero of many early ballads, while Conde and Gayangos find the Arabic authors tallying exactly with the Spanish in dates and facts. The type of the Cid is Oriental, and Biblical history abounds in parallel chiefs who raised themselves to power; such were Jephthah, Rezin, David, etc. And as the latter was persecuted by Saul, so the Cid was by Alonzo; and both were compelled to carve out their fortunes with their own good sword; and in Spain has a Sertorius, a Hafssun, a Cid, wanted gallant followers. So in our times the Minas, Zumalacarreguis, and other leaders of *guerillas* or "*little wars,*" in which Spaniards shine the best, have enacted deeds which only require the distance of centuries to appear almost equally fabulous. Niebuhr, the decided sceptic of old history, considers the Cid to be a real character, and cites his ballad memoirs, as early instances of records based on truth, yet hovering on the verge of fabulous times. Masdeu, however, thought fit to doubt his very existence, from a pique and spirit of opposition against Florence and Risco, his rival antiquarians; and in our times Dr. Dunham, in Dr. Lardner's cyclopedia compilation, has repeated these *Patrañas.*

The Cid, out of favor at court, and thrown on his own resources, assembled an army of bold adventurers, and captured Valencia, where he ruled on his own account, and died in 1099. His body was then brought to Cardeña, mounted on Babieca, and was placed armed on a throne, with *Tizona,* "the sparkling

brand" in his hand, with which, according to legends, he soon knocked down a Jew, whose valor plucked the dead lion by the beard. Ximena, his widow, in order to keep him quiet, had him then put under ground. The still existing tomb was raised in 1272, by Alonso el Sabio, who composed the now scarcely legible epitaph—

> **Belliger, invictus, famosus marte triumphis,**
> **Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus.**

ARANDA.

On the next morning after leaving Burgos we reached *Aranda*, on the Duero, amid its vineyards, and its picturesque, overhanging and balconied houses, having crossed this poplar-fringed river by a good bridge. Now ascending into a hideous country, but rich, however, in corn and wine, we attained the top of the monument placed on the dorsal ridge which divides the two Castiles. This pass, or puerto, over the Somo-sierra is the natural gate and defence of Madrid. Dreary then becomes the face of nature at this height, displaying the loftiest point of land in Spain, where a fountain of limpid water, gushing through a soil of a ferruginous nature, bore refreshment to our parched lips. To-day we acquired some knowledge of the peculiar table-lands of this country, and from Somo-sierra the road, by alternate stages of ascent and descent, inclined towards Madrid. By a series of plateaux or steppes, vast plains extend at the base of these mountains, from whose tops you catch magnificent views over the undulating surfaces of the plain which run at their feet. At one time the land is indented with rugged mountains, wearing an aspect of primeval grandeur; at another it flows with undulation like those of a sea, or again

abounds with indications of the presence of silver in the quartz formations. Occasionally a miserable village dots the plain, but the general aspect is dreary and desolate beyond description. The wilderness seems to have stretched its rugged wastes even to the walls of the capital. The heat, in summer, is terrific; green, as a color, and water, as a liquid, were curiosities. It is just the place to send a patient afflicted with the hydrophobia. However, at Lozoyuela, where the spurs of the Somosierra and range commence, the climate is cooler; the peasants, now few and poor, are clad in *paño pardo*, their waistcoats are cut open at the chest, and they wear *montegas*, as in *La Mancha*, their women, on holidays, put on picturesque bodices, laced in front; and their children are swathed up like mummies.

St. Augustin, although among the last stages to a city which its towns-folk consider to be the first stage to heaven, is no *Civitas Dei* of the ancient father, whose name it bears. This wretched place has never recovered from the illusage of the French after Dupont's defeat at Bailen. The whole line of road to Burgos was then ravaged; "harvests of wheat were eaten up, and the fenced cities impoverished;" nothing escaped them, for they robbed even beggars, and those Spanish beggars.

Every approach to the capital is barren, and the desert surrounds the mud walls of the city, where Madrid sits as the "lone mother of dead lands," empress of all Spain, somewhat like the isolated heart of a funereal urn, but still praised and lauded by every Castilian—Porque es Castellaña y viega y leal and, que hay que un Madrid. Happy the man who can sleep, the dislocating ruts permitting, from Burgos to Madrid.

MADRID.

Madrid, according to the Spanish official *Guia*, or Guide Book of 1845, is more ancient in its origin and a nobler city than Rome. In 1582, when surrounded by forests, it is described by Argote, as "*buen monte de puerco y oso*," a good cover for boars and bears, on account of which it was made a royal hunting residence. Civilization may have advanced, under the reign of the gouty and phlegmatic Charles V., but the gross mistake of a position which has no single advantage, except the fancied geographical merit of being in the centre of Spain, will never be corrected. Had Phillip II. availed himself of his opportunity of making his capital at Lisbon, Portugal never would have revolted, or the Peninsula been thus dissevered, by which the first blow was dealt to Spain's greatness. Thus to Madrid, and its monkish ulcer, the Escurial, is the germ of her present decay to be traced. The boars still linger on the city's arm-shield, and the peasant boor of the provinces, and the fiscanciers of the capital, still indicate the presence of the original "boars and bears" of its infant state.

The town is built on several mangy hills that hang over the river Manzanares:

> "Quien no ha visto Madrid,
> No ha visto un maravid."

The towns-people think Madrid "the envy and admiration" of mankind; they talk of it as the capital of Spain, *i. e.* the world, for Quien dice España dice todo. There is but one Madrid, *No hay sino un Madrid;* unique, like the phœnix, it is the *only* court on earth, *solo Madrid es corte.* Wherever it is

mentioned the world is silent with awe, *Donde está Madrid calle el mundo.* There is but one stage from Madrid to *la Gloria*, or Paradise, in which there is a window for angels to look down on this counterpart of heaven on earth. The reason why there are no country seats in the vicinity, is seriously accounted for, because no sane person could ever be found to quit this home of supernatural enjoyment even for one day. The greatest of punishments to the grandees, is to be banished to their distant estates from *la Corte.* This term conveys to Spanish ears, a meaning which cannot be translated in English. It is like *La Cour* de Louis XIV., the residence of the Sultan, the dispenser of rank and fortune; it is the centre of empeños, jobs, intrigues, titles, decorations, and plunder, to which flock the vulture tribe of place-hunters, and *pretendientes*, who under this sun, breed like maggots in carrion; yet, as a court it is, and was at all times, a poor representation of real grandeur. The desert comes up to the ignoble mud-walls, the *mesones* are inns for beasts, the peasant who scratches the fields beyond them, is a barbarian, while inside live the worst *populacho* of the Peninsula.

Madrid is not even a city or *Ciudad*, but only the chief of *villas.* It has no cathedral, no bishop; it rises with a cluster of conical, blue, Flemish-looking spires. It has no lack of fine titles; the abbreviations of its *style* are usually thus expressed by letter—La M. N. M. L. I. C. y M. H. villa y Corte de M., which signify *La muy noble, leal, Imperial coronada, y muy hercica villa y corte de Madrid.* Built chiefly by Philips III. IV., and Charles II., and perfected under the foreigner, nowhere has the vile Churrigueresque and Rococo of Louis XIV. been carried to greater excesses. The churches, whitened sepulchres, are sad specimens of an insatiable greediness for tinsel: Charles III.,

who wished to be the Augustus of Madrid, unfortunately worked in brick. The best houses are lofty, and different families live on different floors or flats, having the staircase in common; each apartment is protected by a solid door, an "oak," in which there is generally a small wicket, from which the suspicious inmates inspect visitors before they let them in. The interiors, according to our notions, are uncomfortable and unfurnished; the kitchen, offices, and other necessaries are on the most continental scale.

Our extended dinner society is all but unknown, except in the houses of the diplomatic corps, and some few of the nobles, The grandees dine, indeed, with the foreign ministers, but with little reciprocity; like the *Principes* of modern Rome, they seldom offer in return even a glass of water: their hospitality consists in dining with any foreigner who will ask them.

Few foreigners enjoy much health of mind or body in this unsocial, insalubrious city; nor can foreign plenipotentiaries ever hope for much satisfactory dealing with a stiff-necked, unbusiness-like government, that imputes to its innate majesty and real power, a position which, like that of Turkey or Portugal, is almost upheld by the forbearance, protection, or mutual jealousies of other and more powerful countries. The Madrid officials have always behaved cavalierly towards foreign agents. The Spanish man in office, like the cuttle-fish, surrounds himself for protection in an obfuscation of papers: protocol succeeds to protocol, *expediente* to *documento*, until the minister and matter both die a natural death from sheer exhaustion. Thus, this is a city in which a lengthened residence withers mind and body; and well might Gongora exclaim, Este es Madrid, mejor dijera *infierno!*

The aggregate character of the mixed population of Madrid,

which is about 210,000, is marked by an assumption of a metropolitan and courtier tone of superiority, an aping of the foreigner, an affectation of despising provincial towns and manners, a departure from national costume, and an insincere frivolity, the result of the false intrigues which are carried around on all sides. The females are by no means so attractive, either morally or physically, as those of Valencia and Andalusia; they want also much of that natural light-hearted frankness and absence of art which is the Spanish woman's charm. Like the men, they are more *gazmoñas*, or hypocrites; the *populacho*, male and female, is brutal and corrupted; the *Manolo* or *Manola*, (words which are abbreviations of Manuel and Manuela) are the *Majos y Majas* of Madrid, but they are fast diminishing.

This court, since the death of Ferdinand VII., has been much improved. There is a trifle more life and movement in the streets, some of which are better cleaned, paved, and lighted; many of the old names have been changed for democratic and patriotic appellations. The destruction of convents has opened spaces, and new buildings are erecting everywhere. This has been aided by the reform of the municipal corporation. Formerly the large revenues were either jobbed and robbed among the members, or wasted in an extensive present to the king; now the funds are destined to local improvements.

The best points for a panoramic view are from the top of the *Santa Gruz* church tower, or from the mound of the head of the *Buen Retiro* gardens. In shape the town is almost a square with the corners rounded off. Avenues of trees are planted outside the mud-walls, and in the principal approaches on the river side. Madrid will most please those who have hurried into Spain from France, therefore, the costume, *Prado*,

and bull-fight, will strike with all the charm of novelty and strangeness of contrast, which will be wanting to those who arrive from beautiful Valencia, Moorish Grenada, or stately Seville. A couple of weeks suffice to see the marvels, of which the *Museos* are indeed among the finest in Europe, and the best periods are May and June, September and October. Generally speaking, the more Madrid is known, the less it will be liked—

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

After all, the least interesting part of Spain, is this city. There are, however, certain things worthy to be seen in it, which are peculiar to her, nor can they be found anywhere else in Europe. Much that would otherwise be remarkable or surprising, becomes accountably clear and understood, when it is adjudged according to its oriental type. The long usurpation of the Moors or Arabs, has left the vestiges of their presence still visible on the institutions and customs of the country. Many of the terms of the Spanish language, betray their origin from the Arabic, while several of the customs of the people, and the prevailing order of the architecture, clearly show the traces of the African conquest. The bull-fight, the grandest spectacle and pageant of Spain, is decidedly of a Moorish cast, and I found myself well prepared to visit this land, by having first traveled through the regions of the Turk and Arabs.

Quite late in the evening of the third night, after we had left Bayonne, we were trundled into the court-yard of the Fonda de las Diligencias; we had exercised our imagination for the last three hours, during which we were riding in the dark, by the illuminating rays of the last fires of our little *cigarillas*, which burned with ceaseless activity, until we were drawn through

the badly-lighted streets of Madrid, and there the lamps shed a brilliant lustre over the passing crowds of the capital, who were strolling about the streets, or returning from their walk on the *Prado*, while we were landed from our diligence, at the hotel situated in the *Calle de Alcala*, which is the chief rendezvous of the fraternity of the whip.

STREET SIGHTS.

Every body must begin with the *Puerta del Sol*, which, (like our City Hall,) is the centre of the capital, although once the east gate, on which the rising sun shone; now it has been built around on all sides, and the gate is gone, the name only remaining. The *Puerta del Sol*, is the heart where all the great arteries of circulation meet and diverge, the centre where the stream of Madrid life and the tide of affairs flow and ebb. Among those which run into this common head, is the street of the *Alcalá*, which would really have been a noble promenade, had it been built up with substantial houses, and not of the present meaningless looking piles, and ostentatious frontages of edifices, mere make-shifts and spiritless forms run up to flatter the royal eye, behind which are mean, ill-paved, ill-lighted, and ill-drained lanes.

The shops on the streets which branch from the *Puert del Sol* are the most fashionable: their wares exposed to the eye speak for themselves. Although they cannot all be compared to ours, which burst with opulence into the streets, yet the rest of the Peninsula consider them to be the magazine of the universe: "You will get it at Madrid," says the shop-keeper of Toledo, Leon, Salamanca, etc., when asked by the foreigner for some article of commonest necessity.

Recently there is an improved show of commodities, especially of French millinery and light goods; but everything is a day behind the fair, and articles which are not of fashion, and will no longer sell beyond the Pyrenees, here figure as the last novelties of the season. The shops indicate a limited wealth; but little is done in them on a really grand scale; business is paltry and passive, and people walk about as if they had not much to do, still less to spend. The generality of native shop-keepers are without *empressement* or *prévenance*, and seem, like Orientals, to care little whether you buy of them or not. Madrid, placed in the centre of Spain, producing and supplying nothing, consumes everything, like an exhausting receiver; and as all that enters comes from a distance, the expense is enhanced by transport and heavy duties.

The makeshift poverty of Madrid is revealed during the *Feria*, or fair, which begins every September 21, and ends October 4. Then the contents of the houses are turned out of doors, and their nakedness exposed; then the only "*Corte*" becomes one brokers' alley, as every family that has anything to sell exhibits the article in the street. Occasionally a good book, picture, and old Toledan blade might be picked up; but sad is the display—how many are anxious to sell, how few to buy. It is said by veteran fair-loungers that the same wares appear every year, just as floating rubbish in a mill-dam keeps coming up and down in one vicious circle; the same results are evident in the *Almonedas*, or sales by private contract, and the auctions, *Subastas*, a term derived from the Roman *Sub Hastâ*.

The south-side of this Plaza is occupied by the Post-office; adjoining it to the right, are the mail and post-horse establishments, while at the east-side is the church *Nuestra Señora del buen Suceso*, a paltry building with an illuminated clock.

Here occurred that sad scene in the annals of Madrid, when Murat chose this church for one of the places of the butcheries of the *Dos de Mayo*, 1808. This clock, like that of "The Park," is the one by which those who value their time set their watches.

Thus religion, letters, and locality, combine to render the *Puerta del Sol*, the real national *Cortes*, or congress, the site of meetings in the market-place, and the resort of quidnuncs and many who have nothing to do in a city without trade or industry, and who here begin and end their day: that day, which is indeed of small value, is thus wasted in a lazy routine, and doing that business which the evil one provides for the idle.

Here, therefore, all who wish to study character and costume will never lack subjects for pen or pencil; for the Madrilenian, like the ancient, lives out of doors, *foris*, in the *forum*, and wisely prefers the cheerful sun to his own comfortless home, which has no fireside. All this is the classical and Oriental το αγορασθαι of the Athenian, who did little else but "either tell or hear some new thing," as it is the *vespertinum forum* of the otiose Horace, who delighted to pick up the last bit of correct intelligence, "the ephemeral lie that does its business in a day and dies." Accordingly, the Spaniard takes up a position on this *forum* of the *Puerta del Sol*, cloaked like a Roman, while a cigar and the *Gazeta* indicate modern civilization, and soothe him with empty vapor.

The blind are here the usual itinerant vendors of the broad sheet, "second editions," lying bulletins, and flying handbills, *Boletines y hojas volantes*. Indeed, it is quite a proverb to say of one whose vision is going, *Está ya para ir á vender gazetas;* and the blind are the fit guides of those stone blind who believe in the romances which are printed and circulated in this heart

and brain of Madrid. And who can doubt the authority of the *religio loci*, the Puerta del *Sol?* Quis solem dicere falsum audeat? Nor can it be denied, in spite of the clouds of cigars, smoke, and lies, that the shrewd people do, somehow or other, arrive at some truth at last.

Observe the singular groups of sallow, unshorn, hungry, bandit-looking men, with fierce, flashing eyes, and thread-bare shorn capas, which cluster like bees round the reader of some "authentic letter." These form two of the three classes into which a large portion of all who wear long-tailed coats may be divided.

The *Pretendientes* or place-hunters, *y Cesantes* or the turned-out of office, polish the pavement of the *Puerta del Sol*, with the restlessness of caged wild beasts, for this is the den of the *Empleo-maniacos*, the victims of that *madness for place* which is the peculiar disease of Madrid; they are the buzzers about of "Reports of the best informed circles," from the fiery treason to the chilling whisper, the *susurro* the *se dice en el pueblo*, the personal abuse, the envenomed calumny, the plausible insinuation; and all this, either dignified by the splendid phraseology of the Castilian idiom, or enlivened by the mocking satire, cutting sarcasm, and epigrammatic wit, in which the dramatic, semi-comic Spaniards have few rivals.

The interjections "*Es falso*," "*mentira*," "*mientes*," are in every one's mouth; nor is this giving the lie, which in honest England is *the* deadly insult, often resented. This Asiatic *Doblez* (the Italian *Furberia*,) or duplicity, is the more deceptive because it is accompanied by a grave, high-bred manner, and plausible, apparent frankness, which seems honesty itself, and is quite edifying to those who do not know this strange Oriental people; but, as the Duke said, who was truth person-

ified, "It is difficult to understand Spaniards correctly, they are such a mixture of low intrigue coupled with extreme haughtiness of manner." ("Disp." Dec. 13, 1810.)

The *Puerta del Sol* is the haunt of beggars, and theatre of *rifas*, or raffle lotteries. Sometimes the prizes are trinkets for the fair sex, pictures of saints, a fat pig, or broad ounces of red gold. The dandies, and Broadway loungers resort, in consequence of this low life, to the *tiendas de quincalla* in the *Calle de la Montera;* next we enter the *Calle de Alcalá*, which is one of the finest streets in Europe, being placed on a gentle slope, and with just curve enough to be graceful. The great aorta widens like a river, disemboguing its living streams into the *Prado.* The perfect effect is destroyed by the lowness of some of the houses, which are not in proportion to the width which they fringe; but the glare in summer is terrific, and Espartero deserves well for having planted the acacias. Meanwhile, the chill blasts from the snow-capt Guadarrama, piercing the cross-streets, blow out the brief taper of Madrilenian life.

The first edifice to the left, is the fine quadrilong former *Aduana*, or custom-house, built in 1769 for Charles III. The east and west fronts are ignoble, but the façade to the street is handsome; the shield and *Famas* are by Michel, and add little to his fame; while the stone satyrs outside smile at the former farce of business done within, and the facilities afforded without to fraud.

Adjoining, is the Royal Academy of *San Fernando*, a Bourbon exotic, founded in 1744, when the French *heroic mode* in art, *i. e.* full-bottom wigs and Roman togas, was all the vogue; it was removed here in 1744. Attached to the *Museo* is a collection of natural history; but vainly did Charles III. inscribe over the portal that this was to be the lodging of art *and*

nature under one and the same roof; the royal academicians, second-rate imitators of other mens' works, not of Nature, have effectually barred the banns. This establishment has too often been the hot-bed of jobs, and the nurse of mediocrity. Founded ostensibly with a view of restoring expiring art, it was called in too late; nor was it a humane society which could resuscitate a really and not apparantly dead patient. It came rather to smother the last spark of nationality, then proceeded to "hoist signals of art in distress," by hanging up its copied inanities as proudly as an undertaker puts up a hatchment. It has never created even a tolerable artist.

There are some good things in the Royal Academy, by Ribera and Moya; observe in the first saloon, "a Christ crucified;" and "a Christ in purple," by Alonso Cano; "a Christ before Pilate," by Morales. The grand Murillo is called "*El Tiñoso*," in which Santa Isabel, of Hungary, is applying remedies to the scabby head of a pauper urchin; she is full of tenderness, but the sores are too truly painted to be agreeable, for they recall the critique of Pliny, (xxxiv. 9,) on a similar picture of Leontinus, cujus hulceris dolorem sentire etiam spectantes videntur; but her saint-like charity ennobles these horrors, which her woman's eye dares not look on, but her royal hand does not refuse to heal, and how gently; her beautiful, almost divine, head, contrasts with that of the beggar hag in the foreground. This noble picture was carried off from *La Caridad*, of which, in subject, it was the appropriate gem for the Louvre; but Waterloo restored it to Spain, if not to the fair Bætis.

In the second saloon, are two superb Murillos, also taken by Soult from *Santa Maria la Blanca*, at Seville, also sent to Paris, and rescued, like Santa Isabel. These glorious pic-

tures represent the legend of the dream of *el Patricio Romano*, which preceded the building of the *Santa Maria la Mayor*, at Rome, under Pope Liberius, about the year 360; they are semi-circular in shape, to fit the gaps still visible at Seville. The Dream, the best of the two, is an exquisite representation of the sentiment *sleep*. The Roman Senator is dressed like a Spanish hidalgo, for the localism and *Españolismo* of Murillo scorned even to borrow costume from the *foreigner;* the patrician has quite a Shakspere look: he is fast asleep at his *siesta*, and no wonder, since he holds a large book, μεγα κακον, and an undoubted soporific. The Virgin, in the air, points out the site of the future church. The companion picture, where the dreamer explains his vision to the pontiff, is painted in the *vaporoso* style: the distant procession is admirable.

In the second floor is the *Gabinette de Ciencas naturales.* The specimens of marbles are splendid, and show what treasures yet remain buried in the Peninsula; the ledges of the cabinets are lined with the choicest varieties. Observe the *Verde Antique* from *el Barranco de San Juan*, near Granada; brown jaspers, from *Lanjaron;* agates, from *Aracena;* crystallized sulphurs, from *Conil;* lead ores of every tint, from the *Sierra de Gador;* copper, from *Rio tinto;* the celebrated lump of virgin gold, from the *Sonora* mine, weighing 16½ lbs., has recently been stolen, no mineralogical knowledge being necessary to discover its value; there remains, however, a virgin mass of silver, of 250 lbs.; one of copper, of 200 lbs. The grand object of the Spanish gypsies, is the large loadstone *La Piedra Iman*, and they are always plotting how to steal this *Bar Lachi*, which they believe to be a love-philtre and a talisman against policemen, excise officers, and the devil.

Having fully recovered from the fatigues of our wearisome

journey to the capital, we, of course, enjoyed the many attractive objects which had met our regard during the stroll of this day. After dining at the Fonda, I again started out, with my expectations highly excited by the announcement of a bull-fight, which was to take place at the circus, outside the gates. I had first provided myself with a ticket for the shady side of the *Plaza*, and proceeded with the crowd that was moving in the streets, until, at about five o'clock, I found myself posted between the Calle de Alcalá and the Plaza, waiting full half an hour before the doors opened, to see the arrival of the mob.

Now, indeed, we are in Spain, and no mistake, and it is a Monday afternoon, and we have already become one of the aficionado—the *fancy*—for we are going to a Bull-fight.

How the stately gait of the proud Castilian passes into the hurried race of the ignoble plebian. The main street was full of people moving onward in the direction of the spectacle. What a din and dust, what costumes and *cálesas;* what wild owners running outside, what picturesque manolos and monolas inside the carriages which follow those conveying the *picadores* and other supernumeraries to the games. How coquettishly these bright orbs of the *majas* twinkle to the stranger, as they look so slyly up from under their mantillas, into the eyes of their fancifully dressed majas, as they trip briskly along, moving in the tide which now swells with impatience and anxiety under the porches of the gate of Alcalá.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

At six o'clock the immense amphitheatre of the *Plaza de Toros*, capable of holding 12,000 spectators, is filled with the highest and lowest of Spanish blood. Architecturally they

are shabby places, but the bull-fights are first-rate at Madrid, and the *toros* for this *Plaza* come from the pastures of the Jarama. That breed was famous even among the Moors, as every aficionado—fancy man—will read in the splendid description of one in *Gazul's* ballad—

"Estando toda la Corta."

At six, precisely, not a vacant seat was to be found in that vast circumference of 1,100 feet. At the hour appointed, the arena is cleared, and the signal for the commencement of the games is given. The *alquazils* retire through the passage by which they had entered. The procession of the actors, on this occasion, consisting of the *chulos* and *picadores*, preceded by the Master of the Ceremonies, march up to the seat of the President, who, in the absence of the Queen, as the representative of royalty, is seated in the Throne Box, and having made due and loyal obeisance to the Royal Arms, withdraw to resume their proper stations in the circle. The President then throws the key of the bull-pit to the Master, and the game begins. The chulos stand in position to the right, and the picadores on a line to the left of the passage by which the bull is about to enter, after the brief ceremonies of their presentation to the city authorities. Both these parties are dressed in their most picturesque and gay habiliments, with their dresses, like Figaro's, in the opera of the Barber of Seville, most splendidly embroidered in silk and gold. The *picadores* are the antagonists of the animal until the last stage of the combat. The chulos carry each a scarf of a brilliant color, by which they attract the attention of the bull, and draw him off when any of the picadores are in danger. A long, stout spear, with a blunt end, leaving only about an inch of a sharp pointed spike

projecting, is the only weapon of the *picador*, who is mounted on a miserably lean and broken-down horse, with his legs and thighs encased in thick plates of cork to protect him against the horns of the bull. If the picador is sometimes thrown, he is seldom hurt—only a little bruised, perhaps, or a sprained ancle occasionally,—for he is in very little danger, every care being taken of his life, but none of that of the poor horses. These are bought up for five or ten dollars, expressly to be killed. Some are so thin and weak that they are hardly able to carry their riders to the pit-ring, and are almost always overthrown, with their riders, in every encounter with the bull.

These wretched horses are made more forlorn by being blindfolded, and are completely passive at every attack of the enraged beast. In the days of the Moors the finest horses were employed, and the game was more spirited, and the skill of the rider was aided by the sagacity and fleet foot of the animal that bore him. Now it is a degenerate spectacle with all the cruelty of the ancients, without a particle of its chivalry, at least so says Senator Dix in his "Summer in Spain."

From the burden of our notes we find a description of our own, speaking of this spectacle in less elegant but more concise language.

Everything being ready, and all eyes fixed upon the point of entrance, a noble bull, lately from the pastures of the Jarama, plunged wildly into the pit. This beast seemed lost amid the multitude gazing upon him, and as he rushed madly around the circle, stopped to view the crowd, and seemed imploringly to seek for aid or pity from those who had assembled to witness his butchery. The first one was hardly game, and the hisses of the populace, mingled with cries of disappointment,

caused the picadores to advance upon the stupid animal. A thrust from the blunted lance roused the bull from his bewildered state, and he turned savagely round upon his attacker, and with a furious lunge buried his horns deeply in the sides of the emaciated horse, with a force that upset both the rider and his steed, while he stood still goring the fallen animal until the nimble *chulos*, running around the scene of the overthrow, succeeded in drawing off the attention of the enraged bull, by flinging scarfs of various colors before his eyes.

A fresh horse was then brought in, and the first *picador* being scathed, a new one is mounted, who, in turn, makes a fresh and vigorous charge on the bull. The animal, now worried and incited by continued taunts, ran with a rapid pace towards his torturers, driving them before him until he forced them to jump over the palisades that marked the interval between the ring and the spectators. Vindictive now against his tormentors, the maddened victim overleaped the barriers of the fences; then wildly the shrieks of the women rang round the point of his assault, and fearfully scampered the occupants of the adjoining places, until the animal had been attracted again within the arena by the trainers and their attendants. This was indeed sport for the *aficionados;* the fancy hurrahed and applauded him as game, while bets ran high on the bulls of Jarama.

Again the picadores assault the hero of the amphitheatre, thrusting their lances longly and heavily against his haunches, and in turn the bull tosses his head and gores his opponent, while chulos move about the ring flaunting their scarfs before his eyes, until the *bandilleros* come in with feathered arrows, decked with party-colored ribbons, and fling them with dexterous skill, fairly into the neck of the weithing beast. Thus,

increased agony is added to the injury already done, his rage mounts as the mordant barbs rankle in their wounds, and he raves with the fury of a stricken giant, sending his piteous moans in hideous strains, tossing his horns in wild despair, and tearing the ground beneath with his convulsive fore feet; pawing and groaning, as if the soul of the tortured brute, was craving vengeance on his murderers. Now, at this point, when his madness is at its height, and the summit of demoniac invention racked to the extreme limit of cruelty, the *matador* enters —the proper dandy of the turf—dressed with all the finery of a Spanish bridegroom, wearing his fearful dagger under the brilliant curtain of a scarlet cloak. His purpose is to draw the bull on to the folds of his red shawl. The animal, now in the fullness of his ire, his eyes flashing with a blood-stained fire, and head almost crazed by a sight of the bloody cloak, rushes wildly and blindly on to the insidious bait, and as he gathers all his energies for the last fearful onset on his persecutor, the *matador* nimbly turns from the pursuit, and eluding his victim by a spry turn to the left, with a skillful and well-aimed blow, thrusts his weapon and buries its blade deeply in the neck of the desperate and deluded monster. The bull staggers, and with a few spasmodic struggles, he sinks, lowers himself by the shortening of his forelegs, tumbles, rolls over heavily, falls—then—dies, and the game is over; and while the huzzas of the excited population rung through the air, motley caparisoned mules are led in to drag the victim from the arena, and then the crowd retires, amid the illuminations of ten thousand fans, which are wantonly burned at this inhuman sacrifice, to the thirst of human passions. A poor spectacle indeed for a nation, whose pride claims for them a title of nobility. Bloodthirstiness and cruelty, are a refinement to the proud there! A

disgusting spectacle—a barbarous, shocking cruelty, we term it, which must necessarily tend to harden the best feelings of humanity, and is outrageous to every sentiment of gentleness and delicacy, which should adorn that softer sex who sat among the number of its admirers and approvers, sanctioning and encouraging this act of vandalism and brutality by their presence and their smiles. Gracious Heaven! is this the climax of their holydays? Are we in Spain? Is this the age of reason? Is it possible that even the Turks and the Arabs, exercise the law of charity towards beasts, and that Spain, with Isabel for a Queen, "*a woman regnante*,"—loyal Catholic Spain—the country of the once most proud and hearty of earth's kingdoms, alone offers such horrors for the amusement of her people? We shudder and tremble, even as we write it.

The second morning after our arrival was spent in the street, near the Plaza del Carmen, while we were amused in viewing the different groups of people that were engaged in vending their merchandise at the fruit market. There I saw several scenes of beggar-boys of that ragged school, or *sans culottes* order, so often painted by Murillo, who were playing cards at the corners of the streets in the same peculiar postures and groupings which are so well represented in the engravings of his master-pieces. Crossing over by the *Puerta del Sol* we again entered the street of Alcalá, and followed it to the planted and public walks which ran at the end, where the Prado opens to the right.

Continuing our walk we reached the *Puerta de* Alcalá. It is the finest gate in Madrid, being merely ornamental; for the walls, a mean girdle to the "only court," are of mud, and might be jumped over by a tolerably active Remus; but they were never intended for defence against any invaders except

smuggled cigars; yet, although they might be battered down with *garbanzos*, this architectural ornament was mutilated by the French, whose sportive cannon-balls were especially directed at it; Te saxa loquuntur.

THE PRADO.

Opposite to the *Plaza de Toros* and to the left of this gate, are the gardens of the *Buen Retero*, and their gate, *la Gloricta*. Returning to the Prado, the view is very striking. The *Prado*, a name familiar to all, is the *Prater*, the Hyde-park of Madrid; here, on winter days, from three to five, and summer evenings from eight to twelve, all the rank, beauty, and fashion appear.

The *Prado* "the meadow," in the time of Philip IV. was a wooded dip renowned for murder and intrigue, political and amatory. It was leveled and planted by the Conde de Aranda, under Charles III., and laid out by José Hermonsilla in garden walks: the length, from the Atocha convent to the Portillo de Recoletos, is 9650 feet; the most frequented portion, "*el Salon*," extends from the Calle de Alcalá to the Calle de San Jeronimo, and is 1450 feet long by 200 wide. The *Salon* terminates with the fountain of Neptune, sculptured by one Juan de Mena. Of the seven other fountains those of Apollo and Cybele are most admired; but these stony things are as nothing to the living groups of all age, color, and costume, which walk and talk, ogle and nod, or sit and smoke. The *Prado*, a truly Spanish thing and scene, is unique; and as there is nothing like it in Europe, and oh, wonder! as there are no English on it, it fascinates all who pass the Pyrenees. Its eternal sameness is lost to the guest who tarries but a week, while, to the native, custom does not stale, nay, the very sameness has a charm

among a people who hate innovations. The company is most observant of forms and ceremonies, and strictly decent in appearances, and in all that the correct French call *les convenances;* nothing here, or indeed anywhere in Spain, offends the public eye. The *Prado* is a noisy, dusty scene, and to all but the natives is but a poor thing after all : as no grass, no continental apology for English lawn grows on this so-called *meadow*, a modest misnomer after the fashion of Les Champs *Elysées* of Parisian paradise. No flowers enamel this *Prado*, save those offered by impertinent daughters of Flora. Fire and water, *Candela, Fuego! y quien quiere agua?* resound on every side: Murillo-like urchins run about with lighted rope-ends for smokers, *i. e.* for ninety-nine out of one hundred males, while *Aguadores* follow the fire, like engines, with fresh water, for your Spaniard is as adust as his soil, and thirsty as Vesuvius.

Strange as the *Prado* still appears, it is sadly fallen off from the good old times before the fatal invasion and the *nuevo progreso;* every afternoon the march of transpyrenean intellect and civilization is crushing some national costume and custom. Buonaparte never inflicted more injuries to Spanish man than "your little French milliner" or *modista* has done to the daughter of the *saya y mantilla.*

On the Prado, the mirror of Madrid, will be seen the influence of the *foreigner*, for whom in *words* the Spanish profess such contempt, but whose *deeds* are indeed at variance with the boast of every mouth, "*Los Españoles sobre todos.*" Here they do their best to *denationalize* themselves, and to destroy with suicidal hand their greatest merit, which is the being *Spanish;* for Spain's best attractions are those which are characteristic of *herself.* The Roman toga, the *capa*, is giving way to the English *paletot*, and the graceful veil, the *mantilla*, to Boule-

vard bonnets. Here all that is imitated is poor and second-rate, and displeases the foreigner, who can see the originals much better at home; hence the never-failing interest which the *lower* classes present. They, by continuing to be national and out-and-out Spanish, are always racy and respectable, and, so far from being ridiculous, like the better classes, are the delight and admiration of the rest of the world. The *Prado*, as it approaches the *Plaza de Atocha*, becomes more umbrageous and quiet. This is the favorite site of bores, lovers, and button-holders.

Advancing to the left, is the simple pyramidical monument of the *Dos de Mayo*, raised to the manes of the victims of Murat, on what is called *el Campo de la Lealdad*—the Field of Loyalty. It was begun in 1814, by the Cortes, but was stopped by Ferdinand VII., in whose eyes the senators and heroes of the war of independence found no favor, because of their reforming tendencies. Here the Castilian *Leon* puts his paw on the whole globe. The anniversary of the 2d of May, is celebrated like the 5th of November. The French consider this to be an affront, and offensive to their honur; but the annual solemnity is a record and a warning, for the past is the prophet of the future. The bloody history is soon told. Murat arrived at Madrid, March 23, 1808, as a "friend;" but Buonaparte, whose Spanish policy was ruse doublée de force, wishing to strike a blow of terrorism, knew his instrument, as it was this man who, with Loison, had massacred the Parisians with grape-shot, October 5, 1795. The forced departure of the king's brothers was resented by the citizens; angry cries were heard, and the mob were sabred by the French. A truce was then agreed between the Spanish authorities and Murat, who pledged his honor to observe it; and then, the instant quiet was re-

stored, seized old and young, lay and clergy, and on the next day constituted a military commission, headed by Grouchy, when hundreds were put to death on the Prado as being the most public place. But Murat only sought to intimidate: "La journée d'hier donne l'Espagne à l'Empereur," wrote he. Poor Franconi, fool! that day lost even France to his master, while the fate of the two agents satisfied political justice. A ball at Pizzo, October 13, 1815, sent "*le beau sabreur*" to his account, executed under the summary provisions of another of his own Draco enactments; and Grouchy is mixed up with the downfall of the prime mover of the tragedy.

Buonaparte, when he discovered that terrorism had only exasperated all Spain, replaced his blundering executioner by Savary, reeking from the murder of d'Enghien. This fit tool of his Machiavelism, soon managed to kidnap Ferdinand VII., who, when warned of the trap, refused, says even Foy, (iii. 147,) to believe the project. "La seule idée d'une si horrible perfidie était une injure à la grande âme d'un *Héros* tel que Napoléon."

The Spanish heroes of the *Dos de Mayo*, were named Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde. These officers of artillery refused to obey when ordered to surrender their cannon to the French: the two latter perished. The *philosophy* of the Spanish war of independence was *Españolismo*, *i. e.* impatience under foreign dictation; the *conduct* was accident, impulse of the moment, personal bravery, and contempt of discipline. Here three individuals, with only three cannon and ten cartridges, disobeyed orders, and dared to pit their weakness and want of preparation, against the strength of a most military and powerfully organized foe; they had nothing fixed, but their great courage, and greater hatred of the invader, and they repre-

sented their countrymen at large. And although routed, because exposed to unequal chances by their inexperienced chiefs, and left "wanting of everything in the critical moment," by their miserable *juntas* and governments; yet thousands of Spaniards, prodigal of life as Moslems, rose to replace them in this *holy war*. The fugitives carried the sad details into the provinces, like blood summons of the East (Judg. xx. 6). The cross of fire passed from hand to hand, its sparks fell on a prepared train, which exploded throughout the land. The flame blazed out in an Ætna eruption, one heart in the bosoms of the masses, one cry, "*Mueran los gavachos*"—"Death to the miscreant French"—burst from every mouth. The honest people neither required "fanatic monks nor English gold" to rouse them, as the Buonapartists falsely stated; it was a national instinct: honor, therefore, eternal, is due to the brave and noble *people* of Spain.

Turning now to the left, we entered the *Buen Retiro*. This large extent of ruined buildings and pretty gardens was laid out by the Conde Duque de Olivares, as a "*pleasant retreat*" for Philip IV., and in order to divert his attention from politics and his country's decay. Here was erected a palace and a theatre, in which the plays of Lope de Vega were acted; the former, however, was burnt by accideut, when many fine pictures by Titian and Velazquez perished.

Walk now into the pleasant gardens, which owe their beauty to an English horticulturist, named Ward, and were turned into a wilderness by the French. Ferdinand VII. took a great interest in their restoration; he replanted the trees which had been torn up by the destroyers; he cleared out the large pond, *el Estanque*, on which he manœuvred his swans and miniature fleet. He re-established an aviary and mena-

gerie of wild beasts, *las Fieras*, which were favorite pets of his majesty. He also built Chinese pagodas, after the fashion of George IV., and somewhat more apposite, as being near la China, than on the bleak coast of Brighton. At the upper end of the gardens, is a mound with a sort of summer-house, called *el Belvidere*, and justly, as it commands a good panoramic view of Madrid.

On another occasion, after having obtained an entré from Madrazo, the Director of the Royal Galleries, I visited the *Museo*, in company with Mr. le Conte Marzuzi de Aguirre, from the Rue Royale St. Honoré 6 à Paris, as he described himself on his card. I am the more particular in giving this direction, from the fact, that he was the only companion I had during my stay at Madrid; and the society of a man of good family, excellent belles-lettres cultivation, and refined taste in art, is so agreeable in travel, that one scarcely knows any better mode of appreciating it, than by blazoning his praise to the world at large.

THE NEW MUSEUM.

On the outside of the Museum, is inscribed "Royal British Artillery, 1st September, 1812, A. Ramsay."

What a page of history is condensed in that simple record of an *English* private soldier, who marched, after Salamanca, to the delivery of the Spanish capital!

The *Museo* is a huge, common-place edifice. The real history of the gallery is this. When Ferdinand married his second and best wife, *La Portuguesa*, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish consul in France, persuaded him to refurnish the palace with French papers, chandeliers, and ormolu

clocks—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint, original, and cinque-cento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out, and the pictures taken down, and stowed away in garrets and corridors, exposed to wind, weather, and plundering. They were fast perishing, when the Marques de Santa Cruz, *Mayor Duomo*, *Mayor*, or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor, persuaded the queen to remove them to the unused building on the Prado. She advanced £40 a month towards repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November, 1819, three saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public: the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velazquez, instantly attracted the admiring eye of *foreigners*, who appreciate the merits of the old masters of Spain much better than the natives. Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with £240 a month, and the *Museo* was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821: thus cheaply did he earn the title of an Augustus.

No collection was ever begun or continued under greater advantages. Charles V. and Philip II.; both real patrons of art, were the leading sovereigns of Europe at the bright period of the *Renaissance*, when fine art was an every-day necessity, and pervaded every relation of life. Again, Philip IV. ruled at Naples and in the Low Countries, at the second restoration of art, which he truly loved for itself. These three monarchs, like Alexander the Great, took a pleasure in raising their painters to personal intimacy; and nowhere have artists been more highly honored than Titian, Velazquez, and Rubens, in the palace of Madrid. At a later period, Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., added many pictures by the principal French artists of that, their Augustan age.

While the Spanish kings patronized art at home, their viceroys in Italy and the Low Countries collected and sent home the finest specimens of the great artists who flourished from Raphael down to the Carraccis and Claude; these glorious gems, until the French invasion, were preserved pure as when they issued from the studios of their immortal authors. Spain was their last stronghold, for, left neglected in a dry conservative climate, even Time paused ere he could destroy such works of genius and beauty. Hence the pure undisturbed freshness, the adulterated surface, dirty and cold if you will, and often not even varnished, still not tampered with, but left just as they were when they received their last touches; not things that *were* pictures, like the flayed Correggios at Dresden, or the French-repainted Raphaels.

The invaders were the first to ravish and then defile these virgin pictures, and, what is worse, they set a bad example and taught lessons of corruption which have since been fearfully carried out. Those pictures which returned demoralized and denationalized, captivated with repainted glitter and varnished faces, the native authorities, who, now thinking the rest of their gallery dull-looking and out of fashion, preferred the rouge of a strumpet to the simple blush of a maiden. The Spanish director, Madrazo (? Madrasto), a pupil of David, proclaimed a *guerra al cuchillo* against the whole gallery. Picture after picture has been taken down and ruined. There is scarcely a pure Murillo left in the whole collection; the work of havoc has gone on for twenty years, and is so still: whenever an empty frame bears the fatal sentence *Está en la restauracion*, the condemned is placed *en Capilla*, and all hope is at an end. It is gone to a purgatory from whence there is no deliverance, no "indulgence:" the last penalty is enforced in underground

dissecting-rooms, where the familiars sweep away the lines where beauty lingered. Madrazo's chief executioners were Lopez, Ribera, Bueno, Serafin, De la Huerta, Garcia, etc. Alas for the fine arts! thus flayed, scoured, and daubed over. The glazing and last half-tints were effaced, and much became raw and opaque which once was tender and transparent; while new crude color was *bañado* or spread on, until, in some cases, the outline only of the divine original is left.

Of course, every traveler who is fond of art will buy the catalogue, which is sold at the door, both as a vade mecum on the spot, and as a library book at home. It is but a poor affair as a work of art; its author, the director Madrazo's chief object seems to have been to give the *size* of each picture, not the soul! Possibly by this carpenter-criticism, he has endeavored to give a merit of quantity versus quality to those acres of canvas on which he has labored in vain, and which here take up space to the exclusion of worthier things. We shall only point out some of the best pictures of each master, dwelling chiefly on the Spaniards, and for that purpose refer to the numbers of the official catalogue.

This, like most other Spanish Museos, is a creature of *accident* rather than of design. There is little order, scientific systematic arrangement, or classification; there is no series of painters marking the chronology, either of art in general, or of any school in particular. It is wanting in specimens of Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, M. Angelo, Julio Romano, Ludovico Carracci, Caravaggio, Carlo Dolci, etc. It is also deficient not only in the early Italian and German artists, but even the Spanish; the splendid Valencian and Seville schools (Murillo, Velazquez, and Juanes excepted). Yet to give a general idea of its extraordinary contents, suffice it to say that there are

27 Bassanos, 49 Breughels, 8 Alonso Canos, 10 Claudes, 22 Vandykes, 16 Guidos, 55 by Luca Giordano, 13 by Antonio Moro, 46 by Murillo, 3 by Parmigianino, 21 by N. Poussin, 10 by Raphael, 53 by Ribera, 62 by Reubens, 23 by Snyders, 52 by Teniers, 43 by Titian, 27 by Tintoretto, 62 by Velazquez, 24 by Paul Veronese, 10 by Wouvermans, 14 by Zubaran. In truth, the fault is that it is too exceedingly rich, like wedding-cake: what house of thought and beauty, filled with spirits of past days! Here time is arrested, and the dead reappear as in vision, yet of delight, not fear!

The galleries themselves are not well adapted for pictures, having been built for other purposes, but the servants understand opening and closing shutters, etc., so as to improve the lights. The rooms are simple; no gewgaw ornaments distract the eye from the pictures, which here are as they ought to be, *the* objects. When we pass these crowded walls, it seems as if a year were too short to examine the contents: a too princely banquet is set before us, and we run the risk either of eating more than we can digest, or of becoming sated with excellence, and loathing the honeycomb: but we soon get fastidious, and the masses simplify themselves; then the planets shine forth, and we reject the modern rubbish as by instinct. But of one thing, oh, beware!—beware of any lassitude of the the beautiful; be indeed weary of bores, fly the bad, eschew Madrazo, David, the devil and all his works; but never, oh, never, risk the being tired of the fine and good. Picture-seeing is more fatiguing than people think, for one is standing all the while, and with the body the mind is also at exercise in judging, and is exhausted by admiration. Let, therefore, the visit be often and frequent; take also one master at a time, as a knowledge of his peculiarities is more likely to be fixed, than by

mixing up many artists and subjects together, which fritters and distracts.

The grand masters to observe are Raphael, Titian, Murillo, and still more Velazquez, as the three former may be comprehended equally as well at Rome, Hampton Court, Venice, and Seville; but Madrid is the only home of the mighty Andalucian, for here is almost his entire work.

Now enter the saloon to the right. Here are the old *Castellanos viejos y sin mancha*, the *old* masters of Spain, good men and true, free from all infidel and foreign taint, but who now seem to be hung up here *in terrorem*, as examples of what modern students should avoid; for, if their directors are artists, then Murillo was a blockhead, and Velazquez a dauber.

Now for Velazquez, who here is to be seen in all his glory. Fortunately for Spain, Buonaparte's generals did not quite understand or appreciate his excellence, and few of his pictures were "transported." Again, from having been exclusively the court painter, his works were monopolized by his royal patron; and being in the palace of Joseph, were tolerably respected even by those who knew their mercantile value. Here, therefore, *alone*, is he to be studied, in all his protean variety of power. Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez, was born at Seville, in 1599, and died at Madrid, August 7, 1660. He is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil. Simple, unaffected, and manly, he was emphatically a man, and the painter of *men*, and particularly those of lofty, stately Spain. In this he rivaled Timanthes, "artem ipsam complexus viros pingendi."—(Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxv. 10.) He was equally great in portrait, history, Sujets de Genre, and landskip; he passed at once, without effort or violence, into each, and into every variety of each,—from the epic to the farce, from

low life to high, from the old to the young, from the rich to the poor, while he elevated portrait painting to the dignity of history. He was less successful in delineations of female beauty, the ideal, and holy subjects; wherein he was inferior to Murillo. He could draw anything and everything he could see and touch, then he was master of his subject and never mastered by it; but he could not grapple with the unreal, or comprehend the invisible, immortal, and divine; and whenever he attempted, which was seldom, any elevated compositions, the unpoetical models from which he studied in youth were always reproduced. Yet even in this style, *prose* if you please, but terse, nervous, and Thucydidean, there is no mistake, no doubt, and always so much humanity, truth to nature, and meaning, that we sympathise with transcripts of beings of living flesh and blood, like ourselves. No man, again, Titian not excepted, could draw the minds of men, or paint the very air we breathe, better than he: his color is clean and truthful, although subdued; to those accustomed to the glowing tints of Titian and Rubens, his tones appear at first to be cold, his greys almost green; his lineal and aerial perspective is magical; his mastery over his materials, his representation of texture, air, and individual identity, are absolutely startling. His touch was free and firm, uniting perfect precision with the greatest executional facility. He seems to have *drawn* on the canvas; for any sketches or previous studies on paper are never to be met with. When at work, he always went directly to the point, knowing *what* he wanted, and *when* he had got it: he selected the salient features, and omitted the trivial; and as he never touched his canvas without an intention, or ever put one touch too much, his emphatic objects are always effective: again, his subdued tone and slight treatment of accessories, conferred a solidity

and importance to his leading points, which are all thus brought up and tell. Having been employed by the king, and not by the usual patrons of art, the priest and monk, his pictures are less gloomy than those of Spanish artists who were depressed by the cold shadow of the Inquisition. For *truth* and life-conferring *power* he carries everything before him, and is far the greatest so-called *naturalist* school: hence the sympathy between him and our artists, of whose style he was the anticipation; for similar causes must produce similar effects, allowances being made for the disturbing influence of a different religion, habits, and climate.

Look, therefore, at every one of his pictures; for, take them all in all, "we ne'er shall see their like again." Those to be peered into and analysed every day, are 81, the presumed portrait of Alonso Cano; great truth and force: 87, C. L. St. Antonio and St. Paul Hermits. "In breadth," says Wilkie, "and richness unexampled, the beau idéal of landskip, not much detail or imitation, but the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of nature:" 109 and 114, portraits of Philip IV. and his second wife, Maria of Austria: 117, a masterly sketch, said to be of the Marques de Pescara, full of individual identity: 127, C. N., portrait said to be of the corsair Barbaroja, a fine, fierce old Turkish pirate: 138, C. L., C. N., *Los Bebedores* or *Los Borrachos;* this mock coronation of a drunken group, combines the humor of Teniers with the breadth and effect of Caravaggio. The actors may indeed be low in intellectual character, but not vulgar, being true to the life; and if deficient in elevated sentiment, are rich in meaning, and are transcripts of real man.

Next observe 142, Philip IV. when aged; it is the individual himself, with the Austrian "foolish hanging of the nether

lip:" 145, C. L., Fountain at Aranjuez, an exquisite landskip, full of local color and verdurous freshness, and groups which realize the very form and pressure of the period of Philip IV., and are in fact, in *painting*, what the letters of Madame D'Aunoy are in *description*. Compare it with 540, C. L., another view at Aranjuez. Observe *particularly* all his small bits of landskip, studies of ruins and architecture done at Rome, others with moonlight effects, and all marvelous gems of art. See 101, 102, 118, 119, 128, 132, 143. Remark much 155, C. N., *Las Meninas* or *La Teologia;* here we have Velazquez in his own studio. This was called the "Gospel of Art," by Luco Giordano; nor can aërial and lineal perspective, local color, animal and human life, be represented beyond this. This gradation of tones in lights, shadows, and colors, gives an absolute concavity to the flat surface of the canvas, we look into space as into a room, or as into the reflection of a mirror. The shadows are truly in *chiaro oscuro*, being transparent and diaphanous, and rather a subdued light and less pronounced color than a dark veil. The picture is remarkable for the chariness of bright colors: an olive greenish tone pervades the background: the accessories are only indicated; indeed, of Velazquez, it may be also said, as Pliny (N. H. xxxv. 11,) observed of Timanthes, "Intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur, et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est:" but no painter was ever more *objective;* there is no showing off of the artist; no calling attention to the performer's dexterity; to the ego, the adsum qui feci; he loved art for itself without one disturbing thought of self.

The scene represents the dull Infanta Margarita, who is tried to be amused by her pages, while her two dwarfs, Maria Borbolá and Nicolacico Pertusano, worry a patient dog, which

is painted finer than a Snyders; these disports and distorts of nature, then the fashion of the court, are as hideous as Voltaire, *ce bouffon du diable;* and the *Infanta* is mealy-faced and uninteresting; but Velazquez was too honest to flatter even royalty or its fools.

Next observe 156, Philip IV., glorious: 177, C. L., C. N., the Conde Duque de Olivares on horseback; the animal is somewhat large, and his seat is awkwardly forward, but no doubt it was true to life, for Velazquez would not stoop to woo even a premier, or conciliate the spectator: his practical genius saw everything as it really was, and his hand, that obeyed his eye and intellect, gave the exact form and pressure without much refining. Nothing can be finer than the effects produced with the chary use of gaudy color in this picture and the preceding 155; but no man was ever more sparing of color; he husbanded his whites and even yellows, which tell up like gold on his undertoned back-grounds, which always represented nature with the intervention of air. Passing now into the saloon to the left, 195, C. L., C. N., the Forge of Vulcan; forcible, but painted from vulgar, ill-selected models. The Apollo has nothing of the deity, while Vulcan is a mere Gallician blacksmith: 198, the Infanta Maria in the court costume of the day. This portrait is interesting, as she was the object of Charles the First's romantic visit to Madrid. She was described by Howell, who was then there, "as a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than a Spaniard, fair-haired, and carrying a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish, or any excess, in the Austrian family." Afterwards, when the match was off, he speaks with more truth of her being of "fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and

heavy-eyed." His letters, "*Epistolanæ Hoelianæ*," 4to., London, 1645, give many curious details of Charles and his visit, and what a loss to this series is the portrait of Charles himself, which Velazquez began: pariunt desideria non traditi vultus (Pliny, "N. H." xxxv. 2). It would have been interesting to have compared the picture by the Great Spaniard, with those which we have by Vandyke, who knew Charles by heart, as well as Velazquez did Philip IV., and as we seem to do so too after visiting this precious *Museo*.

Next observe 200, C. L., Philip IV. in a shooting-dress: 209, a fine Old Lady, in his early forcible style: 230, C. L., C. N., Philip III. on horseback, a marvelous specimen of his effects produced by placing his figure on cool greys; the royal head is full of the individual imbecility of this poor bigot, who was twelve years learning his alphabet; 245, C. N., an old man called Mænipo: 254, C. N., Esop, finely painted, but looking more like a cobbler than a philosopher: 255, C. N., a Dwarf, seated as Velazquez saw him, and as no one else could have ventured to paint him: 267, *Un Pretendiente*, or place-hunter, one of the Autochthones of Madrid; the attitude is admirable: 270, C. L., the young Prince Baltasar, aged six, with his dog and gun. Observe particularly all the numerous sporting portraits of theriomaniac Austrian royalty; for whether the wearers are dressed for the court or the chace, they wear their clothes with ease and fitness, they are the real every-day garments of living flexible bodiês underneath, not stuck on like the fancy masquerade of an imaginative painter, copied from a wooden lay figure: 279, C. N., an admirable full-length portrait of a Dwarf; observe how costume, feather, and Dog are painted: 284, C. N., *El Niño de Vallecas;* it is wonderful how he could have fixed the attitude: 289, a magnificently-painted

portrait; how much effect is produced, with how little detail; how unlike the finished style of Pantoja, yet never was armor better represented; but Velazquez was above all tricks, and never masked poverty of hand and idea under meretricious glitter; with him everything was sober, real, and sterling: 291, C. N., *El Bobo de Coria;* observe the green tones and expression of roguish waggery: 295, the Surprise of Io; nothing can exceed the profound sleep of Argos, or the stealthy action of Mercury; the god of thieves is painted in an absolute anticipation of Sir Joshua's style: 299, C. L., C. N., Philip IV., an equestrian portrait; this true Φιλιππος is witching the world with noble horsemanship, the only attitude in which the Monarch of *Caballeros* ought to be painted. The horse is alive, and knows its rider; how everything tells up on the cool blue and greens in the back-ground; 303, C. N., Queen Isabel, wife of Philip IV., a superb white steed; observe how her costume is painted, and despair; remark also the difference of the horses, those which carry men are fiery and prancing, while those on which women are mounted are gentle and ambling, as if conscious of their timid delicate burden: 319, C. L., the Surrender of Breda, or *Las Lanzas*, is perhaps the finest picture of Velazquez; never were knights, soldiers, or national character better painted, or the heavy Fleming, the intellectual Italian, and the proud Spaniard more nicely marked even to their boots and breeches: the lances of the guards actually vibrate. Observe the contrast of the light-blue delicate page, with the dark iron-clad General Spinola, who, the model of a high-bred generous warrior, is consoling a gallant but vanquished enemy. He took Breda, June 2, 1625, and died five years afterwards, broken-hearted at Philip IV.'s treatment, exclaiming, "*Me han quitado la honra!*" They have robbed me of honor! Velaz-

quez has introduced his own noble head into this picture, which is placed in the corner with a plumed hat. This is indeed a *male* subject, and treated with a *masculine* mind and hand; nor are men aware of how much the sexual undercurrent leads them to admire pictures in which beautiful females are presented: here, where there is no woman whatever, it is the triumph of art by itself.

Observe particularly 332, C. L., C. N., Don Baltasar on horseback; the child actually gallops out of the frame, and is the anticipation of Edwin Landseer, and his young Highland Chieftains on their wild ponies: 335, C. N., *Las Hilanderas*, the perfection of reality, although taken from ordinary life; here the artist, feeling at once his power and weakness, has, like Timanthes, turned aside the head of the lady, leaving to the imagination of each spectator to invest her with what quality of beauty which best accords with his peculiar liking: 527, in another saloon, is the portrait of Gongora. The defects of Velazquez, this great *mortal*, for he was not a painter of the ideal, will be seen in 62, C. L., Coronation of the Virgin, who seems a somewhat sulky female, while the Deity is degraded to a toothless monk. But he could not escape from humanity, nor soar above into the clouds; he was neither a poet nor an enthusiast, and somewhat deficient in creative power: again, he painted for the court and not for the church; in a word, Nature was his guide, truth his object, and man, not always well selected, his model; no Virgin ever descended into his studio, no cherubs ever hovered round his pallet, no saint came down from heaven to sit for his portrait: hence the neglect and partial failure of his sacred subjects, holy, indeed, like those of Caravaggio, in nothing but name, being groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted, as still more to mar the elevated sentiment, by a

treatment not in harmony with the subject. He went to the earth, not to heaven, for models; hence his Virgin has neither the womanly tenderness of Murillo, the unspotted loveliness of Raphael, nor the serenity unruffled by human passions of the antique; he rather lowered heaven to earth, than raised earth to heaven. 63, C. N., the God Mars, is a vulgar Gallician porter: 167, C. L., an Adoration of the Magi, is in his hard early style, before he was emancipated from the prevalent Ribera peculiarities. So the celebrated Jacob and his Sons, formerly in the Escorial, although a picture of great truth and force, is but a group of Gallicians; yet even when dipleased with such repulsive subjects, we are forced to submit to the power of master mind displayed in the representation. This *naturalist* picture was painted in the Vatican itself; so little influence had the *foreigners* Raphael and M. Angelo on the local Spaniard, that he dared them with his very failings; in fact, when in Italy, he had eyes only for the Venetian school; he did not like Raphael, as he candidly told Salvator Rosa.

Murillo will naturally come next to Velazquez. He, however, is seen in greater glory at Seville, his native home. Referring, therefore, thither for some account of Murillo, suffice it to say here that the specimens of this master of female and infantine grace are numerous, but scarcely one has escaped the fatal *restauracion*, *i. e.* destruction. However, Murillo is so full of subject, so dramatic, and comes so home to, and appeals so to the common sense of mankind, and is recommended by such a magical fascination of color, that he captivates alike the learned and unlearned, the sure test of undeniable excellence. He has more grace, but far less of the masculine mind than Velazquez, who, compared to him, seems somewhat cold and grey in color, for Murillo painted flesh as he saw it in An-

dalucia, roasted and bronzed by the glowing sun, and not the pale and unripened beauty of the north. Like Titian, his strength lay in ravishing *color;* none ever rivaled him in the luminous diaphanous streams of golden ether, in which his cherubs float like butterflies; his blending continuity of tints, like those of nature, slide into each other, without a particle of harshness or abruptness; led on by an imperceptible transition, where there is no outline, no drawing, so that it is difficult to say where one tint ends and another begins.

Murillo, like Velazquez, lacked the highest quality of the Italian ideal; true Spaniards, they were local, and imitated nature as they saw her; thus Murillo's holy subjects are not glorified forms and visions, which compel us to bow the knee and adore, but pleasing scenes of a domestic family, where sports of graceful children attract the delighted attention of affectionate parents. There is neither the awful sublimity of M. Angelo, nor the unearthly purity of Raphael. Again, his *Niños Dios* are not meditative prescient Infant Gods, nor his cherubs those angels of heaven from whence Raphael took his types, but simply pretty mortal babes with wings, and not even babes of the world at large, but Spanish ones, nay more, only local Andalucian children; and such also are his male saints, who rose to glory in their own Bætican clothes and bodies.

The stranger will, of course, look at *all* the Murillos, halting particularly at 43, C. L., a Holy Family; a pretty scene of conjugal and parental happiness. It was cruelly cleaned and repainted at Paris, especially the dog, and face of the Virgin; 46, C. L., a fine representation of the Infant Deity: 50, C. L., the Companion Infant Forerunner; the left leg is not pleasing; observe the contrast of the callous foot hardened by exposure, with the delicate flesh of 46: 52, Conversion of St. Paul; the

thigh of the Apostle and his white horse, cruelly repainted: 54, *La Porciuncula* (see post), overcleaned: 56, C. L., the Annunciation; the Virgin's cheek is repainted; 65, *La Concepcion*, one of those representations of sweet cherubs, and the fair Virgin floating amid flowers in a golden atmosphere, which none could paint like Murillo; and then the gossamer gauze-like draperies which play in the air, just veiling human charms, which might suggest thoughts that war with the purity of the Virgin: 82, C. L., a Magdalen, all legs and arms, and in his imitation of Ribera style; 174, San Francisco de Paula, was a magnificient head and beard, before ruined by the picture-cleaner Bueno: 182, Death of St. Andrew, in his *vaporoso* style, was a glorious picture, but is much disharmonized by the violent white repainting of the horse; the drapery of the Apostle has also been clumsily *bañado:* 189, C. L., Santiago, a vulgar, coarse head of rather a Flemish character: 191, C. L., C. N., Adoration of Shepherds in his second style, hovering between Velazquez and Ribera; the drawing is fine and careful; observe the local coloring, and foot of peasant, and how their rich browns give value to the delicate flesh of Virgin and Child: 203, C. L., Infant Saviour and St. John, a rich and delightful picture: 208, C. L., Rebecca at the Well, in his middle style: the females are somewhat Flemish: 211, 2, 6, 7, the Parable of the Prodigal Son; all excellent, but treated both as to costume and conception rather according to a picaresque Spanish novel than Holy Writ: 219, a rich blue Concepcion: 220, St. Augustine; the Virgin somewhat too far off, gives her milk to a vulgar burly monk in a black robe, with rich red *casulla:* 229, C. L., another *Concepcion*, innocence itself, and beatifully painted; how rich and juicy the flesh, how full of pulp and throbbing life: 310, C. L., Santa Ana teaching

the Virgin. The pouting child is admirable, but purely mortal; the draperies are in imitation of Roelas: 315, C. N., Vision of St. Bernard; this again shows how closely Murillo observed Roelas; the draperies of the saint have been repainted; but his head is fine, and the sentiments of gratitude and veneration are admirably expressed. The concealing the feet of the Virgin gives her figure too much height; 326, C. N., the miracle of the Virgin giving the *Casulla* to San Ildefonso at Toledo, but it is of earth, earthy, and the angels are nothing but milliners, and the saint a monkish tailor: 423, E., is in another saloon. The Virgin with the rosary, a fine but early picture, in his Ribera manner.

Next observe the paintings of Juan Juanes, the Spanish Raphael, who, however, should be studied in his native Valencia: 196, 7, 9, and 336, 7, C. L., subjects from the life of St. Stephen, an Italian-looking series, but the stones (in 196) are too much like apple-dumplings. Observe the delight of the wicked boys; the faces of the Hebrews, with their hook noses, are somewhat Jewish for fine art. This remark applies equally to 225, C. L., the Last Supper, for Juanes was rather a mannerist, however; but the head of Christ is very fine, although it has, unfortunately, been much repainted: 259, the Saviour on the Mount of Olives: 268, Descent from the Cross, one of his best pictures. Juanes, because savoring of a Roman style, and with a harder outline, and more decided drawing, is admired by more Spaniards than foreigners.

Jose Ribera, better known as Spagnoletto (he was born at Xativa), may be truly studied at Madrid; here, this cruel forcible imitator of ordinary ill-selected nature, riots in hard ascetic monks and blood-boltered subjects, in which this painter of the bigot, inquisitor, and executioner delighted: a power of

drawing, of expressing long suffering and sufferance, a force of color and effect, a contempt of the ideal, beautiful, and tender, characterize his productions: unpopular in England, his unforgiving repulsiveness and stern harsh character have ranked him among the model-painters of Spain. He was the personal friend of Velazquez, who, like Murillo, studied his style deeply, as may be seen in all their early productions. As Ribera was a mannerist, those who will closely examine half-a-dozen of his pictures, will exhaust the master. Observe 42, C. L., the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, a favorite subject of his, and one which few else ever wish to see twice: 44, the Virgin, elderly and haggard; Raphael would have chosen her young and beautiful: 116, C. L., Jacob's Ladder, a fine picture. The general effect is very grand; the wild broken tree-stumps are painted like Salvator Rosa, and the sleep of Jacob (a vulgar brown monk) is admirable: 121, Prometheus, a finely painted picture of gore and bowels, such alone as could be conceived by a bull-fighter, and please a people whose sports are blood and torture; how different from the same subject by the poetical Titian (see post). There are here also many Apostles well painted by Ribera, which we do not enumerate. 285, another St. Bartholomew. In other saloons, observe 415, E., St. Jerome: 419, E., a good portrait of a blind Sculptor, *El Ciego de Gambazo*, in which the sentiment of *touch* is well expressed: 473, St. Jerome: 480, St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour busy with his tools, which is but a transcript of a Spanish carpenter's shop: 484, Ixion at the wheel, or rather a Jew on the rack of the Spanish Inquisition.

Next enter *las Escuelas varias*, which is a collection of different schools, with many fine things from the Escorial; the grand central gallery is divided into the modern Spanish masters, the

old Italians, German and French. Let us take the chief singly, and first for RAPHAEL, 1483–1520 : 723, C. L., a Holy Family called *del* Agnus Dei, from the inscription carried by St. John, whose body has been very much repainted at Paris, where the exquisite face of the Virgin was rouged. The ruined architecture and landscape, equal to Titian, is said to be by Giovanni da Udina. 726, E., C. N., the celebrated *Perla*, which belonged to King Charles I., and was sold with his other pictures by Cromwell. Phillip IV. bought so largely at the auction, through his ambassador Alonso de Cardeñas, that 18 mules were laden with the lots, and he was so anxious to get them into Madrid, that he turned out the Lords Clarendon and Cottington, then ambassadors from Charles II., being ashamed to exhibit what once belonged to his old friend and visitor. When Philip IV. beheld this Raphael, he exclaimed, "This is the Pearl of my pictures," and he was a good judge, for never was the serious gentleness of the blessed Virgin Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of soul, better portrayed ; the rich Titian-like blue sky, streaked with red, forms a fine background : this pearl of great price was overcleaned when taken to Paris, and has, in 1845, undergone another cruel operation at Madrid. 741, E., C. N., Tobit and the Fish, *la Virgen del Pez*, a simple grand symmetrical composition, perhaps somewhat too yellow in color. This also was taken to Paris, and was there removed from board to canvas, a dangerous process invented at Ferrara by Antonia Contri, having been first scrubbed and over-varnished : 784, Christ bearing the Cross, or *El Pasmo de Sicilia*, from having been painted for a church in Sicily, called *la Madonna del Spasimo;* it is accounted as second only to the Transfiguration, by those who look to size, or are afraid to express an honest dissent when called upon as a matter

of course to fall into stereotyped common-form raptures. This picture at Paris was removed from boards to canvas by Mons. Bonnemaison, of whom Passavant (Kunstreise 77) records this anecdote : Mons. David calling one morning, found him sponging these Raphaels with spirit of turpentine. Even the man of the guillotine was shocked, and ventured to remonstrate, but was answered, "It does no harm, it is nourishing." It was then much repainted; the tone is hard, brick-dusty and relackered. Again, however fine the expression of the mother, beautiful the Veronica and groups to the right, the principal figure of the soldier in front is somewhat attitudinarian and theatrical.

Next observe 794, E., a sweet Holy Family, called *De la Rosa;* it has, however, been doubted: 798, E., a small Holy Family, painted in 1507: 834, E., St. Elizabeth visits the Virgin, a contrast of aged and youthful *pregnancy*, a subject never over-pleasing. The composition is very simple, with a fine landscape. This also was removed, at Paris, from board to canvas, and was then painted over and extra-varnished. It is inscribed in letters of gold, Raphael Urbinas, F.; Marinus Branconius, F. F.—fecit facere : 901, a portrait, according to some, of Bartolo, the jurisconsult; according to others, of Andrea Navagiero, ambassador to Charles V., and author of "*Il Viaggio de Espagna.*" Although somewhat hard and reddish, it is very grand, simple, and effective : 905, C. L., portrait of Cardinal Julio de Medicis, a truly Italian head; how full of mental power; observe the decision in the fine compressed lips, and the keen intellect of the pursuing eyes: 909, a portrait, thought by some to be that of Agostino Beazano.

Of all the Italian schools, that of Venice is the richest. Titian was the personal friend of Charles V. and Philip II.,

and (although Kugler doubts it, being evidently unacquainted with the Spanish collections,) he came to Madrid in 1532, and remained there until 1535, which accounts for the number and fineness of his works.

Again, of all the Italian schools, that of Venice was the most admired by Velazquez, who went purposely to that city to purchase pictures for Philip IV.; at Madrid, therefore, Titian is to be seen in all his senatorial dignity of portrait, and his glorious power of color—oh, glorious, ravishing color! pounded flesh rather, if not rubies and emeralds, and which, in spite of unlearned drawing, carries all before it, Titian was, indeed, a *painter*.

By Tiziano Vecellio, of Cadore, 1477–1576, there are forty-three pictures, a museum of themselves. Charles V. on horseback, before its recent restoration, was the finest equestrian picture in the world; it is more sublime and poetical than Velazquez, yet equally true to life; the knight-errant emperor, a king, aye, every inch a king, inspires an awe, like the Theodore of Dryden, pursuing the perjured Honoria: 695, Titian's own Portrait, venerable and intelligent: and Calisto, two charming sketches, colored with pounded flesh and turquoise skies; they have been draped and painted over, owing to Spanish prudery; the drawing is not very accurate, but Titian was eighty-four years old when these were produced. E, the celebrated *Gloria*, or apotheosis of Charles V. and Philip II., who, kings on earth, now appear as suppliants before the King of heaven, and the angelic court. This, by many considered the masterpiece of Titian, was painted, in his best time, for Charles V., who directed by his will that it should always be hung where his body was buried: it remained at San Yuste, until Philip II. moved his father's remains to the Escorial.

Next, observe 756, the Punishment of Sisyphus, painted for the bloody Mary: 765, C. L., Charles V. with his favorite Irish dog; this picture belonged to King Charles I.; here is the emperor in his privacy, with his look of care and pain; 769, C. L. is his son, Philip II., young, and in armor, rich in costume, delicate in form and feature. 776, C. L. Salome, with the Head of the Baptist; this exquisite picture is said to be a portrait of Titian's daughter, and if the face be not strictly correct beauty, it is individual: 787, Prometheus, captured and tortured, it was painted for the bloody Mary; "here is the rock, the vulture, and the chain, and all the proud can feel of pain;" compare the poetical treatment by our Italian, with 121, the butcher production of the practical Spaniard, Ribera; it is Æschylus contrasted with Torquemada: 801, C. L., Venus and Adonis, glorious; there is an inferior repetition in our National Gallery: seen from a certain distance, when the demi-tints tell up, all that is flat when one is near, then becomes form and meaning: 812, Adam and Eve; observe the *pentimentos* in Adam's head; this was Rubens' favorite, and no wonder, for the forms are more sprawling and the fleshes heavier than is usual in Titian: 852, C. L., Offering to Fecundity; marvelous; but it will shock all Malthusians, for never were so many or such playful living children better grouped and painted; unfortunately it has been spotted by retouches: this was the picture which, when at Rome, in the Ludovisi Gallery, was the study and the making of N. Poussin. 854, Victory of Leponto, painted by Titian when ninety-one years old; even in his age live his wonted fires; the coloring is rich, the harmonious effect fine, but the composition feeble; the rows of pillars look like organ-pipes; and the angel seems as if it had been thrown out of window, and must break its neck; Philip

II., in his red breeches and yellow boots, places his naked son, Fernando, somewhat awkwardly on the table: however, as a curiosity of the sustained art of Titian, this picture deserves notice. 864, C. L., a Bacchanal; Ariadne, in the Isle of Naxos, abandoned by Theseus; this, before its *restauracion*, was one of the finest pictures in the world; joyous mirth, and a dance of light never were so colored; it is a companion to the inferior Bacchus and Ariadne, in the National Gallery at London. 868, E., Repose in Egypt, a superb landskip; this is the subject engraved by Bonasoni. 878, C. L., portrait of Isabella, wife of Charles V., superbly painted costume. 915, a magnificent Portrait; what a subtlety of intellect! observe the effect of the blue sash.

Jacobo Robusti il Tintoretto, of Venice, 1512–1594, worthily sustains his master's style. 490, E., a Magdalen, almost naked. 679, a singular picture of the Doge, seated in Council, in a superb saloon of state, was long ascribed to Tintoretto, it is now ascertained to be by Pietro Malombra, Venice, 1556–1618; it is highly interesting, both as a work of art, original portraits, and local costume. 704, *La Gloria*, the original sketch for the picture in the Doge's palace, at Venice, and bought there by Velazquez; it, however, is heavy in color, and a fricassee of legs and arms; the man with a large head in the corner seems scared and disappointed, as he well might be with such a Paradise.

Paul Veronese, 1528–1588, appears in all his gorgeous brocade, splendor of drapery, and fine portraiture; notice 453, E., Marriage of Cana; it belonged to Charles I.: and 843, C. L., Venus and Adonis, a very fine picture of great repose and effect; the flesh and rich draperies are equal to Titian: 876, C. L. an allegory, Virtue and Vice; neither are very attractive

and the youth is stupid, althongh finely painted, and the attitudes are very awkward : 896, Cain and his family, a magnificent composition, a picture of man's despair consoled by a true wife, who will not desert the father of her children : the brown landskip, lowering sky, and breaking halo, are in sombre harmony with the sentiment : 899, Christ disputing with the Doctors, finely composed, but somewhat grey, green, and wanting in effect.

Of the Da Pontes, or Bassanos, there are many and fine specimens, but it is tedious to describe these cattle-show pictures of sheep and oxen, for the sacred figures are often only accessories to the beasts ; 615, Leandro, Orpheus, and animals : 620 Jacobo 1510–1592, Dives and Lazarus : 632, E., The Money-changers in the Temple, finely colored: 701 Leandro, Coppersmiths at Work, a fine specimen : 730, Traveling : 841, Jacobo, his own Portrait.

Having examined the Spanish school, Raphael, and the Venetians in detail, now take a general view of the rest of the gallery. In the *Bajada á varias Escuelas*, avoid No. 382, a Christ Buffeted, by the *Director* Señor Madrazo, which suggests the somewhat irreverent criticism of Alonso Cano, on being shown a badly executed crucifix, "Forgive them, Lord ! for they know what they do." In the *Escuelas varias* observe No. 407, E., Ruebens, 1577-1640. The Supper at Emmaus, a fine, rich, brown painting, although, the Silenus-like figure of "mine host" destroys the dignity of sentiment : 515, Ignacio Iriarte, 1620–1685, a Landskip ; Murillo used to say that he was fit to paint scenes in *heaven*, which must be understood as meaning *Andalucia*, the elysium of these local Sevillians : 526 and 532 are other specimens, yet, compared to the Italian, Dutch, and English landskip painters, Iriarte is

very second-rate; but in Spain, as among the classical ancients, *landskip* was only an accessory or conventional, and seldom really treated as a principal either in art or literature : their efforts were vague bald generalities, with no true graphic quality, no precision of touch, no local color, air, sensibility, no individuality. They seldom saw nature with the poet's feeling combined with the painter's eye ; the pen and pencil were sculpturesque rather than picturesque, man being the absorbing object. Again, a taste for *landskip* is acquired, and few Orientals or Spaniards have any feeling for nature beyond local associations, or notions of profit and personal enjoyment ; they love the country, not for itself, but as in relation to themselves; but even some of our gentleman farmers are often so blunted by professional habits, as only to be thinking of draining, where Durand would go crazy with delight, and when talking of bullocks which would drive Paul Potter mad, are solely speculating on what per score the carcase will fetch, sinking the offal.

Now examine the German, Flemish, and French schools, which are collected in a circular saloon by themselves, not that they have much in common with each other. The Spaniards have very properly placed Gaspar Poussin, who was born at Rome, among the Italians, and yet have included Nicholaz Poussin, and Claude among the French; but Claude left France, aged 12, a pastry-cook's boy, and pies, capital ones no doubt, he would have lived and died making in that paradise of transcendental culinary *artistes*. In beautiful poetical Italy, the nurse of art, where there are more altars than ovens, more painters than pastry-cooks, his other dormant capabilities were awaked; then and there the mighty genius, imprisoned in a jam-pot, burst forth to better things; and the youth having

been born artistically again in a new and congenial country, became a great *Italian* painter: and, like him, Poussin, early in life, abandoned his unpicturesque country; re-educated at Rome, he became so Roman, majestic, historical, and utterly un-French, that he could only breathe a classical air: thus, when compelled by Louis XIV. to return to fickle France, this serious man pined, sickened, and would have died, unless restored to a better atmosphere and scenery. Both are essentially Italians as painters, which is their whole attraction; and if this be doubted, compare their style and sentiment to the veritable Frenchmen, whose works are hung near them, to wit, the Jouvenets, Lafosses, Mignards, and Rigauds. As Holbein and Vandyke were formed by painting English gentlemen and ladies, the noblest and most beautiful models in the creation, so Claude and Pousson were created by the sunny skies, the temples and antiquities of Italy, and they both lived and died at Rome, their adopted country; and their ashes repose on the banks of the classical Tiber, not on those of the common-place Seine. *Ingrata* patria ne ossa quidem! Their nationality must be decided by their fruit, and they are the golden apples of a garden of Hesperus, and to both may be applied the old adage, non ubi nascitur sed ubi pascitur. If Claude is to change his country, it should be for nature-worshipping England, where he is best estimated, and where his finest works are to be found.

The Poussins, both Gaspar and Nicolas, are first-rate. Observe 942, C. L., Claude Gilee, Lorraiee. 1600–1682, Ruins at Rome, with the Coliseum; the figures are by Philipo Laura, as Claude was accustomed to say, that he *sold* his landskips, but gave away *his* figures. It is doubtful, however, whether even better-drawn figures by another hand really *tell*, either in form or

color, so well as those dashed in by the *landskip* painter himself, who used them not for themselves, but as aids and accessories, which a *figure* painter would forget and convert them into principals. 945, Nicolas Poussin, of Normandy, 1594–1665: 947, C. L., Claude, a Sunset; full of exquisite repose. The figures, except the Shepherd, are by Courtois. 948, N. Poussin, Bacchus and Nymphs, a most classical group, in a splendid landskip; 1006, 1020, two curious hunting pictures, by Lucas Cranach, 1472–1552: the Elector John of Saxony entertains Charles V., who is to be recognised by his Golden Fleece. The buildings and costume are truly old German; then there is a sea of hartshorn, and a marvelous contempt of perspective. 1081, C. L., Claude, a superb Sunrise, with sea and architecture; the groups embarking are by Courtois; No. 51 in "*Lib. Ver.:*" 1082, C. L., Claude, a Morning Scene, rather dark, and in an earlier style; figures by P. Laura: 1086, C. L., Claude, Landskip, with a Ford; also in an early style, with figures, by P. Laura. These Claudes, when we last saw them, were much in want of lining, but were pure as the day they were painted. These truly *Italian* gems are surrounded by pictures, of whose nationality there can be no mistake; but the clinquant Louis XIV. periwigs act like foils, by contrasting style; how the simple feeling of a nature pure and undefiled soars above the theatrical and artificial!

Now pass the Flemish and Dutch Schools. In the *Galeria de Paso* are examples of the Neapolitan and Bolognese artists of the seventeenth century: among them Luca Giordano is remarkable, whose *fa presto* style, fatal facility, and hasty presumption led to the utter decline of painting. The gods grant no excellence to mortals without labor. Venus, the mother of love and type of beauty, was united to the hard-working

Vulcan. By Luca are, 1088, Hercules: 1090, Perseus: 1094, Susanna: 1096, Repentance of St. Peter: 1098, Rinaldo and Armida.

There is an apartment of State, called *La Sala del descanso*, where the royal family repose after the *fatigue* of visiting the Museo, where was hung, by order of Ferdinand VII., a painting of his landing at *Puerto de Santa Maria*, by Aparicio: anything so bad never was painted or conceived; and yet an especial description of this single picture was sold by itself at the entrance of the Museo, which speaks volumes as to the fulsome servility and artistical ignorance of those who directed the taste of Spain.

The Flemish and Dutch pictures come the last in the Catalogue, and are of the highest quality and very pure. The long connexion between Spain and the Low Countries ensured a constant supply of the best works; and hitherto, from not being valued by Spaniards so much as those of their own and the Italian masters, they have escaped the fatal *restauracion*. The Spaniard, long accustomed to see the art, the handmaid of religion, associates the altar with all painting of a high class; accordingly, the low, earthy doings of the Dutch seem to him to be vulgar, and beneath the dignity of art; while the compensating truth and beauty of their landskip are lost on a nation which is by no means keenly alive to the charms of the country and nature itself.

The best pictures here of these schools, are those by Rubens, Vandyke, and Antonio Moro, who was long in Spain. Rubens, in spite of his want of purity, his occasional Helot sensuality, worse conceptions, and ill-selected models, has the compensating power of a glowing, rich, and harmonious color, which shines like a light from within; nor can one fail to be

charmed with bold animal nature, riotous impulses, real life, energy of action, and pulpy delineation of flesh and blood. Vandyke is the Velazquez of England, with the advantage of better models, both male and female, for he painted the aristocracy of Great Britain, the most manly, finely formed, and beatiful in the world. Again, he had the advantage of painting ladies, whose portraits were rarely taken, from the then jealous habits of Spaniards. Vandyke is as elegant and satiny as Velazquez is dark and stately. The specimens of Wouvermans are beyond all price, and gems of purest art. Those by Teniers, Snyders, Breughel, P. Neefs. Both, are very fine; but here again, as in the Italian and Spanish schools, the collection is very imperfect. There is little or nothing of such great masters as Rembrandt, Carl du Jardin, Cuyp, Hobbema, Jan Steen, "mine jolly host," Vandervelt, Mieris, Backhuisen, Vanderneer, Ostade, Ruisdael, Adrian and William Vandervelde, Paul Potter, Van Hooghe, Terburg, Metzu, Gerard Dow, Paul Bril, etc.

To give any particular description of the wilderness of monkeys by Teniers, the dogs, game, kitchenware, and drunken Dutchmen of Ostade, would be tedious as to count the cattle of the Bassans, although intelligible, and therefore delightful, to even the meanest capacities; since, where one person comprehends the ideality of Raphael, the sublimity of M. Angelo, a thousand will relish a true delineation of a flask of beer, and the humor of the boor who drinks it. Again, the business-like item accuracy and working out of details, are understood by your practical men of business and *common* sense, as they make no demand on the imagination; while effects produced by broad masses, indistinct shadowings out, neglect of accessories, and appeals to the mind, positively appear, especially where there

is no mind, to be dishonest and unworkmanlike. But an appreciation of all this mechanical detail and *bonâ fide* fulfilment of contract is lost on the Spaniard, who is at best a bungling operative, and one who sometimes promises rather than pays or performs.

The lover of cinquecento goldsmith-work should, by all means, inquire for the superb collection of above a hundred cups, tazzas, and exquisite jeweled plate which have recently been removed to the *Museo*, by the laudable exertions of Vicente Carderera, from the shameful neglect in which they were long abandoned in the academy of San Fernando, in the disorder and damaged condition as they were left by French ravagers; among them observe particularly a Mermaid, with emerald tail, rising out of gold, studded with rubies, by Cellini; and a cup, supported by a female.

While on the subject of art, it may be as well to take the New Museum, which was opened to the public by Espartero, on the anniversary of the *dos de Mayo*, 1842. It is in the Calle de Atocha, and is called *Museo la Trinidad*, because established in the suppressed convent of that name.

Among the best things, of which it is impossible to give a regular account, as nothing is in order, and changes constantly take place, observe the series of pictures representing the sufferings of the Carthusian monks, when persecuted by Henry VIII., and painted by Carducho, for the convent of El Paular. Observe particulary *el Jubilio de Porciuncula*, a large picture which *once* was by Murillo; as its history may be useful to those about to purchase "*undoubted originals*," in Spain. In our time it belonged to the *Capuchinos*, at Seville, whose ignorant monks exchanged it for some modern daubs, to fill their cloisters, with one Benjarano, a bungling picture-

restorer. Although much injured from exposure to sun and air, the surface was then pure; Benjarano began by painting it all over, and then offered it to Mr. Williams for £120, who declined it: at last it was purchased by Joaquin Cortes, (director of the Seville Academy,) for Madrazo, for £180, on speculation, who worked much on it himself, and then handed it over to Señor Bueno, one of the most daring of his familiars. Finally £2,000 was asked for the picture, which eventually was bought by the Infante Don Sebastion, for £900. One word on the subject, which is very common in Spain, as no Franciscan convents were without their *Porciuncula*, which allndes to their grand jubilee, held every 1st of August, when all penitents who visited the temporary cave or chapel arranged in the convent, obtained instant absolution from all sins, hence the jubilee was called "*toties quoties*." It arose thus:—St. Francis, the founder, retired in 1206, to the wildest retreats in Monte Alverno, "nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno," near Assisi, and there repaired the small deserted church, Santa Maria degli Angioli, which also was called *la Porciuncula*, because a portion of some property of some Benedictines: here founded his order; here he received the stigmata; here he died; from the favors he here received from the Virgin, it became the holy of holies: the scene generally painted is his scourging himself with thorns, when he was visited by the Virgin and Saviour, who brought him red and white roses, which had bloomed from his rods, and granted such an immunity to the spot, that "if a man had killed all the other men in the world, by only entering this grotto, he would come out as pure as a newly-baptized infant:" hence this cave was soon prodigiously frequented, whereupon the Spanish Franciscans induced the Pontiff to concede to each of their convents its imaginary

cave, in which the same benefits could be obtained by all who offered pious donations. Accordingly, in their grotto chapel, a painting explained the legend to those who could not read.

EXCURSION FROM MADRID.

LA GRANJA.

THREE days spent in the museum of Madrid were hardly sufficient for the proper study of this gallery, which may be considered the first in Europe, it contains specimens of almost every school of painting from the time of Albert Durer to the period of Raphael. Months might have been profitably passed in becoming acquainted with a collection of art which is rich in the subjects of Velazquez, the master of the Spanish easel; but the oppressive heats of summer, (for we are now at the end of July,) led us to seek for a more favorable climate among some one of the numerous royal retreats of the nobility. We concluded upon *La Granja*, it being more accessible than any other, and the more likely to interest us, because it has suffered less from the inroads of man, nature having been left to remain there in all her primitive and charming beauty. Besides, it was then the residence of the queen, a fact which drew together a large concourse of her people, who were attracted thither by the presence of her royal person at the Court.

Having secured a seat in the diligence at the office of the Company in Calle de Alcalá, we started about ten o'clock in the evening, and were soon trotted out on the *Camino real*, a road which is unnecessarily magnificent, no expense being grudged on this highway of the queen, leading from the capital by the banks of the Manzanares to her summer resort in the

mountains. After crossing the *Plaza de Hierro*, the toll-house, and huge bridge, San Fernando, with its heavy statues, the desert environs of Madrid are soon entered. The contrast of leaving a crowded city increased the forlorn loneliness of the night.

On the following morning we found ourselves at the foot of the Sierra Neva, and shortly afterwards within sight of San Ildefonso. The scenery at this point was splendid, a jumble of mountains and rock, with glorious pines flinging their wild arms athwart the precipices. The road was constructed at a reckless expense for the personal convenience of royalty. After passing the puerto, we descended into the village, or royal *siteo*, in which the Court always pass the hot months of June, July, and September. Here, in an excellent inn, kept during the season in the *Casa de Infantes*, a part of the detached buildings of the palace, we found refreshment until called to take our seats in the diligence for Segovia ;—that venerable and interesting old city, which we preferred to visit before settling down at our lodgings in the neighborhood of the palace of *La Granja*.

SEGOVIA.

Now, Segovia is only two leagues off, and a pleasant hour's drive.

Descending from *La Granja* into the plains, we soon reached the ancient city of Segovia, and putting up at the best inn, *el meson grande* on the plaza, one of the worst in all Spain ; we soon learned all about this *grand hotel*, which remained the genuine specimen of an unmodernized Castilian khan.

Our last view of the town before entering it had prepared us for its wonders, by showing the magnificent proportions of its

ancient aqueduct and the towers of its Cathedral. This fine aqueduct, one of the most interesting relics of the works of the Romans, the Cathedral, and the Alcaz, or Moorish palace, are among the most remarkable structures of the kingdom, while, on the pillars of the inner courts of the palaces and over the doorways of several private houses, traces may be still found of the most elegant and delicate specimens of Moorish workmanship, and scrolls of Arabesque patterns, which display the highest invention in art. Thus, in these out-of-the-way towns, one is led to discover the true meaning and fascination of these words, "the Spains." Here, in the vestiges of the different nations which once swept over her lands, one remarks the footprints of the Goth, the Arab, and the Moor; and thence arose the many diversities of habitudes, manners and customs which would have otherwise been inexplicable without some such reference to the prestige of their lost originals. At the capital, these contrarieties are occasional and accidental only, because, as Spain herself is but an aggregate of "the Spains," so Madrid may be considered both as the union of many different people who have been drawn together by the natural centralization of a metropolis, and as the teeming mother of an heterogeneous progeny. Therefore, in order to study the peculiarities of each people, it is necessary to visit the provinces.

The cathedral before alluded to stands on the main square, looking proudly down on the miserable old Spanish houses that line the Plaza. Its inner proportions are simple and grand. The church, or anti-choral, is constructed of rich marble, and the cloisters are elegantly lighted. The prospect from its steeple tower, extending over the town and surrounding country, was glorious.

Upon leaving this church, I proceeded to the Alcazar—a relic of the Moors—now used as an Academy for the Artillery. Some of the apartments still retained the remnants of its brilliant Oriental pendants and arabesque ornaments, hanging from their roofs; the one especially termed the trunk room, had been formerly used by Alphonso the Wise, for astronomical purposes. This quaint old building sits superbly upon the heights at the back of the town, and looks quite picturesquely from the banks of the Eresma, which flows underneath the base of its walls. Whilst walking along this river, I noticed some remnants of elegantly sculptured work on the doors of the ruins of the *Parral*, and near by, under the sheltering roof of a cave, I stopped awhile to watch the movements of a couple of gipsies who had taken up their abode at that spot, and with their camp implements and utensils, were regaling themselves, like Spanish beggars, thus forming a fit subject for the artist. The group was much admired, and their actions closely studied, for they were the first Gitanos I had seen in Spain, and vividly recalled to my mind the interesting pages of Barrow's Bible in Spain, and his work on the Zincali.

Segovia is of Iberian name and origin, *seca* and *sego* being a common prefix: Humboldt (Urb. 188) enumerates no less than twenty-two instances; while *Briga* "town," is a still commoner termination.

The long city of Segovia, with its narrow irregular streets, stands on the rocky knoll which rises east and west in a valley with the Alcazar perched on the west point. It is girdled to the north by the trout stream Eresma, which is joined below the Alcazar by the *clamorous* rivulet el Clamores ; the banks of these streams are wooded and pretty, and contrast with the bleak and barren hills. The strong town is encircled

by very picturesque but dilapidated old walls with round towers, built by Alonso VI., which are to be seen to great advantage from the hill of the Calvario ; it is altogether a good specimen of an old-fashioned Castilian city, with quaint houses, balconies, and a Prout-like *plaza*. It is very cold, being above 3300 feet above the sea, and has much decayed ; the population, once exceeding 30,000, having dwindled to less than 9000. It is still the see of a bishop, suffragan to Toledo.

According to Colmenares, Tubal first peopled Spain, then Hercules founded Segovia, for which Hispan erected the *bridge* as they call the aqueduct, although it brings water over men, not men over water. The city bears "*el Puente*" on its shield, with one of the heads of Pompey's sons looking over it. This Roman work, from its resemblance to the masonry of Alcantara and Merida, was probably erected by Trajan, but neither Segovia nor its aqueduct are mentioned by the ancients, with whom such mighty works seem to be things of course. This aqueduct was respected by the Goth, but broken down in 1071 by the Moors of Toledo, who sacked Segovia and destroyed thirty-five arches. It remained in ruin until August 26, 1483, when Isabella employed a monk of the Parral convent, one Juan Escovedo, who, born in the Asturias, about 1547, and the son of a mere carpenter, had the good taste to imitate the model before him, and therefore was the first to restore the Græco-Romano style in Spain : when he went to Seville to report the completion of the repairs, Isabella gave him for his fee all the wood work of the scaffoldings.

The new work is intermixed with the old, and occurs chiefly near the angles of *la Concepcion* and *San Francisco*. Escovedo also built the bridges over the Eresma. The aqueduct commences with single arches, which rise higher as the dip of the

ground deepens, until they become double. Those of the upper tier are uniform in height ; the three central are the highest, being 102 feet. This noble work is constructed of granite without cement or mortar; and, like other similar erections of the Romans, unites simplicity, proportion, solidity, and utility, and its grandeur is rather the result of these qualities than the intention of the architect. An inscription formerly ran between the tiers of the central arches, and the learned strive in vain to make out what the words were, guessing from the holes which remain for the pins of the bronze letters which have been extracted. According to some antiquarians the aqueduct was built by one *Licinius*, but the unlearned people call it *el Puente del Diablo*, "the devil's bridge," because his Satanic majesty was in love with a *Segoviana*, and offered his services for her favors, when she, tired of going up and down hill to fetch water, promised to consent, provided he would build an aqueduct in one night, which he did One stone, however, having been found wanting, the church decided the contract to be void, and so the hard-working wicked one was done. It is vain to talk to the lower Segovians about Trajan, etc.; they prefer the devil, and especially as a Pontifex maximus.

The aqueduct, be its author who it may, is well seen from *San Juan*, in its beautiful perspective. overtopping the pigmy town. The grandest point is from the corner of the *Calle de Gascos*, but the stones have suffered from houses having been built up against the arches, and have been discolored by chimney smoke and drips from *Cerbatanas*, or gutters and pipes. A plan was in vain proposed in 1803 to Charles IV. to remove all these unsightly causes of injury. However, in September, 1806, the carriage of the pregnant ambassadress of Sweden having been upset by these encroachments, whereby she had a miscarriage,

the king ordered the arches to be cleared. It was intended to have opened the whole of the *Plaza del Azoquejo* (*zoq ṣoco*, from the Arabic *Suk*, a place), and thus to have made a grand square with the aqueduct on one side, exposed in all its unveiled majesty. The French invasion marred the scheme of questionable artificial amelioration, for the very irregularity and meanness of the buildings around render the aqueduct the emphatic feature, as it soars larger and nobler by the force of contrast.

The cathedral, a noble florid Gothic pile, built of beautiful warm-colored stone, is seen to great advantage from the curious old irregular *plaza*. It is one of the finest in Spain, and deserves great attention; like the old Bath church of 1522, it was the last of the pure *Gothic* cathedrals: that style died like a dolphin, setting as a southern sun in all its glories, without twilight or decrepitude; the square tower, crowned with a cupola, rises 330 feet high, having been lowered twenty-two feet from fears of lightning. The panorama over the city, gardens, convents, gigantic aqueduct, and mountain distances, is superb. The older cathedral was almost destroyed by the reformers on *Comuneros* in May, 1520, who commenced business by pulling down churches, hanging the authorities, plundering the rich, and burning the houses for the public good.

The new building was begun in 1525 by Juan Gil de Ontañon and his son Rodrigo, their beautiful cathedral at Salamanca having been chosen as a model. The west front of the exterior is perhaps somewhat bald and unornamented, while the east end is over-crocketed, and the pinnacles small; the interior, however, is light and very striking from the simple, bold, and well-arranged designs of the arches and vaulting; most of the windows are filled with stained glass of fine colors. The high altar is enclosed by lofty iron railings, relieved by gilding,

somewhat after the exquisite *purcloses* of the Certoso of Pavia. The great *retablo*, composed of precious marbles, was put up for Charles III. by Sabintini. The *trascoro* is enriched with the salmon-colored marbles of which the beautiful diamond-formed pavement is partly composed.

The cheerful Gothic cloisters belonged to the former cathedral; they were taken down, and put up again by Juan Campero in 1524, a triumph of art. Among the sepulchres observe that of Diego de Covarrubias, obt. 1576. The fine prelate, with closed eyes and clasped hands, is arrayed in pontificalibus. Remark also the tomb of the Infante Don Pedro, son of Henrique II. He was let fall from the window of the Alcazar in 1366 by his nurse. Judging from his statue he must have been a fine baby for nine years old. Here also lies Maria Saltos, a frail beautiful Jewess by creed, but Christian in heart; she was about to be cast from a rock for adultery, when she invoked the Virgin, who visibly appeared and let her down gently. She was then baptized Maria del *Salto*, of the *Leap*, became a saint, and died in 1237.

The Alcazar in which Gil Blas *was* confined, for Le Sage, like Cervantes, has given an historical and local habitation to the airy nothings of fancy, rises like the prow of Segovia over the waters-meet below. The great keep is studded with those bartizans, or turrets, at the angles which are so common in Castilian castles, but the slate and French-like roofs in other portions mar the effect. The building was originally Moorish, and was magnificently repaired in 1452–58 by Henrique IV., who resided and kept his treasures in it. The Alcazar was ceded to the crown in 1764 by the hereditary *Alcaide*, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had so hospitably welcomed in it Charles I. He lodged there Wednesday, 13th Sep-

tember, 1623, and supped, says the record, on "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatnesse." The castle-palace was at last made into an artillery college, and, as it is one of the few in Spain which the French did not destroy, remains as a specimen of what so many others were before their invasion. The general character is Gotho-Moorish: the ceilings and cornices and friezes are splendidly gilt, especially in the *Salo de Trono* and *Salo de Recibimiento;* the inscriptions in one room give the names of many kings and queens from Catalina, 1412, down to Philip II., 1592, whose shield quarters the arms of England in right of his wife, Mary. In the *Sala de los Reyes* (from the window of which the *infante* was let fall) are some singular statues of Spanish kings, which were begun by Alonso IX., continued in 1442 by Henrique IV., and added to in 1587 by Philip II. The *Pieza del Cordon* is a singular trunk-headed saloon, in which Alonso *el Sabio* ventured to doubt the sun's moving round the earth, whereupon his astronomical studies were interrupted by a flash of lightning, in memorial of which, and as a warning for the future, the rope of St. Francis was modeled and put up. The king had worn it as a penance. The chapel contains some fine arabesques: the views from the windows are striking, although not quite so floral and picturesque as represented to Gil Blas by the governor, who somewhat over-colored things for the honor of Castile.

Descending now to the Eresma by *Puerta Castellana*, look up at the quaint Alcazar from the *Fuencisla*, near the *Clamores*, now doubly clamorous from chattering washerwomen, the Naiades of the rustling stream. The cliff above *Fuencisla*, Fons stillans, was called La Peña *grajera*, because the crows nestled there to pick the bodies of criminals cast down from this Tarpeian rock. The cypress opposite the *Carmelitas des-*

calzas marks the spot where Maria Saltos lighted unhurt; and in the chapel is the identical image of the Virgin which saved her. The image was miraculously concealed during the time the Moors possessed Segovia, but re-appeared on this site when the Christians recovered the town, and thereupon the convent was built and richly endowed.

Now turn on to the left up the valley of the Eresma to the *Casa de Moneda*, or mint, which was founded by Alonso VII., rebuilt by Henrique IV. in 1455, and repaired and fitted with German machinery by Philip II. in 1586. Formerly all the national coinage was struck here, as the river afforded water-power, and the adjoining *Alcazar* was the treasury: in 1730 the gold and silver coinage was transferred to Madrid: now nothing is struck but copper, and for this Segovia is ill-selected, as the distance is so great to Rio Tinto, from whence the metal is brought. Adjoining on a slope is *la Vera Cruz*, a very curious church, built in 1204 by the Templars, but now going to ruin, with the octagon forms and the square tower.

Higher up is the *Parral*, a once wealthy Jeronomite convent, which nestles amid *vines* and *gardens*, under a barren rock, hence its name and the proverb, *Las huertas del Parral paraiso terrenal.* Juan, the celebrated Marques de Villena, founded this convent on the site of a celebrated duel where, *asi cuenta la historia*, he defeated three antagonists. The superb sepulchres of Juan and his wife Maria, kneeling with an attendant, have been barbarously whitewashed. The cloister and ceilings of the library and refectory are worth notice; the tower was raised twenty-nine feet in 1529, by Juan Campero.

WOOL STAPLE.

Segovia was entered by General Frere, June 7, 1808, who, notwithstanding no sort of resistance was made, sacked it, *à la Medellin;* for he too, like his model, Victor, began life as a drummer boy. Its prosperity depended on its staple, wool, but then the flocks were eaten up by the wolf, and now only a few poor cloth manufactories languish in the suburb *San Lorenzo.* In 1829 some improved machinery was introduced, which the hand-loom weavers destroyed. The *Cabañas,* or sheep-flocks of Segovia, furnished the fleeces, and the Eresma, a peculiar water for washing the wool: for *Merinos* and the *Mesta,* see Ford. The sheep-washings and shearings were formerly the grand attractions of the place; the vast flocks of the monks of the Escorial, el Paular, and other proprietors, were driven in May into large *Esquileos,* or quadrangles of two stories, over which a "*Factor*" presided. First, the sheep went into the *Sudadero,* and when well sweated had their legs tied by *Ligadores,* who handed them over to the shearers, each of whom clip from eight to ten sheep a day. When shorn, the animals next were taken to the *Empegadero,* to be tarred and branded; after which the whole lot were looked over by the *Capatazes,* or head shepherds, when the old and useless were selected for the butcher; the spared were carefully attended to, as being liable to take cold after shearing, and die. During all these processes, food and drink were plentifully carried about to all employed, by persons called *Echavinos.* The wool is sorted by *Recibidores,* and the bad, *las Cardas,* set aside. The *pila,* or produce, if sold at once, is then weighed, or if destined to be washed, is sent to the *Lavadero.* There are three different classes of wool, which are determined by an appraiser, the *apar-*

tador, of whom there is a guild at *Segovia*. The value has fallen off since the invasion, as from eight to three; then, too, many barns and buildings were destroyed, which, from want of capital, have never been restored: the subsequent loss of South America completed the ruin. The common cloth made here was coarse, but strong; a little, however, of a finer sort, called *bicuña*, from a sort of *Guanaco*, or South American goat, was made for the rich clergy, with a soft nap; now those customers have ceased. The extent, however, of the former boasted commerce must be somewhat discounted, for the real staples were coarse *Xergas* (Arabicé Xercas), serges and *Paños pardos:* these, in the time of Juan II., sold only for 40 maravedis the yard, while cloth of Florence fetched 167, and fine scarlet of London, 400; in fact, the home manufactures were only used by the poor, and for liveries, while the rich, as now, imported everything of a better quality from abroad. Yet anti-manufacturing Spain prides herself in the order of the Golden *Fleece*, forgetting that it was established by the good Duke of Burgundy, to mark his preference for his rich, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over a poor, proud, indolent and ignorant feudal nobility—a feeling diametrically opposed to genuine Spanish notions. *Pecus, unde Pecunia*, was the secret of the power of Bruges and Ghent, of the *Goldon Fleece*, the symbol of the commercial Argonauts, became, like the *Woolsack*, the "canting" charge of a woolen staple. Again, strictly speaking, Spain has no right to this order, which passed with the Low Couuntries to Austria. Nevertheless, having lost the substance, she clings to the form, for neither nations nor individuals like to relinquish even the semblance of title or power.

On returning to my inn, I passed through the Castilian Gate, and by the way observed several fine bits of arabesque on the

walls. The scroll carvings on some of the old towers, the windows of several houses, and the columns in many a court-yard, revived in the recollection the memories of its ancient Moorish inhabitants. Every order of architecture appeared to be represented in this town: even the Saxon arches, with capacious capitals, was observed in a tower in the *Plaza* of *de San Esteban.* The *Puerta de Santiago,* is Moorish; the granite portals and peculiar Toledern ball ornaments, prevail in Segovia; and the gate of *San Andres,* is quite a picture.

Following the course of the greatest antiquity in the place, and the line of the Roman aqueduct to its extreme length, I counted no less than 115 perfect arches, the average height of each being about thirty feet. I observed that the stones appeared to stand as securely as on the day on which they had been laid, and what was more wonderful, there was no evidence of any cement having ever been used in their construction.

LA GRANJA.

At eight o'clock in the evening, I found my way back to La Granja, and on the following morning rose to enjoy my first sight of the palaces and gardens of this regal residence.

La Granja, with its quaint old towers, nestled under the brows of the Peñalara, rises over the forests at its feet. Situated about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and within range of the Sierra Neva, its climate is always cool. The delightful promenades, attached to the palace, are so overhung with shade and forest-trees, and watered by the moist exhalations of numerous fountains, as to render it a fit abode for majesty, or a pleasant habitation for those favorites who bask in the sunshine of courts, without detracting from that beauty of

those quiet and secluded spots which a reflecting and contemplative nature seeks to create amid the haunts of gaiety, luxury and pleasure. The grounds were laid out by Philip II., who retired to this place in order to avoid the intrigues of courtiers; and while here, he employed his leisure hours in the embellishment of La Granja—a farm-house previously—which by his Aladdin-magic lamp was converted into the present magnificent and luxurious retreat. Here his caprices reveled amid the indulgence of his horticultural and agricultural fancies, and while he gratified his taste, it cost his people the sum of 5,000,000 of *pesos duros*. At such an outlay, it is not surprising that the fountains are superior to to those at Versailles, nor is it wonderful that La Granja is considered by the Spaniards, as the boasted Garden of Spain.

This cool castle in the air is, say the Castilians, a worthy *chateau* of the Queen of Spain; as she is the loftiest of all earthly sovereigns, so her abode soars nearest to heaven; the elevation cannot be doubted, as the palace is placed on the northwest range of the Sierra, 3840 feet above the level of the sea, and thus in the same latitude as Naples, stands higher than the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The localities are truly Alpine; around on all sides are rocks, forests, and crystal streams, and above towers *la Peñalara*, rising, according to some, above 8,500 feet. While *nature* is truly Spanish, here *art* is entirely French; for the one-idead founder, Philip V., could conceive no other excellence but that of Marly and Versailles. In reserve and bigotry a Philip II., his hypychondriac shyness drove him into retirement, wanting nothing but his mass-book and wife, and thus becoming a puppet in her and her confessor's hands. He was no sooner fixed on the Spanish throne than he meditated its abdication, always harboring, like

Henry III. in Poland, a secret wish to return and reign in France: it chanced that while hunting at Valsain in 1722 he observed this *granja*, then a *grange* or farm-house of the Segovian monks of *La Parral*, of whom he bought the site, and here he died, July 9, 1746, and here he is buried, carrying his hatred to Austrian recollections even to the grave. He would not associate with them even in the Panteon of the Escurial, a building which, in common with everything Spanish, he slighted. His was the fatal reign, when nationalism was effaced by French opinions, language, customs, and alliances.

The palace, a thing of the foreigner, looks as if it had been moved by the slaves of the lamp from the bald levels of the Seine to a wild Spanish sierra: this sensual, theatrical, French château, is the antithesis of the proud, gloomy Escorial, on which it turns its back. A portion of the old *Granja* is still preserved near the *Fuente*, for the building is a thing of expedients and patchwork, and so far a thing of Spain. A long line of railing, like that of the Carrousel at Paris, divides three sides of a square. The centre body is destined to the royal family, and the wings to their suites. The facade fronts the garden, and is cheerful, although over-windowed and looking like a long Corinthian conservatory. The royal apartments are light, airy, and agreeable, without being magnificent, and in them strange events have taken place. Here, in January, 1724, Philip V. abdicated the crown, which he resumed in the next August at the death of his son, having been urged to become once more a king by his wife, who was very soon weary of private life: here, in 1783, Charles III. received the Count d'Artois, (Charles X.) when on his way to *take* Gibraltar, which he did *not* do.

Here Ferdinand VII., September 18, 1832, revoked the

decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter Isabel, born October 10, 1830, to be heiress to the crown, an act which cursed his ever ill-fated country with civil wars and a disputed succession. The secret history is said to be as follows: *Don Carlos*, his brother and heir presumptive, was married to a Portuguese princess, between whom and her sister, *La Beira*, a deadly palace war was waged by *Carlota*, the intriguing wife of *Don Francisco de Paula*, a younger brother of the king. When Ferdinand married Christina, the Neapolitan cotorie, gained so much on the Portuguese one, that, on the queen's pregnancy being declared, Carlota, in order to oust the Beira's children, induced Tadeo Calomarde, the minister of justice, to suggest this change to the uxorious king, and the decree was smuggled through the royal closet without the knowledge of the other ministers: thus Ferdinand deprived his brother Carlos of his birth-right, that brother who had been the friend of his youth, and the companion of his French captivity, and who had refused, in 1827, to assist in his dethronement.

In the autumn of 1832 Ferdinand fell dangerously ill in this same palace; the succession of Carlos was then quite certain; for Christina, at this crisis, had no party whatever, and she herself drew up a revocation of the decree, which was signed, September 18, by the guided hand of the unconscious testator; this second act was managed by the royal confessor and Alcudia, the principal mover being Calomarde, who now undid his former work, in his terror at the certain *veganza* which the Portuguese faction would have taken; and Antonini, the Neapolitan ambassador, confirmed his statement, and urged Christina to save herself. Ferdinand, two days afterwards, recovered by a miracle. As the king regained strength, the queen recovered courage, until, on October 31, the revocation was revoked,

Christina throwing the whole blame of the past on Calomarde, who was forthwith turned out of office and Spain. The king, still weak, now delegated his authority to his wife, who had nursed him most tenderly; and she instantly created a party by displacing all ultra Royalists and Carlists, or by substituting men favorable to moderate reforms. Ferdinand died September 29, 1833; then ensued the terrible civil wars which have rent and impoverished poor Spain.

This self-same palace, as if by poetical justice, became the theatre of another tragedy, by which Christina in her turn was deprived of her royal rights: here, August 12, 1836, intimidated by rude soldiery, headed by one Garcia, a serjeant, she was compelled to proclaim the democratical constitution of 1812. The secret underplot of this intrigue was to bring about a change of the conservative ministry into one ultra-radical, and the final result, as might be expected, was the downfall and exile of the queen, and the restoration of things as they were.

The gardens of the palace are the finest in Spain: the grand walk in front, called the *parterre* (for everything in name and style is French), looks over flowers, water, and mountains; here the fruits of Spring ripen in Autumn: as everything was artificial, the cost was enormous, reaching to forty-five million piastres, the precise sum in which Philip V. died indebted; thus those palaces in Spain which the Austrian kings began, are unfinished, while those which their Bourbon successors raised, are not paid for. To form these gardens, rocks were leveled and hollowed to admit pipes of fountains and roots of trees, whose soil was brought up from the plains. It requires to be constantly renewed, and even then the vegetation is dwarf-like; but despots delight in enriching favorites without merit, and their felicity contrasts with the people's misery.

San Ildefonso after all was but an imitation, and Delille, in praising its gardens, justly remarked, "Philippe défiait son ayeul et retraçait la France." Although smaller, these gardens are far more real than their type; pure genuine water is their charm, which here is no turbid puddle forced up by a wooden waterwork, but a crystal distillation, fresh from a mountain alembic; the *Cascada* is a grand falling sheet, which, under the son of Castile, glitters like melted silver; it is supplied from a a large pond or resorvoir above, which, as at Aranjeuz, is modestly termed *el Mar*, the ocean.

The gardens in which art rivals nature, are divided into the *altos y bajos*, high and low; they are laid out in a formal style, being planted in avenues, and decked with marble statuary; there are twenty-six fountains, the finest are those called los Baños de Diana, la Latona, or Ranas, la Corrida de Caballos, the two Cascades, el Canastillo, los Vientos, la Andromeda, la Pomona, and el Neptuno, at which, says Mons. Bourgion, genius presides, and where he read Virgil, and quoted "Quos ego." The Fama is the most famous, and shoots up water 130 feet high (?). The fountains play on the first Sundays of the summer months, great festivals, and royal birth or saint days, when the traveler should visit this spot. The chief statues are the Apollo and Daphne, Lucretia, Bacchus, America, Ceres, and Milon; poor and second-rate, they are much more admired by Spaniards, who have very little fine marble sculpture, than they deserve; possibly because the work of foreigners, to wit, Messrs. Carlier, Pitué, Dumandré, and Bousseau.

On Sunday afternoon while walking through the gardens, I was gratified by a sight of Christina, the youthful queen of Spain. Her appearance was that of a good-natured and portly female with a countenance of rather a pleasing expression of

joviality, and a person a little inclined to *embonpoint.* Her carriage and gait were graceful and easy, and as she received the salutations of the attendants who happened to be near, her face lighted up with a more benignant smile. I was not much interested in this modern Dido, for her conduct has always been of such an equivocal nature, that I felt no inclination to exchange places with Muñoz her lover, in order to play the Æneas on this occasion.

Having spent a few days at this place I set out for the Escorial on the morning of the third day and crossed over by the Guadarama chain, on the road that leads from San Ildefonsonso to this wonderful pile of masonry.

THE ESCORIAL.

Now for the Escorial—that eighth wonder added by Spain to the seven of the ancients—at once a convent, palace, tomb of royalty, and a museum of relics. It is Pelion on Ossa, for the granite blocks of which it is composed are piled upon the mountains of the Sierras from which they were taken. A medieval monastic fortress rising out of the upheaved ridges of primeval rocks which is conspicuous even amid the granite chains which surround. Here Philip II. built his prodigy, as an architectural response to a vow made after a victory in battle, and here that bigoted and monastic king, amid confessionals and monks ruled a kingdom by two words, his name. It was indeed a fit type of the spirit of the age, of the monster brood of the Inqusition, and a terrific offspring of the harrowed conscience of a fanatic.

The idol of the monks and abode of celibates, it was only fit to be inhabited by drones. It now appeared a vast grand, gloomy

supernatural pile, without purpose and without use, save to remind one of the broiling of its patron San Lorenzo, for its shape was that of a gridiron of which the palace is the handle.

This grand and gloomy monastery or monstrosity of architecture—a convent, a palace and a tomb united under one roof—was well located amid the sterile and barren Sierras or mountains, from which its masses had been constructed.

We should see, however, the things which are among the miracles of art and the wonder and admiration of mankind, otherwise we can form but a faint idea of the spirit of an age, in which bigotry was the genius, and tyranny the pride of kings.

How fully the simple and noble proportions of the Church display the powerful advantages of the form of the Greek cross. Our view from the roof of this edifice furnished an adequate idea of the extent, magnitude and shape of the enormous granitic gridiron to which its plain conforms—a figure which is not only well adapted to the vast pile of its buildings, but equally commemorative of the roasting on a gridiron of San Lorenzo the saint, in honor of which this structure was first built.

The whole country about this mass of stone, was barren, desolate and without grandeur, the soil was poor and the boors who scratched it almost a savage ; yet this wilderness which disfigures the face of the earth, formed no bad approach to this gloomy pile, which, here, at the fifth league from Madrid, was seen in its dreary solitary state under the jagged and sullen *Sierra*, looming so large, that it is not lost even among the mountains.

The east end of the chapel, and the projecting handle of the gridiron, mar the elevation; but as a whole it rises grandly from the gardens and terraces, embosomed in plantations, which fringe the edge of the desert, that extends all around from rose-

less *Las Rosas*, where the road branches off to *Guadarrama*, and next to *Galapagar*, where the bodies of royalty rest the first night when on their way to their last home. Here and there long lines of walls enclose the now deserted dwarf covers of *el Prado* and *la Zarzuela*, and other preserves of theriomaniac royalty. On passing a bolder granite stone, a cross indicates the former dominion of the cowl; hence, through poplars and pollarded elms the road ascends to the wind-blown hamlet, which looks paltry when compared to the single edifice, whose size is increased by the insignificance of so many smaller buildings. The *Escorial* is placed by some geographers in Old Castile, but the division of the provinces is carried on the crest of the *Sierra*, which rises behind it.

The Escorial is now a shadow of the past, for the shell has lost its living monks, and those revenues whereby they lived. The enormous pile, exposed to the hurricane and mountain snows, was only to be kept in repair at a great outlay. In the five years after the sequestrations of convents more injury ensued than during the preceding two centuries. The rains penetrated through the damaged roof, and damp, sad destroyer, crept into the untenanted chambers. The eighth marvel of the world, which cost millions, was perishing for the sake of a few hundreds, until Arguelles, in 1842, destined a pittance out of the queen's privy purse, and stayed the immediate ruin, which outlays have been continued. The convent was stripped of its gold by the invaders; and in July, when the Carlists, under Zariategui, advanced on Segovia, a hundred of the best pictures were removed to Madrid.

The correct title of the edifice is *El real sitio de San Lorenzo el real de Escorial.* The latter name is derived, by some, from *Escoriæ* the *dross* of the mines, which do not exist here. The

edifice is a combined palace, convent and tomb, and for these purposes was it reared by Philip II., *el prudente*, who is called by the monks "the holy founder," and by other *el Escorialense*. His ostensible object was to carry out the will of his father in constructing a royal burial place, and to fulfil a panic-inspired vow made during the battle of St. Quentin, when he implored the aid of San Lorenzo, on whose day (August 10, 1557) it was fought. This saint was a native of Huesca in Aragon, and was put to death on a gridiron by Valentianus, August 10, 261.

The victory now claimed by the Spaniards for themselves alone was won by a *foreign* commander, by Philibert of Savoy, ably seconded by D'Egmont, with Flemish infantry and German cavalry, and better still by 8000 English, under Lord Pembroke. The French were completely routed, and lost 3000 men, 4000 prisoners, colors, baggage, and artillery. Had Philip II. pressed on, he might have captured Paris as easily as the Duke did after Waterloo; but as he wanted means of moving, like Castaños, and like him was not even on the field of *his* victory. He passed his time between two confessors, vowing convents, and swearing, if once safe, never to conquer twice. And this colossal pile is proportionate to his piety and fears, for 'celui qui faisait un si grand vœu,' said the Duke of Braganza, 'doit avoir eu grand peur;' and, in truth, it is the only *benefit* which Spain derived from that important victory. Philip, tired of war's alarms, reposed under *his* borrowed laurels, and took to building, for which he was really fitted, being a man of taste and a true patron of artists.

On the 13th of September, 1598, Philip II. died here, having lived in his vast convent fourteen years, half-king, half-monk, and boasting that from the foot of a mountain he governed half the world, old and new, with two inches of paper. The

holy founder is compared to Solomon, who reared the temple, which was not permitted to men of blood, like David and Charles V.

The edifice disappoints at first sight ; for it has nothing in form or color which is either royal, religious, or ancient. The clean granite, blue slates, and leaden roofs, look new, as if built yesterday for an overgrown barrack or manufactory. The multitude of bald windows (they say that there are 11,000, in compliment to the Cologne Virgins), the green shutters and chickets are offensive ; the windows of the entresoles look like port-holes, and from the thickness of the walls, they might be made real embrazures for cannon. The windows are too small, but had they been planned in proportion to the façades, the rooms lighted by them would have been too lofty, and thus external appearance was sacrificed for internal accommodation : now they are spots which cut up breadth and interfere with the sentiment of solidity. Bigoted, indeed was Philip when he could sacrifice an opportunity of building a perfect palace, to an idle legend of a gridiron ; and poor Herrera forced to lower his genius to a plan worthy of the Beef-steak Club or Cobbett's register, was indeed the real martyr. The redeeming qualities are size, simplicity, and situation. It stands about 2700 feet above the level of the sea, and is part and parcel of the mountain out of which it has been constructed : it is so large that it looks, not a wart upon Olympus, but grand even amid the mighty buttresses of nature, which form an appropriate frame to the severe picture. The ashy pile looms like the palace of Death, who hence sends forth his blasts of consumption, which descend from these peeled Sierras to sweep human and vegetable life from the desert of Madrid. Cold as the grey eye and granite heart of its founder, this monument of fear and superstition

would have been out of keeping, amid the flowers and sunshine of a happy valley.

The edifice is a rectangular parallelogram, measuring 744 feet from north to south, and 580 from east to west. The interior is divided into courts, which represent the intersections of the bars of a gridiron, while the handle forms the royal residence ; the feet are supplied by the four towers at the corners. The north and west sides, which front the village and mountains, have a fine paved *Lonja*, or platform : to the east and south, terraces look over formal hanging gardens and fishponds. The slopes below are well planted, especially *la Herreria*, and *la Fresneda :* the elms, according to Evelyn, were brought by Philip II. from England. The west, or grand façade faces the Sierra, for the convent turns its back on Madrid. On the north, *Lonja* is a subterranean gallery 180 feet long, ten high, and seven broad, tunnelled in 1770 by the monk Pontones, in order to afford a communication during the winter hurricanes, which the guides say, once hoisted an ambassador, coach and all, into the air, to say nothing of the petticoats of monks, and women, blown up like balloons, and lords of the bedchamber, by the score, whirled round and round like dead leaves. The convent, on account of the winds, is not placed according "to the cardinal points ;" their violence is disarmed by its being set a little out of the square. The guides know by rote all the proportions. They repeat that the square of the building covers 3002 feet ; that in the centre is the chapel, surmounted by a dome ; that there are sixty-three fountains, twelve cloisters, eighty staircases, sixteen court-yards, and 3000 feet of painted fresco. It was at once a temple, a palace, a treasury, a tomb house, and a museum ; "exceeding magnifical, of fame and glory throughout all countries." The grand central Doric

and Ionic portal is never opened, save to admit royalty, either alive or dead. The first *patio* is called *de los Reyes*, from the statues of "the Kings" of Judah, connected with the Temple of Jerusalem. They are seventeen feet high, and were all cut by Juan Bautista Monegro, out of one granite block, of which enough still remains to make up the dozen. The interior of the chapel, as seen from under the sombre grotto-like Templo, is the triumph of architecture; it takes away the breath of the beholder from its majestic simplicity. All is quiet, solemn, and unadorned; no tinsel statues, or tawdry gildings, mar the perfect proportion of the chaste Christian temple; the religious sentiment pervades the whole of this house of God; everything mean and trivial is forgotten. An awe, *der schauer des erhaben*, creeps over mortal man, who feels that the Holy of Holies overshadows him.

Next descend into the *Panteon*, the term given by the *Catholic* Spaniards to a *Christian* burial vault. This is placed under the high altar, in order that the celebrant, when he elevates the host, may do so exactly above the dead. Philip, although he built the Escorial as a tomb-house for his father, prepared nothing but a plain vault, which, like that of Frederick the Great, at Potzdam, by the absense of tinsel pomp, becomes at once impressive and instructive, from the moral which such a change in such a monarch must suggest. Philip III., his silly son, began the present gorgeous chamber, which Philip IV. completed in 1654, moving in the royal bodies on the 17th of March. The entrance, with its gilt ornaments and variegated marbles, has nothing in common with the sepulchral sentiment. Of the octagonal Panteon, there are twenty-six niches hollowed in the eight sides, with black marble urnas, which are too classical to create a Christian sentiment; the

names of the deceased are written on each; those which are filled, are inscribed with the name of the occupant; the empty ones await future kings, for death, which takes away from everything, enriches this greedy charnel-house. None are buried here save kings and the mothers of kings; for etiquette and precedence in Spain survive the grave; and to preserve propriety the males are placed separately, and opposite to the females. The royal bodies are really deposited in their *Urnas*, as Philip IV., in 1654, opened that of Charles V., which was found to be perfectly preserved; and Ferdinand VII., at his restoration, had the others examined, fearing that the republican invader might have rifled them, as elsewhere, either to insult dead royalty, or procure lead to destroy the living.

The grand staircase, that feature in which modern architecture triumphs over the ancients, leads to an upper *claustro:* it was designed by Juan Bautista Castello, and lies to the west. It is painted in fresco by L. Cangiagi, L. Giordano, and P. Pelegrino. Here is the battle of St. Quentin, and the capture of the Constable Montmorency; while to the east Philip II. is seen planning the Escorial with his architects. On the ceiling is *la Gloria*, the apotheosis, or ascending into heaven, of San Lorenzo, with saints and the blessed, and among them Charles V. and Philip II. All this space was thus covered in seven months, by Giordano, too truly *Luca fa presto*, and his fatal facility and want of thought dealt the last blow to falling Italian art.

The great library is placed above the porch of the *Patio de los Reyes;* over the entrance is the common excommunication by the Pope of all who should steal the books, to which the invaders paid small attention. The arched rooms run from

north to south, and are 194 feet long, thirty-two wide, and thir ty-six high ; the pavement is marble, and the book-cases were executed by José Flecha, from Doric designs by Herrera. There are ample tables of marble and porphyry, provided for the use of readers ; and the ceilings are painted in fresco, blues and yellows predominate, and the colors are too gaudy for the sober books, while the figures, being too colossal, injure relative proportions ; but these errors pervade the ambitious works of Tibaldi, who out-heroded M. Angelo, without possessing a tithe of his grandeur or originality. Other frescos are by B. Carducho, and of subjects analogous to a library, and the personification of the liberal sciences. First, Philosophy shows the Globe to Socrates, and others ; below, is the School of Athens ; then follows the Confusion of Tongues, Nebuchadonezzor instituting the first Grammar School ; Rhetoric surrounded by Cicero, Demosthenes, and others. Further on, we see Dialectics, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Astronomy, and Theology, with appropriate groups and attributes ; but nothing is so tiresome as allegory. On the walls hang portraits of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, and of Arias Montano, its librarian, and the still more striking one of their master, Philip II., when old ; it is full of identity and individuality ; here we see him in the flesh and spirit, louring from his den, with his wan, dejected look, marked with the melancholy taint of his grandmother, and his bigot, grey eye, cold as frozen drops of morning dew. The grave seems to give up its dead, and the suspicious sacred bigot walks out of the frame into his own library. The books have their edges, not backs, turned to the spectator, having been thus originally arranged by Montano. The library, in 1808, before the invasion, is said to have contained 30,000 printed, and 4,300 MS. volumes. Joseph

removed them all to Madrid, but Ferdinand VII. sent them back.

The grand kitchen of the Escorial deserves the gastronome's inspection, who will grieve at the fireless gates, on which San Lorenzo might have been broiled: alas! no smoke now issues from the chimneys. This department was once worthy of 200 monks, who had little else to do but to eat. In the medical dispensary, or *la Botica*, was a fine Raphael-ware cistern, painted with the Judgment of Solomon. The *Colegio* is not worth visiting, although there is a whispering gallery which amuses silly folk, just like that under the Alhambra. From the kitchen to the royal residence the transition is easy, especially as it is placed in the handle of the gridiron, *el mango de la parrilla.* Here the Catholic kings, whose life was one dull routine, spent six weeks every year, after leaving their summer quarter of San Ildefonso. They thus become the real handle of the man of the cowl, who had access to the despot at his first rising and at his last folding the arms to sleep. The courtiers, however, even in the time of Philip II., thought of nothing but feastings and intrigues amatory and political; thus mixing up the frivolities of a most profligate court with the outward show of monastic austerities.

In a room adjoining Ferdinand VII. was born, October 14, 1784; and here, October 29, 1807, he was nearly sacrificed by his own mother, and her minion Godoy; Charles, his father, consenting to his own shame and their crimes. The prince was arrested for high treason, when he, coward-like, betrayed his advisers; and this act, which would have ensured his and their ruin, saved them all, for the dreaded name of Buonaparte was found mixed up in the secret correspondence, and the craven court hushed the matter up. Visit also the humble apartments

in which Philip II. lived, half a monk, as he reserved all his magnificence for the temple ; and then descend into the small room in which he died, September 13, 1598, aged seventy-two, having been carried there in order that his last glance might be directed to the altar : his lingering end was terrific in body and mind, covered, says Bratome, with lice-breeding boils ; he was haunted with doubts whether his bloody bigotry, the supposed merit of his life, was not in truth a damning crime. As a political personage, he was a failure ; under him the clay-footed colossus of Spanish power began to give way ; he quarreled with England, lost his invincible armada and the Low Countries ; yet what a position was his, had he felt and been equal to the moment ! Ferdinand and Isabella had beaten down the Moor at home, while Charles V. had humbled France, and was master of Lombardy ; in quiet possession of peace and power, Philip might have been a legislator and a benefactor to his country : he might have given Spain a code of laws, covered with a net-work of roads and canals, and fixed the capital at Lisbon instead of Madrid. All of this he sacrificed to fight the battles of the Vatican and build a convent : but whatever his faults, which partly were the result of his political position and the spirit of the age, he at least was a true patron of art and artists ; he discovered or created talent to execute his mighty works ; his biography, attempted by Watson and Evaristo San Miguel, has yet to be really written, and it will soon occupy the pen of Mr. Prescott, who assuredly will do justice to his splendid subject.

Before leaving the Escorial chamber, clamber up to the *Silla del Rey*, the eminence from whence Philip II. used to contemplate the progress of his buildings. Visit also the parks and plantations, which contrast agreeably with the desert beyond

them; and just look at the *Casa del Campo*, or *Casita del Principe*, a miniature country house, too small indeed to live in, and yet too large to wear at a watch chain: it was built by Juan de Villanueva for Charles IV. when *prince*, and like that at Aranjuez, is the plaything of a spoilt infant. It is expensively ornamented with marble, marqueterie, gimcracks, arabesques, and with poor portraits of the ignoble-looking Spanish Bourbons. The cabinet pictures are second rate; they were formed for the rising Mæcenas by his French and Italian valets! The gardens are pretty, and form, with the neighboring walks, a favorite evening summer promenade, for the *Escorial* is frequented by many who fly from the scorching heats of Madrid to its cooler groves; the difference of the thermometer Réaumur often reaches seven degrees. Officials place their families here, and come over on the Saturdays, returning on Monday.

The road back to the capital scarcely offers any object to the eye except where you catch sight of *El Pardo*, another royal seat; from which point Madrid appears to advantage in the distance.

DESULTORIA.

In order properly to understand the peculiar situations of the places described in this chapter, you must imagine the plan of Madrid to be that of a parallelogram, with its corners rounded off; and then it will be an easy task to follow us in the course of our wanderings after our return from the royal seats of La Granja and the Escorial.

Beginning with the Prado, the resort of the citizens at evening, our walk often led us into the pleasant gardens and parterres of the Buen Retiro, which was built by the courtiers

to divert the mind of Philip from politics. This retreat was prettily laid out with flower pots, shade-trees, shrubberies, fountains and kiosks, and the grounds ornamented with statuary, vases, pogadas, artificial lakes and rivulets. From the highest point of the gardens a fine view of the city is obtained, embracing the range of its twenty steeples. You there perceive the Oriental aspect of Madrid; not far off you observe the Botanical Gardens, which have been planted in good taste. This section of the capital presents no less than three public squares with promenades, viz.: the Prado, the Botanical Gardens, and the Buen Retiro: thus affording sufficiently ample lungs for the healthy exercise of its numerous population. A better view over the city may be had from the Astronomical Observatory, a building constructed in the shape of an Ionic temple. Nearly in front of it, I was pleased to observe a classical cistern, of Rafaelesque style, erected over the well-pit of the courtyard. It had an odd shape. Jumping over the stone-wall which marked the limits of these gardens, I descended to the well, and was soon within the inside of the Chapel of Atocha. The royal family come here to worship on Saturdays. The king and queen are seldom seen together at any other time, so little respect have they for each other, other than an observance of decency in behavior within the sight of their subjects. The Virgin of the Atocha is the patron saint of Madrid. The entire front and side of the altar, and a great portion of the walls were covered with national flags, and parts of legs and arms, ex-votive offering to her ladyship, a virgin who is deemed by the Madrileños possessed of the virtue of miraculous workings and powers.

When the Queen of Spain was married, her wedding-dresses became a perquisite of the Virgin. Ferdinand's uncle, Anto-

nio, embroidered for her a petticoat. Considering the popular tradition and belief, he could not have done a more politic act, or one that would have come more home to the feelings of the masses at Madrid.

While passing out of the chapel by a passage through the department of the convent formerly attached to the chapel, but now occupied as the barracks of the corps de guarde of this quarter, I took the liberty of lighting my cigar at the pipe of one of the soldiers; the privilege of asking for fuego, or a light, being a matter of course in the street etiquette of the Spaniard; and having lighted, I strolled away from the city, outside the walls, and having passed under the gate of Atocha, walked along the avenues of "La Florida," the promenade which encircles the entire circuit of the walls of the city.

Stopping awhile to admire the shady groves of the Casino, another garden, by the way-side, I did not fail to observe the various groupings of the people and animals, that were collected in spots, near the walls and the fountains. There was much in their positions, occupations, and actions, to amuse the mind, and somewhat to remind one of similar sights in the Orient. Near by, a poor peasant was under the hands of a barber, undergoing the operation of shaving, in the street; beyond, groups of country people were engaged with their loaded carts; and further, still, patient asses were quietly drinking from the running fountains. Water—one of the necessaries of life—is very abundant at Madrid, and the crowds about the various fountains present happy subjects for the artist's pencil. At the corner opposite the Atocha, the General Hospital spreads its vast pile, but the cool shades of the Casino invites me from the heat of the noon-day sun; where I rest until the meridian is over. Re-commencing my course, I pursued the

line of the Casino until the gate of Toledo was passed, and thence, proceeding in the direction of the south, I walked down to the bed of a stream. The "Manzanares"—the great river—is the "only and the all" of Madrid; it has, nevertheless, a grand viaduct, although very little water runs underneath, and that little, even, is confined in and under a shed, where busy and clamorous washerwomen cleanse the polluted rags of the city, and on its banks, which are clad with the many colored garments there, hung them out to dry.

Although the river is without water, it has many large and noble bridges to cover. There is a tradition current, that its bed was once watered, in order that a king might cross it without fear of the dust. Notwithstanding, Madrid has no lack of good water, and a plenty of fine fountains. The mountain springs feed the sources of their supply; and what is scarce at London and Paris, is plenty enough in this city. The magnificent bridge of Saint Isidoro is a good stand to view the busy scenes of activity, which indicate the presence of a capital—washerwomen under the arches, peasants, with their curious carts, laden with produce, hurrying on to the gates. Study their costumes, and look at their peaked hats, with black buttons; they all wear bright red sashes around their waist, preserving their stomachs and their money. Some have moccasin shoes, others are bare-footed, and wear splendid short jackets. Black flat hats, with rosettes, is the fancy of a few, who sport a Roman tunic. Presently a trabujero, or porter, trudges along with his ropes over his shoulders, and naked legs, wearing his blanket a la dragoon's jacket, and picturesquely too. Then what antiquated carts, sad looking donkeys, and ragged beggars. How like the East these scenes appear!

THE MANZANARES.

Three avenues now branch off from the circular plantation above the Casino: the two west lead to the Manzanares, the Thames of Madrid, and termed by euphuists *Visconde de rios y Duque de Arroyos;* but the Madrilenian cockneys are called *Ballenatos hijos de Ballena*, because they took an albarda or pack-saddle, floating down their noble river, for a whale; in reality the paltry streamlet, although scarcely furnishing water for the washerwomen, has also fed the dry humor of Spanish wags and satirists from Quevedo, Gongora, and downwards for some centuries. It is entitled a river by courtesy, because it has bridges, which many real waters in Spain have not. The dilemma here has been whether to sell a bridge or buy water. These enormous *Puentes*, about which there is no mistake, are (as at Valencia) not quite pontes asinorum, since they serve as viaducts across the dip, and sometimes the rain torrents descend from the Guadarrama in such a body, that even their gigantic piers are threatened by the inundations; however, the deluge soon passes away, spent in its own fury: and whenever it rains, the stranger should run quickly down to see the river before it is gone. In summer the rivulet is scarcely so wide as its name is long, and they say the bed was once *watered* when Ferdinand VII. passed it, to prevent his being annoyed by the dust. The dry-shod foot-passenger crosses it without knowing it, as in Lucan (ix. 974):—

> "Inscius in sicco serpentum pulvere rivum
> Transierat, qui Xanthus erat."

Gongora, besides sundry profane and scurvy jests, likened this river-god, whose urn is so often dry, to the rich man in flames

calling for one drop of water. Tirso de Molina's epigram compares it to the *long vacations*, in summer, of universities :—

"Como Alcalá y Salamanca,
Teneis y no sois Colegio,
Vacaciones es Verano
Y curso solo en Invierno."

The water of this anatomy, which has the form of a river without the circulation, is enticed into holes by naiads, to whom are committed the shirts and shifts, *Los panos menores* of Madrid. The lavation, especially under the royal palace by the tree-fringed banks, is garrulous and picturesque, for brightly do the parti-colored garments glitter in the sun. There are also some baths in which the *Madrileños*, in summer, cool their parched bodies.

The Manzanares rises about seven leagues from Madrid, and enters the Jarama near *Vacia Madrid*. Down stream east, is the unfinished canal, projected in 1668, to connect Madrid with the Tagus, which was begun, as usual, eagerly, and, as usual, soon neglected, and only two leagues are finished. The stagnant waters are a reservoir of fever; thus becoming a curse, not a benefit, and adding to the insalubrity of sickly Madrid: there are a few buildings, and also a chapel for pious bargemen who bring lime to the capital. There are four bridges over the Manzanares: one of wood at the extreme east end crosses over to the hermitage of *San Isidro del Campo*. The grand pilgrimage to this male patron of Madrid, takes place on May 15, and is a truly national scene, where may be studied most of the costumes, songs, and dances of the provinces, as the natives settled at Madrid congregate in parties with true local spirit, each preserving their own peculiarities. Booths are erected, and eat-

ing-houses in which the *Gaita Gallega* resounds with the *Guitarra Andaluza;* vast numbers of the saints' small pig-bells, made of clay, are sold; they avert lightning when well rung; this fair is to the Madrilenian what Greenwich is, on Easter Monday, to the Cockney; the elder refer to it with pleasure in recollection of their sweet days of youth, fun, and frolic.

San Isidro is a very different saint from San Isidoro. The former (like St. Cuthbert, the tutelar of Durham) was a day-laborer, whence he is called *el Labrador.* Isidro, instead of minding his plough, passed his time in a siestose consideration of the sainted namesake, having been born on the very day that San Isidoro's body was removed to Leon. Angels, during his ecstacies, come down from heaven and did his work; hence, say the chroniclers, the still-existing miraculous fertility of the environs of Madrid. Philip III., having been cured by touching his body, obtained from the pope the canonization of this tutelar, on whom Lope de Vega wrote a *Justa Poetica,* or eulogistic poem, which is much more serious than the ballads made by Southey on this saint. He was born in the tenth century; the son of *Ibn* (the son) de Vargas; he married Maria de la Cabeza, a hind's daughter, and also a saint. His miracles were agricultural; thus he found out water-springs, raised corn, but without ploughing, and horses from the dead; his life has been thus summed up:—

> "Tierras, virtudes y cielo
> Labre, cultive, cogi,
> Con piedad, con fe, con zelo."

The angels of heaven came down to share his hospitality; whereupon his *olla* was miraculously replenished. He appeared to Alonso VIII., in the form of the peasant who showed the

path at *Navas de Talosa*. When Isabel *la Catolica*, having been cured by his intervention, went to pray at his tomb, one of her maids of honor, kissing his feet, bit off his second toe as a relic, and forthwith lost her powers of speech; but on ejecting the mouthful, recovered her pristine fluency.

Returning to the Manzanares, I passed, without crossing it, the bridge and viaduct *El Puente de Toledo*, which was built in 1735, by Philip V., and is 385 feet long by 36 wide. Nothing can be worse in taste, although San Isidoro and his wife, adorn the scene, looking out for water. Here the public executions take place, and generally by the *garrote*, a sort of strangling machine based on the Oriental bow-string; as a more agreeable spectacle, the artist and lover of picturesque peasantry should visit this gate early in the morning, and sketch the groups of market-people, their wares and beasts, who congregate around, awaiting the ceremony of the *derecho de Puertas*, the old Sisa. Their indignation at the *Resguardos* gives animation to their eyes and gestures.

Crossing the Manzanares are the avenues and the *La Florida*, which continue on the road to the Escorial, and were a very fashionable promenade in the reign of Charles III.

PALACE.

Avoiding this new *Paseo*, and turning out of the Florida, at the gate San Vicente, I ascended to the truly royal palace rising above the valley and sparkling like white marble on a clear blue sky: it certainly is one of the most magnificient in the world. It has two open *plazas:* that to the east, *del Oriente*, is a sort of Frenchified Place de Carousel, for here the invaders demolished eighty-seven houses, and left the space

a desert of dust and glare, and impassable in the dog-days. Ferdinand VII. removed the ruins, had the locality leveled, and commenced a magnificent theatre and colonnade. The site, indeed, was very convenient for the king, being close to his residence; but by no means so for the citizens in general, as the place is in a distant angle of the town.

In the centre of a circular garden is one of the finest equestrian statues in the world, which was moved in 1844 from the *Buen Retiro* gardens. It represents Philip IV. mounted on his war charger, and is a solid Velazquez. Montañes carved the model in wood, while the bronze was cast at Florence, in 1640, by Pedro Tacca. It is nineteen feet high, and 180 cwt., yet the horse curvets, supported by the hind legs, and the mane and scarf absolutely float in the air. As this fine thing was comparatively lost in the *Retiro*, it was often before proposed to move it into Madrid; but the Minister Grimaldi declared that to be too great an honor for any Austrian king, and protested that he would only consent if the head of Philip were cut off, and the baboon, Bourbon, one of Charles III. substituted—a pantomimic change worthy of a Grimaldi.

The royal palace is enormous, but does not satisfy when we approach it nearly. Were it not that here is the premier's office, the palace would have the deserted look of the uninhabited St. James, but the throng of *pretendientes*, *empleados*, *cesantes*, *cialeteros*, *y demas pordioseros*, gives life to the scene. It occupies the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burnt down on Christmas-eve, 1734, when Philip V. determined to rebuild a rival to Versailles, and Felipe de Jubara, a Sicilian, prepared the model. The architect judiciously wished to change the site for the San Bernardino hill, but Elizabeth Farnese, the queen,

whose ambition it was to advance her children, grudged the expense, and combined *en camarilla* with the minister Patiño; and so many difficulties were made, that Jubara died of hope deferred. Philip then directed Juan Bautista Sachetti, of Turin, to prepare a smaller and less expensive plan, which, the queen not objecting, was adopted, April 7, 1737.

It is a square of 470 feet each way, by 100 feet high, but the wings and the hanging-gardens are unfinished. The rustic base is of granite; the window-work of white stone of Colmenar, which in the bright sun glitters as a fair palace of marble. Visit it also at moonlight, when, in the silent death-like loneliness, the pile looms like a ghostly thing of the enchanter, on a castle of snow. On the heavy balustrade above stood a series of heavier royal statues, which were taken down and sent to Toledo and Burgos, or buried in the vaults, from whence some have been taken out to *adorn* the *Plaza del Oriente*. The grand staircase here, is noble in design and easy of ascent; but, as in some other palaces, *L'Escalier dérobé*, the *back staircase*, is the most frequented. It is said, when Buonaparte ascended these steps, that he told his brother Joseph, "Vous seriez mieux logé que moi." He laid his hand on one of the white marble lions, exclaiming, "Je la tiens enfin, cette Espagne, si désirée!" So spake Cæsar on landing, "Teneo te, Africa!" But the French, like the Romans, at last discovered that Spain is a morsel easier to be swallowed than digested: "Plus est provinciam retinere quam facere" (Florus ii. 17, 8). The Duke shortened poor Pepe's tenure: he entered Madrid in triumph after the victory of Salamanca, on the 12th of August, 1812, and was lodged in this palace. "It is impossible," wrote he from it, "to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants upon our arrival, or their detestation of the French

yoke." That yoke, removed by a stranger, was replaced by a native Spaniard, by Ballesteros!

Nothing is more tiresome than a palace, a house of velvet, tapestry, gold, and a bore. Yet this is a truly royal one, in which the most precious marbles are used prodigally in floorings and doorways. The multitudinous French clocks were the especial hobby of Ferdinand VII. On these walls hung those glorious pictures now in the *Museo*, which that monarch ejected to hang up French papers. The vaults and store-rooms were filled with fine old furniture: but since his death a gigantic pillage has gone on as regards jewels and every thing of portable value. The chief saloon is called *de los Embajadores*, or the Reception or Throne room, and its decorations are indeed most princely; the crystal chandeliers, colossal looking-glasses, cast at San Ildefonso, the marble tables, crimson velvet and gold, will enchant lovers of fine furniture; here the sovereigns of the Spains, when alive, receive on grand occasions, and when dead are laid out in state. There we beheld the "beloved" Ferdinand VII., his face, hideous in life, now purple like a ripe fig, dead and dressed in full uniform, with a cocked hat on his head, and his stick in his hand.

The ceiling is painted by Tiepolo, with the "Majesty of Spain," the virtues of the kings, and the people in the different costumes of the provinces. The most admired ceilings are the apotheosis of Trajan and the Aurora, in the twenty-first room, by Mengs, the revivor of fresco; but oil-painting he could not revive from the leaden drowsiness in which it lay. There is a 4to description of these frescos by Francisco Fabre, Mad., 1829.

The views from the windows which overlook the river are true landskips of the Castilian school; the slopes under the royal eye are left in ragged mangy deformity; how the magic

wand of the Moor would have clothed the waste with flowers and verdure, and raised hanging gardens and fountains, in imitation of those on the declivity of the Alhambra, which, although artificial, rival nature herself. Now all is abandoned: below trickles the Manzanares, with its great name and scanty stream; beyond stretch the ragged woods of *Casso del Campo*, and then the hopeless tawny steppes, bounded by the icy Gaudarrama, whose sharp outline cuts the bright sky, and whose snowy heights freeze the gale; all is harsh and torrid, colorless and blanched, but not yet devoid of a certain savage grandeur. Visit the site of the night attack of October 7, 1841, when the Gallo-Christinos endeavored to carry off the young queen. The plot, planned at Paris, was headed by Pezuela, and Concha, the brother-in-law of Espartero, who, when his scheme failed, ran away and hid himself under one of the bridges of the Manzanares, while Diego Leon, a brave sabreur and his tool, was taken and executed. The regent pardoned the other criminals, who repaid him by conspiring to his ruin: nay, Concha hunted his benefactor even to the bay of Cadiz, and, had he caught him, assuredly would have put him to death. The regiment *de la Princesa* fired all night at the handful of *Alabardoros;* only four men were killed and wounded between them, and Col. Dulce, who beat back the conspirators, was turned out of his place by Christina. The palace, from standing on an eminence, exposed directly to the winds from the snowy Guadarrama, is so bitter cold in winter that the sentinels are constantly frozen to death.

Visit *La Real Cochera* and *Las Caballerizas.* These enormous coach-houses and stables lie to the north-east: the latter, once filled with mules and horses which conveyed the kings to their daily shootings. The carriages are of all forms and ages,

from the cumbrous state-coach to the Cupid-bedizened car, from the *coche de colleras* to the *équipage de Paris* and the hearse.

LA ARMERIA.

Now return to the south façade of the palace, and visit *La Armeria real.* The first entrance is very striking, and worthy of this land of the Cid and chivalry: it carries one back to the heroic age of Spain. All down the middle of the saloon are drawn up equestrian figures, while armed knights stand against the walls, surrounded in every direction with implements of war and tournament. Above hang banners taken from the enemy, while the walls are lined with coats of armor.

Observe the nineteen suits of armor of Charles V., chased in fine cinque-cento. On the front of every one is engraved the Virgin, his tutelar, and at the back Santa Barbara—Isis and Astarte. The latter saint is the patroness of Spanish artillery, as Santa Teresa is generalissima of infantry. Santa Barbara is also invoked by all the old women of Spain, in thunderstorms, for she directs the artillery both of heaven and of earth. The suits of Philip II. are very splendid, especially those worked in black and gold. The armor of the Cid is fictitious; not so that of Isabella, which she wore at the siege of Granada. The monogram *Isabel* is worked on the visor, and she must have been a portly dame. Ferdinand, her husband, dressed in bran new red breeches, and armed in black and gold armor, is mounted on a war-horse, while San Fernando is kept in a case. His nether man is altogether apocryphal, notwithstanding which many indulgences are granted to all who behold it with an implicit faith.

Some of the shields on the walls are superb. Observe one

with a Medusa's head; and another studded with cameos, and given to Philip II. by a Duke of Savoy. The armor of the Great Captain is authentic; there are four suits, all richly chased, with a badge of two palm trees issuing from a coronet. Remark the peculiar coal-scuttle helmet of the Rey Chico, and a suit of armor, worked with silver filagree, given to Philip II. by the city of Pamplona. Observe the armor of Guzman el Bueno, of Fernan Cortes, of John of Austria, and worn at Lepanto; of Columbus, black and white, with silver medallions; also a suit of a German elector, heavy, square, and short-legged—there is no mistaking the country of the wearer. The smaller suits, for Infantes and young heroes, are military playthings. The Turkish banners were mostly taken at Lepanto. The collection of guns belonging to Charles III. and Charles IV., is worthy of these royal gamekeepers; many are inlaid with jewels: one was a present from Buonaparte, who soon after *accepted* from his friend his crown and kingdom.

The collection of swords is much more interesting; for this weapon Spain, has always been celebrated.

There are the swords of St. Ferdinand, of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the "Great Captain;" the latter was used when knighthood was conferred on distinguished persons. Next remark those of Charles V., Philip II., Fernan Cortes, and Pizarro, in a steel sheath. The implements of tournaments and hunting are extremely curious and complete, as the German love of heraldry, and the lists, flourished in the congenial soil of the Castiles, the land of personal prowess, and the hidalgo, and *Paso Honroso:* here, by the way, is the sword of Suero de Quinones. The saddles and leather shields of the Moors are curious; the latter, or *Adargas*, although light, resisted spear and sword: two hides are cemented together by a mortar, com-

posed of herbs and camel-hair ; the forms are ovals, and ornamented with three tassels, and the *umbo*, or knob : they are the unchanged *Cetræ* of the Carthagenians and Iberians.

Now cross the Calle de Segovia to *las Vistillas*, long the town residence of the Duques de Infantado, and where Ferdinand and Isabella lived. From the windows did Ximenez, when asked by what authority he assumed the Regency, point to his artillery and soldiers in the court below.

Proceed next into the intricate Prout-like jumble of lanes, the old *Moreria*, which is now thought a parenthesis of barbarism in an age of civilization : there is a plan of opening a wide street to the *Calle de Segovia ;* all this side of Madrid, which hangs over the river, was the ancient town, and it contrasts with the newer portions, near and beyond the *Puerta del Sol.*

Now visit *la Plaza de Cebada*, the forage, the "hay," the "grass market," and where executions formerly took place. The artist and naturalist will come here to study costume and produce ; the scene is busy, noisy, and pictorial. Those who wish to see old Madrid, and the quarters of the *Populacho*, may now thread the Calles del D. de Alba, Jesus y Maria, to the *Lavapies:* all this locality is a sort of Seven Dials. The Calle de Zurita, de la Comadre, Campillo de Manuela, etc., are, and have been, the homes and styes of *Manolos* and *Manolas*, *Chisperos*, *Gitanos*, *Chalanes*, and other picturesque rogues since the days of Quevedo, although, alas ! every day they are abandoning their national costume—

"En Madrid se juntaron
Cuantos pobres y pobras,
A la *fuente del plojo*
En sus *Zahurdas* moran."

Those who have no taste for a Castilian St. Giles, may pass up la Latina to San Isidra el Real, in the Calle de Toledo. This, once a Jesuits' college, was built in 1651, and, now a parish church, is called *la Colegiata;* here bad taste and churriguerismo reign undisputed. This convent was attacked by the Madrid mob, July 17, 1834, who murdered the monks, because they had caused the cholera.

Visit *Las Recogidas*, or *Santa Maria Magdalena*. No woman can take the benefit of this institution without having duly qualified by undoubted guilt, and none, once admitted, can get out except to take the veil or marry. Here also is a quarter in which those ladies are confined whose relations think them likely to be benefited by a little restraint; an institution which might be usefully extended to some capitals out of Spain.

The Foundling Hospital, *La Inclusa*, in the Calle de los Embajadores, is so called from a much-venerated image of the Virgin, which was brought by a Spanish soldier from *Enkuissen* (Enchusen), in Holland; here more than 1200 infants, sinless children of sin, are annually exposed by their unnatural parents. The lying-in asylum for these mothers, in the Calle del Rosal, is called, as if in mockery, Nuestra Señora de *la Esperanza*,—what *hope* is there for such deserted offspring? the more honest vulgar, however, call it *el Pecado mortal*, the deadly sin: here unmarried women are *confined* in both senses of the word.

Very few of the palaces of the Grandees contain anything worth notice. They were plundered by the invaders, and their owners are not over-gifted with taste. Spain, indeed, is a shadow of departed greatness, and of all shadows none are more unsubstantial, with few exceptions, than the present holders of the time-honored titles of her heroic age. To be a

Grande it almost now seems necessary to be *chico*, or small in person and intellect. From never allying themselves with the commonalty, they stand alone like barren palm-trees and on the surface; they have no deep roots intertwined with the social system, nor the education or talent to carve out for themselves a position. Uneducated and untraveled, these popinjay butterflies are fit only to swell the levees, the *Besamanos* of the court, where, true *Palaciegos*, the insects glitter in embroidery and decoration. Madrid is indeed *the* court of fine names, gilt gingerbread, and trappings of honor, as the *forms* of real strength are resorted to, in order to raise the apparent splendor of a faded country, to mask the absence of living spirit by the symbol: nowhere, not even at cognate Naples, is there a greater prodigality of utterly undeserved titles and decorations. The meaner the man the more individual insignificance requires to be plastered over. The badge confers, indeed, small honor, but not to have it is a disgrace. Formerly, said the shrewd *Populacho*, rogues were hung on crosses, now crosses are hung on rogues.

The largest of the Grandees' houses, and a real poor house, is that of the Duque de Medinaceli, Casa de San Geronimo : it looks like ten houses taken from Bond street. The plate and armory were appropriated by the French. Here are kept, in scandalous neglect, some antiques which were brought from the *Casa de Pilatos* at Seville. They are not of high art: observe a fawn, a Mercury, and Apollo. Here are two very early cannon (see Baza, p. 169): the library, once open to the public, is now food for worms. The Conde de Oñate has also a good house ; so has the Duque de Hijar, and the Marquis de Astorga.

Spain, having denied bread to Cervantes when alive, has

recently given him a stone; a monument has been raised in the Plaza de las Cortes, with his statue modeled by Antonio Sola of Barcelona, and cast in bronze by a Prussian named Hofgarten. He is dressed in the old Spanish costume, and hides under his cloak his arm mutilated at Lepanto, which he never did in life, it being the great pride of his existence. The reliefs on the pedestal of Don Quixote's adventures were designed by one Piguer; the cost was defrayed out of the *Bula de Cruzada:* thus Cervantes, who when alive was ransomed from Algiers by the monks of Merced, when dead owed to a religious fund this tardy monument. The street in which he lived is now called Calle de Cervantes. The bones of *Calderon de la Barca* were moved April 19, 1841, from La Calatrava nunnery, and interred in the *Campo Santo de San Andrea.*

ENVIRONS.

The immediate environs of Madrid offer small attraction, as the city stands alone in its desert solitude. There are no daughter suburbs, no Belgrave Squares, no Nouvelle Athènes; few are the villas, the rures in urbe, which tempt the citizens beyond the mud wall of their paradise. The rare exceptions are mostly royal property; one of the prettiest is *la Moncloa,* on the right of the road to the Escorial, and overlooking the bed of the Manzanares. It once belonged to the Alva family; it was purchased by Ferdinand VII., who removed to it the porcelain manufactory after the French had destroyed *la China.* Here his Majesty made some bad, coarse, and very dear pots and pans.

El Pardo is a royal *sitio* or shooting-box, distant two leagues on the Manzanares. It was built by Charles V., and added to

by Charles III., whose favorite preserve it was: the covers extend to fifteen leagues in circumference. The royal apartments are commodious, with some of the ceilings painted in fresco by Galvez and Ribera. Some of the glass chandeliers are large and fine. There is a small theatre in the building.

The *Alameda* is an attempt at a villa, erected on the road to *Guadalajara* by the late Countess of Osuna, at an enormous expense. On the evenings of summer holidays the citizens venture outside the gate of Alcalá to *la Ruinta del Espiritu Santo*, or to *Chamberi* outside the gate of Bilbao, where they refresh themselves in second-rate public-houses with cheap adulterated wines. On a hill, about three-quarters of a league on the road to Toledo, is *Caravanchel*, or rather the *Caravancheles*, for the two villages close adjoin each other, being distinguished by the epithets upper and lower, *de arriba y de abajo*. They are to Madrid what Highgate and Hampstead are to London, and are frequented by the citizens on holidays. The best hotel, *la Vista Alegre*, was so called from the *cheerful* view over the nakedness of the land. Here Christina created a villa, where royal and rural fêtes are given. Christina, although bred and born at beautiful Naples, was so fond of this place, that she took the title of *Condesa de Vista Alegre*, on departing quasi incognita from Valencia, after her abdication, and when her throne and children were left behind; but the classical and national denomination of the "rueful countenance" would better have suited the sadness of the occasion and her own forced errantry.

No one should quit Madrid without calling upon Señor Madrazo, the director of the Madrid Museum, who possesses a gallery of valuable paintings, among which are some fine specimens of Vandykes, Rubens, and Titians. Many pleasant hours

may be spent in conversation with this gentleman and his sons, who are painters of some merit, and have in their possession an original Raphael, which is considered second only to "la Perla," in the Museum.

Madrid, as a residence, is disagreeable and unhealthy, alternating between the extremities of heat and cold, or, according to the adage, three months of winter and nine of hell, *tres meses de invierno y nueve del infierno.* The mean annual winter temperature is 43° 7′, but every year, for several nights, the thermometer descends many degrees below 32°, and the rivers are covered with ice, although it generally disappears in the day. The mean temperature of the three summer months is 76° 2′; but during the *Solano*, the south-eastern wind, it frequently rises to 90° or even 100° in the shade, while in the sun the heat and glare are African; to this are added the blasts of Siberia, for being placed on a denuded plateau, it is exposed to the keen blasts which sweep down from the snowy Guadarrama, the nursery of consumption and *pulmonia.* Hence the summer is the most dangerous period, when the pores are open; for often, during a north-east wind, the difference of temperature on one side of a street to the other more than reaches 20°, and the incautious stranger turning out of a spot which is roasted by the sun, passes from an ice house to an oven, is caught at a corner by Æolus, and incontinently forwarded to the *cemetario.* It was of the *Colico de Madrid*, a peculiar inflammation of the bowels that sickened Murat in 1808, and the superstitious populace, according to Foy, ascribed it to divine vengeance: but no Nemesis then struck the blow, for the disease is proverbial, and

> "El aire de Madrid es tan sotil
> Que mata a un hombre, y no apaga a un candil,"—

the subtle air, which will not extinguish a candle, puts out a man's life. Dry, searching, desiccating, and cutting, this assassin breath of death pierces through flesh and bone and marrow: hence the careful way in which the natives cover their mouths, the women with handkerchiefs, the men by muffling themselves up in their cloaks, *embozandose en las capas.* The average of death at Madrid is as one in twenty-eight, while in London it is as one in forty-two: no wonder, according to Salas, that even the healthy of those born there live on physic—

> "Aun las personas mas sanas,
> Si son en Madrid nacidas,
> Tienen que hacer sus comidas,
> De pildolas y tisanas."

It is particularly fatal to young children, during dentition. So much for this "Buena *Madre*"—*mais bien Madrasta*—this good mother, from whose tender mercies Moya derives the name of Madrid.

Before leaving the capital, as I was strolling under the shady groves which line the walls of the city, having passed beyond the gate of Bilboa, and on to the promenades in that vicinity, my attention was attracted towards a troup of young children who preceded me, singing and dancing in cadence of the castanets which they clapped together between their fingers. On ascertaining the cause of their merriment, I was surprised to learn that they were just returning from the burial of one of their young playmates, and on this occasion were performing the customary ceremonies after depositing the body in the tomb. They rejoiced at an event which had borne their friend to Paradise, having been taught to believe that little children were happy there; we then perceived the force of the words,

"Blessed are they that mourn;" and, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." How much this custom resembled that of the ancient Egyptians, as shown in the depictions of their funereal feasts on the walls of Thebes. The relics of this custom remain in Spain, and can be easily traced from the Egyptians to the Arabs, and by means of the Moors into Spain. By continuing this walk, we soon reached the quiet shades and cool retreats of the Fontana Castillaña. This Spanish grove of Egeria was the resort of lovers, who came there to consult the divinity of the lakes and waters, whilst the young moon lent her enchanting smiles to lighten the gentle flames of love. It was with this picture of beauty and delightful landscape that we chose to terminate our promenades about the city, for on the morrow we proposed to leave the capital, and seek the more secluded shades of Aranguez, and the remains of the renowned town of Toledo.

TO ARANGUEZ.

The silvery tones of the old bell of Nuestra Señora del buen Suceso, struck the hour of five, on the morning that we left the capital; an augury of good success for our journey to Aranguez as we passed out of the gate of Toledo. The dip in the road over the desert-like plain outside, was crossed by a superb viaduct, where the bed of the Manganares was spanned by the Chirruguesque bridge of San Isadore. At that early hour the road was alive with the carts and wagons of the market people hurrying on to the opening of the city's gates. Their various costumes and bustling activity relieved the monotony of an highway road, which, but for the fact of its being royal and good in the morning, would have been dreary and

dusty and common at noon. A vast and uncultivated plain stretches from Madrid to the happy valley of Castile. Gradually losing sight of Madrid behind the last low eminence on the route, at length you see only a portion of the modern and un-Spanish aspect of its low domes, and watch its receding extinguisher-shaped spires, which are at last but faintly visible, and, until, it is entirely hidden from the sight at Los Angelos, the last relay where devils would not live if they could help it. Next comes the Hermitage and Telegraph of Pinto, which is considered to be the central point of the Peninsula. Then the ascent commences and the oasis Aranjuez, with its green meadows, gardens, nightingales, and water-springs, appears, while its approach becomes doubly delightful from the contrast with the tawny nakedness of the soil. This Tempe of the Spaniard, with its avenues of foreign elms, and the varied contrasts of lively and dark foliages was truly refreshing to the eye after the dull and bronzen skies and heated plains around the sterile region of Madrid. A noble stone bridge built by Charles III., is carried across the Jarama, and leads into the verdurous walks of the Royal street. Driven upon this we were led across the iron supension bridge that crosses the Tagus, and deposited in the grand plaza near the palace, in the middle of a hollow square which was blazing with a sun-burned brick-dust architecture. This was Aranjuez—with its cottages and out-houses, trianòns and statues, having nothing to relieve its dullness but its fountains, its pleasant gardens, and the following description of its history.

Aranjuez—ara jovis—originally the summer residence of Lorenzo Suarez de Figuerra, *Maestre de Santiago*, became a royal property when the mastership was merged in the crown

under Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V., in 1536, made it a shooting villa, and Philip II., employed Herrera to construct additional buildings. Much, however, was burnt by a fire, and more taken down by Philip V., who rebuilt the place *à la Française.* There the court resides every spring until June, when the place ceasing to be pleasant or healthy, as the heats act upon the waters, and fill the air with fever and ague, then royalty departs, leaving the villages to dullness and pestilence.

According to the people of Madrid, the valley of Aranjuez is a Tempe, and, while the *Escorial* is the triumph of art, this is of nature; and certainly, to those born amid the silent, treeless, arid Castiles, this place of water-brooks, gardens, singing-birds, and verdure, is a happy change, although in America the place would not be thought much of. Now, as if in a spirit of contradiction, while at Madrid there is a fine palace without a garden, here there is a fine garden without a palace, as the edifice has small pretensions to royal magnificence. The gardens were laid out by Philip II., and are such as Velazquez painted; but the French *château* was completed by Charles IV., the most driveling of Spanish Bourbons: again, it was frequently plundered by the French under Soult, Victor, and others. They converted the gardens into a wilderness, and the palace into a home for owls, yet the Duke, even when far away at Villatoro, wrote immediately to Hill, who was about to occupy *Aranjuez*, "*Take care* that the officers and troops *respect* the king's houses and gardens." So Marlborough, when advancing a conqueror into France, after Malplaquet, "ordered Fenelon's house to be spared."

Aranjuez, during the *Jornada*, or royal season, used to contain 20,000 persons in a crowded and expensive discomfort; but when the court was absent, it dwindled down to 5000. In

olden times the accommodations were iniquitous, for even the deipnosophist diplomats lived in troglodyte houses burrowed in the hill-sides, after the local rabbit-like style of these wretched localities. At a subterraneous dinner, however, given by the Nuncio, a cart broke through and announced itself as an *entrée* for the nonce, whereupon the Italian Grimaldi, minister to Charles III., who had before been at the Hague, planned a sort of Dutch town, with avenues in the street, and thus changed the village, as his celebrated namesake, the clown, would have done in a pantomime. Aranjuez has a noble *Plaza de Toros*, a tolerable theatre and a telegraph, which was set up to amuse Ferdinand VII., whose passion was to hear something new. It is said that the first message which he sent to the grave council of Castile at Madrid, was "A nun has been brought to bed with twins;" the immediate answer was, "Had it been a monk, that would have been news. On the hill to the left going to Ocaña is a pond, here called, as usual, the *sea*, *el mar de Ontigola*.

The beloved Ferdinand did not by any means renounce the good old recreations of his royal ancestors, for he never missed *Herradura*, to which he took his wives and maids of honor, just as Philip IV., did his. The cream of the *funcion* was seeing an operation performed on young bulls, which fitted them for the plough. The term *Herradura* is derived from the branding cattle with a hot iron, *Ferradura à ferro*, which is of Oriental origin, and was introduced by the Saracens into France, and is still called *la Ferrade* at Camargue near Arles. It also prevailed in Spain among the Goths (San Isidoro, 'Or.' xx. 16). The royal breeding establishments near Aranjuez, like those near Cordova, were destroyed by the invaders, but restored by Ferdinand VII.: visit the royal stables; there are some

fine *Padres y Garanoñes* for breeding from mares and asses: the females are allowed to wander at liberty over a district on purpose of great extent.

The palace is placed near the Tagus, at the Madrid end of the village, or rather the "metropolis of Flora," as the natives say. A bald *Plaza de San Antonio*, a sort of French *Place du Carrousel*, with a *corredor* and iron railing, affords space for dust and glare. The interior of the palace contains some bad pictures, and fresco ceilings by Conrado Bayeu and others, which are no better. There is some good marqueterie carving, and the look-out on the gardens over the *parterre*, the *jardines del Principe, y de la isla*, and cascade, is charming. Here all the trees in Castile seem collected as a salon for a Cortes of all the nightingales of Spain, and how sweet, after the songless, arid desert, is "the melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, and the pleasing fall of water running violently." The gardener will take the visitor round the lions of the *Isla*, the last fountain of which was painted by Velazquez: the others are fine, and play on great holidays and royal birthdays. The best objects to observe are la Puerta del Sol, the Fountain of the Swan, *la Cascada*, Neptune, and the Tritons; in a word, here Nereids, Naiads, and Dryads might sport, while Flora and Pomona looked on. The elms brought from England by Philip II. grow magnificently under this combined heat and moisture. They were the first introduced into Spain, where, from their rareness, they are as much admired as palm-trees are by us.

The *Casa del Labrador*, or laborer's cottage, is another plaything of that silly Charles IV. The *Florera* or *Jardin Ingles*, the *English* garden, as all foreigners call any irregular place without order and with weeds, was laid out by Richard Wall, an *Irishman*.

It was at Aranjuez, March 19, 1808, that Charles IV., in order to save his wife's minion, Godoy, abdicated the crown in favor of Ferdinand VII. Toreno prints all the disgraceful letters written by him and his wife, the proud monarchs of Castile! to Murat, their "very dear brother!" to Murat, who a few years before had been a pot-house waiter, and who, in six weeks afterwards, deluged their capital with Spanish blood. Godoy, a vile tool of Buonaparte, was thus saved, in order to consummate his guilt and folly, by signing with Duroc, at Bayonne, the transfer of Spain to France, stipulating only, mean to the last, for filthy lucre and pensions.

A good breakfast at the inn of "Los Quatro Naciones," kept by an Englishman, with a lively bustling Frenchwoman for a wife, who superintended the *cuisine,* gave us courage to pursue our journey towards Toledo.

Nothing could exceed the dull and dreary aspect of the road thither, or the monotony of a ride, rendered still more tormenting by the contrast of the Tagus meandering through the distant campagna, and marking its course by the rich belts of vegetation and foliage growing along its banks.

Once it happened, in order to vary the progress of our journey, that the wheels of our carriage were buried in the sand, and were rescued with great difficulty from their sunken position; and again, in spite of the remonstrance and against the advice of the passengers, we were driven by the *majoral* into a very deep mud-puddle. He, in more haste and less speed, had been tempted into this marsh by an attempt to save himself the trouble of crossing over a bridge, which was in his regular route; being once fixed in the rut, he persisted in not altering his mind, and exulted in pursuing the bent of his perverseness, as if delighted with the evil resulting from his disobedience

of our commands. Once in, however, there was naught but to sit still, for we were some four feet deep in the middle of a quagmire, with the water over our wheels, and oosing through the door of the rotunde, so as to prevent any escape to the land, except at the risk of a ducking. There we remained, occasionally thrusting our heads out of the windows of the coach, earnestly watching the movements of the muleteers, who were vainly endeavoring to force the vehicle out; while the poor jaded mules stood up to their ears in water, imploringly shrieking for pity, under the lashes of the *majoral* and the kicks and goads of the *calésero*. There never was such a hallooing and cursing as the postillion indulged in from the back of the leader, nor so much labor ever before expended in Spain as in this useless endeavor to urge the animals through the deep mud, which clogged the wheels in the bog. In vain we tried to coax a passing peasant for the loan of his oxen, that we might sooner get out. He only shrugged his shoulders in reply, and treating the whole affair as a joke, quitted us with truly Spanish indifference, leaving us to make the best way out of the swamp that we could; while a well-known significant gesture, and look over the nose, betokened that he was very glad we were so nicely stirring in the matter. Verily, indeed, says the proverb, "lazy people always take the most trouble."

Doubtless we should have remained there to this day, had it not appeared to some of us, that it would materially lighten the load if we relieved the omnibus of our weight; a suggestion which had not previously occurred to us, owing to the natural obstinacy of my fellow-passengers, being somewhat strengthened by their dealings with the Spaniards; which induced them to rejoice at the perplexity of our conductor, and to the fact, that "there is," as Rochefoucauld says, "something

so very amusing in the misfortune of others," as even to suspend the consideration of a slight personal annoyance, while we laugh at the mishaps of our fellow beings.

Having concluded that the quickest way of lightening the stage was to climb out by the window to the top, and thence to jump from the roof to the ground, by taking a forced leap of several feet, we accordingly emptied the vehicle by this process, and having been safely landed near the pier-head of the bridge, we were soon repaid by perceiving that the vehicle was moving under the united efforts of the driver and the post-boy, in conjunction with the cries, oaths, adjurations, gibes, goads and lashes of the postillion, who was alternately supported in his voice by the brayings of the donkeys, the yells of our party, and the screams of the entire chorus of all the animals together. This difficulty having been overcome, the passengers re-entered the interior, and in a few moments we were off for the post of our destination.

TOLEDO.

The aspect of Toledo—the once *imperial* Toledo—now slighted for the upstart of Madrid, but the still chosen city of the antiquary, was truly grand. Seated high on the crowns of its seven hills, the lofty towers of the Alcazar, hospitals, and glorious Cathedral loomed aloft above the circuit of its Moorish wall. This ancient seat of royalty, in olden times, appeared still more interesting after we had entered within its gates. Its charming position on the Tagus, is almost unequaled in Europe. Its interior offers many curious relics of the Moors, and the remnants of the most exquisite architectural ornaments. The walls encompassing the modern city, still preserve the outlines

and casements of the Moorish towers. Both synagogues in the Jews' quarter, present traces of some of those rich arabesques in the wainscotings and ceilings, that have ever since claimed the admiration of the artist, while they have puzzled and defied imitations of modern art. How I enjoyed the walks that led around the entire circuit of this quaint old town. A magical transfer of thought would often quickly recall the memory of the lost age of Spanish glories—the times of Ferdinand and Isabel, of Philip and Alphonso, the sage. Here were pictured forth the epochs of the ancient worthies of Spain, whose hearts were as trusty and sure, as the "good blades of Toledo," of which Falstaff boasted.

We lodged at the Fonda de la Caridad, an inn nearly opposite the square of the *Zocodover;* now yelept, the Plaza de la Constitution; but I prefer the former title of the "Zocodover"—the truly, original, Moorish term, so well suited to Toledo—a distinctive title becoming to the place, and only proper here, where old high towers, huge rambling balconies, tumbling with mattings, and obtrusively projecting window blinds, clearly tell of their mixed Spanish and Moorish descent. In a chamber on the wall, looking down into the court-yard of the inn, and with a view commanding, by day-light, the range of its peculiar hills, and the waters of the turbid Tagus, I fell asleep after the fatigues of the day—but was soon roused, and became staringly alive to this contrast with the former splendors of Toledo, for I was horribly tormented during the whole night by a family of Spanish gnats.

If "music be the food of love, play on," was the burden of my reflections, as I was suddenly awakened the next morning by the strains of a duet, sung under my window by a couple of my hostess' washerwomen, who were thus early engaged at their tubs

in the courtyard. Having always believed that there was much harmony in Spanish music, although its versification claimed little pretensions to rythm, I was surprised to discover that my poetical ideas of their ballads had been over estimated. After hearing these two girls through a dozen of their chants, I was convinced that the beauty of their voices was only excelled by homeliness of their persons, and that in the particular little warblings of the two maidens below, who were then singing—

"Jo no, quiero, no quiero, casar me,
Porque es mejor, es mejor, ser soltero."

"Oh, no! no! I wish not to marry.
'T were better, much better, to tarry."

there was neither rhyme nor reason, and less truth in my former imaginations about the romance of Spanish songs, than there was reality in the visions of perfection and loveliness which Don Quixote entertained for his charming Dulcinea del Toboso, or in their own chances for matrimony on account of their musical talent.

Requiring some consolation after so great a disappointment, I sought relief in the past, and having proposed a walk entirely around the city of Toledo, was soon lost to all remembrances of the troubles of the last night, or the discordant sounds of the morning. Starting from the truly "Oriental-like "Gate of the Sun," I crossed the Alemeda on my way to the Hospital of St. John, and resting there on the terrace that overlooked the Tagus, was soon wrapped in meditations and musings suggested by a sight of the decayed splendor and magnificent proportions of the palatial castle of the Knights of St. John. Like reflections caused me to think of the bygone supremacy of the city

which was at my feet in ruins, and casting my thoughts to the wind, I sat down and resumed the perusal of its history.

READING.

Imperial Toledo, the navel of the Peninsula, "the crown of Spain, the light of the whole world, free from the time of the mighty Goths," as its son Padilla addressed it, is a city of the past. When seen from afar, nothing can be more imposing, but there is rottenness in the core. This Durham of a once golden hierarchy is in perfect contrast with the modern capital, for here everything is solid, venerable and antique. It has not been run up by Academicians to please the hurry of a king's caprice, but is built like a rock, and on a rock. Like Rome, it stands on seven hills, and is about 2400 feet above the level of the sea. The Tagus, boiling through the rent, or *Tajo*, of the granite mountain, girdles it around, just leaving one approach by the land side, which is defended by Moorish towers and walls. Inside, the streets, or rather lanes, are irregular, steep, and tortuous; but such intentional intricacy rendered them easy to defend when attacked, and kept them cool in summer. The houses are massive and Moorish-like; each family lives in its own secluded castle, and not in flats or apartments as at Madrid. Here again we find the Oriental *patio*, over which awnings are drawn in summer, as at Seville. Their areas are kept very clean, as the rain-water is collected from them for domestic uses. Toledo, although deficient in water, is a clean town. It is bitter cold in winter and hot in summer. The hills reflect back the sun's rays, but the river-meadows are pleasant; and the Tagus is indeed a river, and not a dry ditch like the Manzanares. The Toledans, like their houses, are solid and

trustworthy old Castilians, and *muy hombres de bien.* Here the glorious *Castellano* is spoken in all its purity of grammar and pronunciation, which is slow and guttural.

In the heart of the city towers the cathedral, around which cluster multitudinous churches and convents, many now silent as tombs. Even Salamanca, a city of learning was scarcely more hardly treated by the invaders than Toledo, the see of the primate.

The foundation of Toledo is of course ascribed to Hercules, *i. e.*, the Phœnicians; others, however, prefer Tubal, who built it 143 years to a day after the deluge; nor have its townsfolk yet forgiven the Abbé de Vayrac for saying that they boasted that "Adam was the first king of Toledo, and the newly created sun rose over this spot, because the centre and throne of the world." Be that as it may, Toledo, when taken by Marius Fulvius, U. C. 561, 193 B. C., was "urbs parva sed loco munita" (Livy, xxxv. 22). The name has been derived from *Toledoth*, the Hebrew "city of generations," as having been their place of refuge when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. No doubt many Jews did fly to "Tarshish," to the "uttermost parts of the earth," in order to escape the calamities in Palestine; and certainly when Toledo was first taken by the Moors, it was filled with Hebrews, or, as they called them, "Amalekites," who, resenting the Gothic persecution, facilitated the progress of the Berbers, who themselves were half Jews and half Pagans. The extraordinary spoil proves how rich the city then was.

Conde interprets Toledo, quasi Tolaitola, "alturâ perfectum," or *atalaya* grande, from the Arabic *attalah*, a place of look-out, and to this day the *Alcazar* towers nobly over the city, its beacon and sentinel. Leovigildo, under whom the Gothic

monarchy was consolidated, removed his court from Seville, and made Toledo the capital of Spain. His successor, Recaredo, brought the kingdom entirely into the Christian fold, and hence here were held so many of those important councils which give such insight into the spirit and condition of that age, for they in reality, were convocations and parliaments, as the sacerdotal aristocracy united social and civil supremacy. The Goths, who have been unjustly stigmatized as destructive barbarians, repaired and improved the city, bridges and Roman walls, portions of which exist, for Toledo was one of the few towns exempted from the decree of Witiza, by which so many others were simultaneously dismantled, as if to render conquest easier to the invader. But history in Spain is always reproducing itself.

Wamba was the benefactor of Toledo, as is recorded in the inscription over the great gate, "Erexit fautore Deo rex inclytus urbem, Wamba." This is indeed "a long time ago," for Wamba is the Japetus of Spain, and the phrase *en el tiempo del Rey Wamba*, proverbially denotes a date beyond legal memory, as "old as the hills," *au temps où la Reine Berthe filait.* Wamba was half poisoned, in 687, by Ervigius, and, when supposed to be dead, was clad, as usual, in a monk's dress for burial; and, therefore, when he recovered was compelled to continue the cowl. The quarrels between the usurper and rightful heirs weakened the Gothic government, and enabled the Moors, in 714, to subdue the divided kingdom, just as, afterwards, in 1492, the dissensions of the Moslems paved the way to their final defeat by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Jews of Toledo, when their Moorish friends seized their money, turned to the avenging Christian, and facilitated the conquest of the city, in 1085, by Alonso VI., who thereupon took the

title of Emperor of Toledo, giving "himself seated on an imperial throne" for the bearing on its shield, and naming the Cid as its first *Alcaide*. Toledo, honored by the sovereign, and made the primacy of a rich clergy, was always loyal; thus, when Burgos disputed its new precedence in Cortes, Alonso XI. exclaimed, "Let Burgos speak first: I will speak for Toledo, which will do what I wish."

Casting a retrospect over the memory of this illustrious city, we can now recall the image of its former splendor, and restore the lines of its ancient walls, circumventing this capital, with its uplifted towers and swelling buttresses, that hung like turbans on the frontage of its Moorish fortresses and defences. While far above the fortifications and mural outlines arose noble edifices, and brilliant shrines projected against the sky, and running in easy succession along the summits of the seven hills. Before these walls we view the plain, stretching its velvet length of green along the course of the Tagus, until the distant mountains skirted its bounds in that direction, where the traces of a Roman circus and a ruin basilic terminated, and relieved the eye-sight. Turning to the right, we catch a view of the crumbling palace of Wamba, with its fragmentary points still rising over the remains of an Arab bath, in whose waters beauties once laved their limbs, and warriors beheld the gambols of the fair water-nymphs. Here Roderick beheld from his terrace above the charms of this Gothic Bathsheba. Now, at the water's edge we watched the figures of ignoble soldiers, who were guarding the gangs of convicts, while they washed hemp—for their own hanging, it might be—in the running waters of the Tagus.

First walk round this most picturesque old city, beginning at the north-eastern land approach; descend to the *Puerta del Sol*,

a rich Moorish gate of granite horseshoe arches, with upper intersecting ones of red brick, and follow the old road which winds down by the church of *Santiago;* observe its courtyard, portico, and absis; thence pass on to the *Puerta de Visagra*, now blocked up, and therefore called la Puerta *lodada.* The name *Visagra*, said by some to be *Via sacra*, the road by which Alonso entered in triumph, is simply *Bib Sakra*, Arabicè, "gate of the country;" and the rich cereal and pastoral district between Illescas and Aranjuez is still called *La Sayra*, Arabicè, "the open country, the support." Others read in it the Hebrew *Sahar*, "bright," as being the east gate, on which the rising sun would shine, and through which "those who went out early," *Saharaim*, would pass.

The *Alemeda* outside this gate was planted in 1826, by the Corregidor Navarro, who laid out the gardens and *Plazuela de Marchan*, but the statues of Toledan kings are bad and heavy.

A fine outline of convents and palaces, all ruined by the invader, crests the hill running by the lunatic hospital, *el Nuncio*, to the pinnacled gate of *Cambron.*

Entering the town by the Gate of Saint Martin, you are struck with the elegance of the exquisite cloisters, with pointed Gothic arches, of *San Juan de los Reyes.* They are simple in their style, and purely Gothic. They were models of architecture in their day. Beyond, and in the rear of the rambling quarter of the Judaria, are the remains of two richly embellished synagogues, preserving slight evidences of their former magnificence. The honey-comb cornices and rich open-work mouldings in Tarkish on the ceilings, retain the freshness of the beautiful colors in which they had first been painted. The reds and blues, and greens are still vivid and pure. How exquisite

are the traceries and ornaments of the decorated columns, running in spiral transverses of serpentine fantastics and arabesque.

One of the synagogues although less ancient, is finer and better preserved; it is called *el Transito*, from a picture of the death of the Virgin, which has disappeared during recent reforms. It was built by Levi, treasurer to Don Pedro the Cruel, who, however, in 1360, being in want of cash, and knowing the value of a Jew's eye, tortured and killed poor Levi, and then seized his money-bags. He had previously patronized the Jews, who soon became so rich and numerous that the other synagogue was too small, and this splendid "place of congregation," *συναγογη*, the precise *jama* or mosque of the Moor, was built in a mixture of the Gothic, Moorish, and Hebrew style, which must indeed have once been gorgeous, but the Spaniards have disfigured the east end with a trumpery gilt *retablo* that conceals the lace-like embroidery; the upper parts, being out of reach, have escaped better, so observe the honey-comb cornice, the rows of engrailed Moorish arches, and the superb *artesonado* roof. A broad band with foliage contains the arms of Leon and Castile, and is edged with a Hebrew inscription. Isabella, in 1494, gave the building to the order of Calatrava; then the holy of holies was converted into an archive, and the galleries of the Jewesses into a dwelling of the animal who is called *el custodio* or *conserje*.

There is a history of the *Sepharaim* or Spanish Jews, by James Finn, 1841, which by no means exhausts the subject. They were of a very high caste; and although persecuted by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard, by followers of creeds both alike daughters of the Old Testament, they clung closely to their faith. Strange religionists! who turned, when the only depos-

itories of the real word of God, to every idolatry, worshipping a golden calf (and probably because it was *golden,*) even under the thunders of Mount Sinai, and yet, when the true Messiah came to supersede the old law, then they clung doggedly to what they before abandoned. Spain (Tarshish) was always the favored locality of the Jew when forced away from Palestine. Being men of peace and money, they were always persecuted by the men of war, who seldom can live on their pay. Such was the *Judaicus Fiscus* of Domitian (Suet. 12,) such the policy of Tiberius, who banished all Jews from Italy who would not abjure their creed (Tac. 'An.' ii. 85,) for the purification of religion was always made the pretext of appropriating avarice. The Christian Goths, equally fond of money as the Romans, found an additional accusation in the guilt of the crucifixion. In 694, by the seventeenth council of Toledo, the Jews were ordered to be cut off with the "scythe of revenge," for corresponding with the "Filistins" of Barbary. It was then, when driven by persecutions, that they called in the avenging Moors, and opened the gates of *Toledo*, it is said, on Palm Sunday, when the Christian garrison was worshipping at the tomb of Santa Leocadia. For this service they at first were favored by the Moslem, and, being left in peace, soon became again so rich, that their heresies began to stink in Mohammedan nostrils, and they were either strangled or robbed. In this dilemma they turned to the avenging Christians, and let in Alonso VI., who also for a time encouraged and protected them. As they sided with Don Pedro (because they had lent him money) in the civil wars of 1369, they were treated as traitors by the successful Henrique II., who confiscated their cash. Then ensued the crusades of San Vicente de Ferrer, who imitated the great modern master of Jewish persecution,

the perfidious *Philippe le Bel* of France, son of Saint Louis, and murderer of two popes. The Spanish Jews, having been long hunted like beasts and impoverished, were finally expelled from Spain by Isabella, in 1492, who therefore is called *Jesebel* in their chronicles. Vast numbers settled on the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean, where their descendants still speak Spanish. Many, however, remained behind, professing to be Christians, but in secret following their own religion and mammon. And some still exist—a curious fact discovered by Mr. Borrow, and quite unknown to Spaniards. These Jews are quiet and in easy circumstances, trafficking in wool and *longanizas*, which they sell, but do not eat, as pork enters largely into this excellent sausage. Although the Spaniards are unaware of their existence, the name Jew, *Judio*, is still the *maledictio pessima* the *Nimreseth*, the insult never to be forgiven, *anathema maranatha*. Spaniards, even in this century, were taught to think all foreigners to be heretics and Jews. The cry of *Juiada* is still a prelude to certain murder. "I hate oppression in every shape," said a Valencian *Liberal* to Lord Carnarvon; "I am a friend to the human race: if indeed there be a Jew among us, burn him, I say, burn him, alive."

Go then with the raised spirit of some noble Spanish artist, and visit the gorgeous wonders of its cathedral, or join the figure of a mysterious priest to pry into and pore over the treasures of its invaluable library.

How rich are the illustrations of the illuminated missals of the monks, those great conservators of literature and art during the middle ages. They were the earnest lovers of the beautiful, artists of fervent devotion to their labors of love and piety—the solemn, silent silk worms enriching their sepulchres and spinning their webs of imperishable colors into their shrouds of tran-

scendent grace. The breviary of Charles V. must have consumed a lifetime in the completion of the manuscript and its illustration. Transported again to the banks of the Tagus, we walked over the ground near the splendid bridge of Saint Martin, and from this side caught a picturesque view down the river, with its combination of fine subjects for the painter, and landscapes embracing a series of old castles, pretty ruins, waterfalls, and old Moorish mills. One or two of these pictures will remind you of the sombre grandeur and glorious effects of Salvator Rosa, as wild in contrasts of light and shadow as they are in the mystery of his works, and uniting in one canvas all the graces of harmony with the confusion of a chaos, in the composition. While wandering over the hills, the artist might stop at the mill that surmounts the bluff where the Tagus now bends to the frown of the opposite mountain, and here take a siesta at the hour of noon, or may occupy his leisure by a sketch of the scene where the old dueña is chatting with the miller's daughter, who is washing out her red bandanna as she sits on a rock beside the stream, and then coquettishly winks at the mill-boy trudging along with his mule. Have you never seen Salvator's Women at the Stream, my reader? Then go to Toledo, and dream of the miller's daughter, and by the mill-race, on the opposite side from the town, you will soon discover that there is some truth in this fiction. There you may get, also, a superb look at the city and its position, set on a hill, and afterwards you may learn, as you are walking beyond to the top of the mountain, that the old castle of Cervantes on the summit, was not named from the author of Don Quixote, the knight of La Mancha; then "chewing the quid of sweet and bitter reflection," re-enter the city by the bridge of the Alcantara, and admire its fine proportions and noble span, and the

group of the numerous water-mills that are running with the force of the Tagus.

Ascend the hill to the left, and rest for a moment to look down on the roofless *Ingenio*, the water-work engine, whose ruin seems made for artists. Toledo, built on a lofty rock, was badly supplied with water, whereupon the Romans spanned the defile with a gigantic viaduct and aqueduct, which ran from the *Puerto de Yevenes*, distant seven leagues. When the Moors conquered Toledo, there was also an enormous nàúrah, *noria*, or water-wheel, ninety cubits high, which forced up water by pipes, a work of the Jews. The Toledan Moors were first-rate hydraulists (see 'Moh. D.,' ii. 262): their king, Al-mámun Ibn Dhi-a-núm, or Yahya, had a lake in his palace, and in the middle a kiosk, from whence water descended on each side, thus enclosing him in the coolest of summer houses, exactly as is the Kasr Dubarra, now existing at Cairo. Here also were made, by Az-Zarcel, the *clepsydræ*, or water-clocks, for astronomical calculations, to study which Daniel Merlac came all the way from Oxford in 1185. Charles V., who delighted in mechanics, in 1565 caused some Greeks to descend at Toledo in a diving-bell, and the same year he brought from Cremona a watchmaker named Juanelo Turriano, to repair the original *noria*, which in 1568 forced up 600,000 buckets of water daily. Disputes, however, arose between the crown and the corporation as "conservators of the river," between whom the Turriano family were ruined. Soon after the Tagus damaged the engine, which the natives could not repair, and thereupon applied to an English company, who declined, since when the ruin has been complete, and Toledo, the "light of the world," obtains its water by the primitive machinery of donkeys, driven up and down by water-carriers, still called by their Arabic name *azacanes*.

High above the latter, the noble form of the Alcazar, once the palatial seat of Moorish royalty and Christian king, rises in its majesty, and toppling over the banks of a precipice, hangs tremulously projecting one of its buttresses over the waters of the river. The oldest portions overlook the Tagus, as the castle of Presburg does the Danube. It is now in ruins, and although little remains to recall the splendors of its past history, or of its days of revelry and joust within its walls, the view from the tower embraces the entire circuit of the Toledan hills, including in its sweep the remote demesnes of Aranjeuz.

Now proceed to the *Zocodover*, a name which to readers of Lazarillo de Tormes and Cervantes recalls the haunt of rogues and of those proud and poor Don Whiskerandos who swaggered and starved with their *capas y espadas*. *Suk* in Arabic, *Zoco* in Spanish, and *Soke* in English, signify a "market-place," and vicinity to cathedrals, for commerce and religion went hand in hand: the shrine attracted multitudes and "money-changers," while its sanctity protected commerce. This *plaza* is most Moorish, with its irregular windows, balconies, blacksmiths, and picturesque peasantry, and in summer evenings is a fashionable promenade.

Now a long and almost the only widish street in Toledo leads to the Gothic cathedral, whose exterior is not very beautiful nor symmetrical, while the north entrance is blocked up: the best points of view are to the north-west, either from the *Plaza de San Yuste* or that *del Ayuntamiento*, to which the grand façade looks. Only one tower is finished, which was begun by Tenorio, and completed in 1535 by Tavera. It rises 325 feet high from a square base to a Gothic middle story, ending with a thin spire encircled as with crowns of thorns. The cupola of the other tower is after designs of *El Greco;* the

steps of the *Puerto del Perdon* are ascended and descended by pregnant women, in order to ensure an easy parturition.

The church chronicles state that this temple was built to the Virgin while she was alive, and that she often came down from heaven to it, accompanied by St. Peter, St. Paul, and Santiago. Converted by the Moors into their grand mosque, Alonzo VI. guaranteed it to them ; but ere the ink was dry, Bernardo, the first archbishop, backed by the queen, Constanza, a native of France like himself, the moment the king was absent, seized the mosque and dispossessed the Moors ; then the *Alfaque*, foreseeing that resistance was useless, interceded with Alonzo ; the building was pulled down in 1226 by St. Ferdinand, who himself laid the first stone of the present cathedral : designed by Pedro Perez, it was completed in 1492, plundered in 1521 by Padilla's mob, and again in 1808 by La Houssaye. Previously it was a mine of wealth and art ; thus Cean Bermudez enumerates 149 artists, who, during six centuries, were employed by the richest prelates of Spain to make a temple worthy of the primacy, a dignity which was long held by the master mind of the day. The older archbishops of Toledo were great alike in peace and war ; the *Rodrigos* headed victorious armies, the *Tenorios* built bridges, the *Fonsecas* founded colleges, the *Mendozas* and *Ximenez* were third kings and regents, they founded universities, while the *Taveras* and *Lorenzanas* raised houses of charity and hospitals.

Before entering, examine the exterior and gates. *La Puerta del los Leones*, at the extremity of the south transept, is so called from the lions with shields on pillars.

Now a long street leads to the Cathedral, a rich depository of ecclesiastical wealth and power, displaying an excess of ornament in the tracery of its walls and doors. The superb

coro and high altar, brilliant chapels and beautifully colored and stained glass in the window panes, with its monuments and carved works, tombs and relics of the kings, together with the legacies of that princely minister Mendoza, in the superbly lighted and elegantly supported cloisters, lend a charm of wonderment and delight, which are by no means sustained by the irregular proportions of its exterior or the diminutive size of its tower

As we dwelt in imagination over the many striking features there arranged before the mind in pleasurable fancy, we could not but admire the Oriental aspect of a vision so replete with scenes of Arabian splendor and magnificent form. Windows with curtains of parti-colored folds, and mattings spread before doors of the Moorish houses, with horse-shoe arches shielding their inmates from the fierce heats of Spain, while the interior courtyards aided to shelter the dwellers in this "land of the sun," and verdant gardens smiling with rich clusters of sweetly perfumed flowers, amid fountains of graceful form and brilliant jets of water, created lively enthusiasm in every turn of our pleasant day-dreams, while we mused in mirthful revery over this picture of beauty and amenity, with thoughts that were shaded with the allegories of the East, and retrospects that ascribed to the lovely scenery about Toledo a fascination of enchantment somewhat akin to the clime of the Bulhul, the enjoyment of the Persian, or the cherished birthright of the favored children of Damascus, the home and the first love of the Moors. This image was still further prolonged by the low plaints of the peasants at work at their daily tasks, whose monotonous voices, and airs in the minor key reminded us of the songs of the Nile, while the dresses of the men, wrapped in the folds of their huge Spanish cloaks, recalled the *bernoos* of the Bedouins, no

less than the sleepers in the streets, stretched out in happy indolence like the children of the desert, with a hot sun staring them in the face. Thus we were constantly reminded of the former presence of the Moors in Spain, and imagination lent its easy aid to bring back the images of these swarthy progenitors, whose footprints will remain indelibly stamped upon the soil of the Peninsula.

TOLEDO BLADES.

The celebrated *fabrica de armas*, or manufactory of Toledan swords, is placed on the banks of the Tagus, about two miles south-west of the city. The huge building was raised for Charles III. by Sabatini, and is well provided with forges, etc. The blades here are of a fine temper and polish, and so elastic that they are sometimes packed up in boxes, curled up like the mainspring of a watch, or "compassed," as Falstaff says, "like a good Bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head." Arms were the joy and life of the aboriginal Spaniards, nay, dearer than life, for when they were taken from them the disarmed committed suicide (Livy, xxxiv. 17; Sil. Ital. iii. 330; Justin, xliv. 2, 5).

Their swords were adopted by the Romans, who retained the *epithet* Spanish for their *Velites*, and Polybius (iii. 114) distinguishes between them and those of Gaul, while Diod. Siculus (v. 356) enlarges on their merits and mode of manufacture. Their double edge was no less fatal than the genuine Iberian dirk, the prototype of the modern *cuchilio*, which Cicero calls *pugiunculus Hispaniensis*, but the vernacular name was *daga* (daggar), which the Greeks rendered *βραχυ*, unde *broquel*. Thus the *hidalgo* was ordered by Philip II. in 1564, only to

appear with his *espada* (spatha) and his *broquel;* the use of the latter was to cut meat and despatch a prostrate foe, and hence called *misericordia;* it was worn by the Iberians in their girdles, as the *cuchillo* is now in the *fajas* (Livy, vii. 10). On the Iberian Pugio, see Mart. xiv. 33; Strabo, iii. 231; and Diod. Siculus, v. 356.

The identical mines worked by the ancients still produce the finest ores, for the soil of Spain is iron-pregnant. Those near *Calatayud* on the Jalon, the "steel-tempering" Bilbilis, rival the metals of the Basque provinces and the iron mountains (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxiv. 14) of *Somorrostro* and *Mondragon;* the steel was buried in the earth in order that the baser portions might rust away; while the modern *hierro helado*, frozen iron, corresponds with old effect of the Jalon, qui ferrum gelat (Martial, i. 50, 12). The steel was tempered in winter, and the blade, when red hot, was whirled round in the cold air, and when reduced to a *cherry* heat (*cerezado* of present practice) was put into oil or grease, and then into boiling water (see Mondragon, R. 121).

The Military Romans kept up the Iberian processes and manufactories, which were continued by the Goths. See San Isidoro (Or. xvi. 20). The Moors introduced their Damascene system of additional ornament and tempering, and so early as 852 this identical *fabrica* at Toledo was in work under Abd-r-rahman Ben Alhakem (Conde, i. 285). The Moors introduced a large double-handed double-edged sword (Conde, i. 456), which became the model of mediæval *montante.* The best marks are of *El Morillo, el Moro de Zaragoza* (on these brands see Lett. 13 of 'Dillon's Travels in Spain'). The next best were made by Italians, by Andre Ferrara, who settled at Zaragoza, and by whom were furnished those splendid blades which Fer-

dinand sent to Henry VIII. on his marriage with his daughter Catherine. These "trenchant swords were the Toledos trusty," of which, says Mercutio, "a soldier dreams." These were the weapons which Othello, the Moor, "kept in his chamber" like a treasure: "a sword of Spain, *the ice-brook's temper;* a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh." Other good marks are *la loba* and *el perillo*, the little dog, made at Toledo, by a Moor named Julian del Rei.

The finest collection of historical swords in the world is in the *Armeria* at Madrid. The sword, the type and arm of chivalry, has always been honored in Spain. The Moors petted and named them like children: Mahomet called his the "sword of God," Kaled ben Walid; the *Tisona*, "the sparkling brand," and *Colada* of the Cid were his spolia opima from Moorish kings. These were his *queridas prendas*, *carasaprendas*, which he loved better than his wife and daughters, and which figure so much in his *Romancero* (Duran, v. 154). Many have mottos indicative of the fine old Castilian spirit, e. g. *No me saques sin razon, no me envaines sin honor;* Do not draw me without *cause*, do not sheath me without *honor*. The introduction of fire-arms dealt the first blow to Toledan swords, which then became the arm of cavalry, in which the Spaniards do not excel. The last blow was the fashion of the smaller French sword, which dispossessed the Spanish rapier. Consult the essay on ancient Spanish arms, the Lancea, Gæsum, Olisideron, etc. ('*Historia Literaria*,' Mohedano, iii. 336).

In Spanish, the sword is called *cuchillo*, the blade *cuchilla*, a gash *cuchillada*, a stab *estocada*. Foils with buttons are called *negras*, without *blancas*. *Guerra al cuchillo*, or, war to the knife, was the answer of Palafox to the summons of surrender; and generally follows the other national cry, *Mueran los gavachos*,

death to the miscreant French. For knives, see *Albacete*, p. 504.

The transition from old swords to old castles is easy: as Toledo was the capital of the south frontier of Spain, it was well defended against the Moors by mediæval fortresses. The hilly lines of *Montes de Toledo*, *Sierra del Duque*, etc., with the moat rivers of the Tagus and Guadiana, formed noble sites for defence. These wild and picturesque scenes have scarcely been investigated; but well deserve more notice from the artist and antiquarian.

HIGHWAY TO SEVILLE.

THE ROAD.

We had whiled away the best portion of the day after our return from Toledo, and had refreshed our eyes with the contrasts that the pleasant walks and cooling fountains of the Palace yielded to the hot sand and scorching influences of the Madrid sun, until we were favored with a seat inside of the diligence, which was passing through Aranguez on its route from the capital to Seville. At 10 o'clock at night we fell asleep in the middle of the coupé, and there we remained speechless and thoughtless until I learnt on the morrow that I had been closeted in the dark with a French Count, and a Spanish hidalgo. On that day I was weary enough of the dull, dreary and desolate country through which we were driven, having nothing to relieve my mind but the perusal of my guide-book's description of Ocaña, La Guardia, and other uninteresting places passed during the night.

Now, as to *Ocaña*, between which and *Los Barrios*, the Spaniards, November 19, 1809, lost a most important battle. The Junta of Seville determined, in defiance of the Duke's warning and entreaties, to assume the offensive. His letters seem really to have been written *after* the events, and not before them, so truly did he prophesy certain discomfiture, the loss of Andalucia, and his own compulsory retreat into Portu-

gal. The Junta prepared an army of 60,000 men, armed and equipped by England. Command was given to one Juan Carlos de Areizaga, who advanced from the defiles, giving out that the English were with him; and such fear thereupon prevailed at Madrid, where the report was believed, that the enemy thought at once of retreating without a fight; and had Areizaga advanced, he must have surprised and overwhelmed the handful of French at Aranjeuz. Having, however, by his delay given Soult the means of collecting troops, he then, as if infatuated, risked a battle in the plain. There two short hours more than sufficed for 25,000 French to put 55,000 Spaniards to an indescribable rout, during which Areizaga placed himself on a belfry in Ocaña, a mute spectator of his own disgrace, giving no directions whatever, except to order his reserve, a body of 15,000 men, who had not fired a shot, to retreat. He and Freire then set the example of flight; nor did either even attempt to make a stand behind the impregnable rocks of *Despeña-perros Alcalá la Real.* Their unhappy troops, deserted by their chiefs, could but follow their leaders. La Mancha was covered with runaways. Soult took 42 cannon, 26,000 prisoners, and killed 5,000, while his loss barely reached 1,600.

Buonaparte, who, jealous that it could be supposed in France that any one could do great things except himself (Foy, i. 159), scarcely mentioned the victory in the *Moniteur;* yet as a victory it was most important, since it fixed Joseph on the tottering throne, gave Granada to Sebastiani, Seville to Soult, and place the treasures and supplies of rich unpillaged Andalucia in the hands of the ravenous invaders. "Alas!" said the Duke, whose great plans were thus frustrated, "that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago, should have been so completely lost by the *ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement*

of those to whose direction it was confided." (Disp. December 6, 1809.) "Nothing would do but fighting great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as *certain* as is the *commencement* of the battle." Ferdinand VII., a prisoner at Valençay, was mean or false enough, probably both, to write to congratulate Joseph on this victory (Schep. i. 69); while Areizaga, who lost it, instead of being cashiered, was presented by the Junta with a fine horse, and was afterwards made Captain General of Biscay, by this very Ferdinand, in 1814.

After the battle, the wretched town of Ocaña was mercilessly sacked by Soult, who then destroyed the precious archives of the *Ayuntamiento.*

La Guardia, rising on a ridge of rocks, was once an outpost guard against the Moors. Here, and indeed generally in the corn-growing central plains, the traveler should remark the *eras*, the common Spanish and orientel threshing-floors in the open air, and the driving the *trilo* over the corn, without horses, after the most Homeric fashion. The females, hereabouts, look half Swiss, half Dutch, with their blue and green petticoats and handkerchiefs under their chins. The miserable population, driven from their houses, that were gutted by the French, and which they are too poor to repair, burrow like rabbits in troglodite-excavations, whence they emerge to beg of the diligence as it ascends the hill. *Madridejos* with its nice, cool, and refreshing inn furnished us with excellent bread, although the water was bad, and the cheese not much better, however well it did for the *Alforgas* of honest, hungry, Sancho Panza, and his muleteer digestion. Four miles from *Manzanares*, to the right, is *Argamasella del Alba*, in the prison of which Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Now we are in the middle of the scenes so admirably described by Cervantes in his romance and it is a

convenient place to start from on a trip into Don Quixote's country. *El Toboso* is a poor place, although of European reputation ; the name is derived from the *tobas*, or sort of porous stones, which still, as in the time of Cervantes, are much used in making water-jars. According to Cervantic commentators, the original of the Don's *sweetheart* Dulcinea, Aldonza Lorenzo Corchuelo, was a Miss Aldonza (a word which means sweet) Zarco de Morales, and she lived in the still existing *Casa de Torrecilla.* Continuing the high road to Seville is *Puerto* Lapiche, a poor place, where the Don informed Sancho that they might get elbow-deep in adventures. The "Pass" is placed between two olive-clad gentle slopes, with sundry groups of windmills, which being smaller than ours, are really not unlike giants at a distance ; they are very numerous, for this is a country of much corn to grind, and little water power, The crack-brained knight might well be puzzled by these mills, for they were novelties at that time, having only been introduced into Spain in 1575, and had just before perplexed even Cardan, the wise man of the age, who describes one as if it had been a steam engine : "Nor can I pass over in silence what is *so wonderful*, that before I saw it I could neither believe nor relate without incurring the imputation of credulity ; but a thirst for science overcame bashfulness."

At the *Venta de Quesada* Don Quixote *(quesada*, lantern-jawed) was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn, and its still existing well. The water communicates with the Quadiana, the underground Mole of Spanish rivers. Indeed the ancient name, *Anas*, is derived from this "hide and seek" propensity; *Hanas* in the Punic, and *Hanasa* in the Arabic, signifying "to appear and disappear." It is called the *Lucalee* by the Spanish Gitanos.

The Wadi-Anas, like the Guadalquiver, eats its dull way through loamy banks: it rises in the swamps, or *Lagunas de Ruidera*, and loses itself again fifteen miles from its source, at Tomelloso; it re-appears after flowing seven leagues underground at Daymiel. The lakes which it throws up are called the eyes, *Los ojos de la Guadiana*, and the ground above is called the bridge. This and the *eyes* lead to trivial witticisms, in regard to the dark glancing Manchegas and this bridge's superiority over the Pont Neuf at Paris. The disappearance is not sudden like that of the Rhone, which descends into a gulf, as here it is sucked up into unpicturesque marshes. Their chief interest arises from Don Quixote. The *Cueva de Montesinos*, into which the knight descended, although the name savors of romance and the peerage of Charlemagne, really exists in the *Campo de Montiel*, which was the last scene of the fratricidal warfare between Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamara, who here killed his king and brother, aided by French knights, by whom the monarch was held unfairly down in the death-struggle. The cave lies about one league from the village of *Osa de Montiel;* it is near the *Ermita de Saelices*, and one of the *lagunas*, of which by the way there are eleven, and not seven, as Cervantes says. They are full of fish; each has its own name, that of *La Colgada* being the largest and most interesting, because its *cool* waters are guarded by the *rock-built* ruined castle of *Rochafrida*, in which lived Roca Florida, to whom Montesinos was married.

Al Castillo llaman *Rocha*,
Y a la fuente *Frida*.

These lakes, these eyes of the Guadiana, which, according to the Don, are fed from the tears of Belerma, with her seven

daughters and two maidens weeping for her dead Durandante, are really formed by the accumulation of waters which flow down from the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The *Cueva* itself is about forty yards wide and sixty deep, and is used as a refuge in storms by hunters and shepherds. The entrance is blocked up with underwood. As in Don Quixote's time, it is the haunt of bats and birds, who have deposited a bed of *guano* nearly a foot thick. The cave probably was part of an ancient mine, as a labyrinth of shafts have been traced, and heaps of metallic rubbish, *escoriales*, found.

After leaving *Manzanares*, the men get browner and poorer, the women more ugly, and the country and cloak more rusty and threadbare. Hemp is a luxury for shoes, and the rare stocking is made like that of Valencia without feet, an emblem of a student's purse, open and containing nothing. The cloaked peasants grouped around their mud cabins seem to be statues of silence and poverty, yet the soil is fertile in corn and wine.

Hence to Valdepeñas, celebrated for its wines. The red blood of the grape issues from this *valley of stones*, and is the produce of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. The liquor is kept in huge *tinejas* or jars; when removed it is put into pig-skins, *cueros*, such as Don Quixote attacked. The wine, when taken to distant places, is generally adulterated. When pure it is rich, fruity, full bodied, high colored, and will keep well, and improve for ten years. The best Bodegas are those which belonged to Don Carlos, Juan Puente, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who has a mansion here. The wine is worth on the spot about £4, the pipe; the land carriage is, however, expensive, and it is apt, when conveyed in skins, to be tapped and watered by the muleteers, whence *vino moro*—that is, wine which has never been thus *baptized*—is proverbi-

ally popular. Valdepeñas sometimes goes wrong during the sea voyage; the best plan is to send up *double* quarter sherry casks, which then must be conveyed to Cadiz or Santander.

Now to the next town, *Santa Cruz de Mudela* has no other celebrity than its garters, which the women offer for sale to the passengers; some are gaily embroidered and enlivened with mottoes: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

This whole region, naturally dreary and dull by nature is inspired by the genius of Cervantes. Near *Torre Nueva* Don Quixote liberated the galley slaves. In the immediate presence of the Sierra to the right was the scene of the Knight's penance, and before reaching the gorge of *Despeñaperros*, to the left is the *Venta de Cardenas*, where we think of Cardenio and Dorethea, and if I mistake not are reminded of the cage into which the redoubtable knight of the woeful countenance was thrust by his companions, and carried home in a vision of enchantment at the end of his second adventure.

How wonderful is the magic power of mind, and how instructive the creations of a fertile imagination. So true was Cervantes to the genius of his country and the spirit of the age, that even to this day, royal and true hidalgos of sorrowful and proud countenances may be found in La Mancha, with plenty of trusty and patient Sanchos ready to follow the beck and the nod of the haughty poor and raggedly-cloaked Castillaño, who boasts only of his chivalry and honor, and exults in the sentiment, that

Que quando se dicen España, dicen todo.
That when you say Spain, you have said everything.

La Mancha and its glorious Don Quixote of the lantern-jaws, will live for ever in the fields of honor. Such is the lasting influence of the name of Cervantes, that it seems to be

engraven on every rock in that sterile sierra, and so great the vivid force of his talent that the pregnant spirit of his invention has caused "the wilderness to blossom as the rose," and the mountain of that naked land to be adorned with the flowers of his intellect and beauty. All honor, therefore, be unto Cervantes, the author of the best romance ever written, and here a health to the departed spirit of Chivalry in the person of the illustrious, magnanimous and generous Don.

The province of *La Mancha*, which we are now leaving, contains about 7500 square miles, with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly table-land, elevated at a mean height of 2000 feet above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility, but water is the great want. Denuded of trees, it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye, wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a total want of anything of interest, either in man or his works, or the nature with which he is surrounded; the traveler is sickened with the wide expanse of monotonous steppes.

The towns are few, poverty stricken, and without a particle of comfort or interest; the mud-built villages, the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed laborers; besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted. These hamlets, wretched enough before, were brutally sacked by the Duponts and Soults, and never have recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. *Manchego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he

is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he supects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *pano pardo* with a *montera* on his head, a most inconvenient cap, which neither defends the head from the sun, the rain or cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla Manchega.* Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a real Manchegan peasant. He is the true *Juan Español*, the simple gaffer goosy, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero.*

La Carolina, the chief place of the new town in the Sierra barrier of this district, affording a striking change in the climate and vegetation before the frontier is entered, is perfectly uninteresting and un-Spanish, although much admired by the native because so European and civilized.

Carolina. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Spanish ; population 2800. The wild hills were formerly left to the robber and the wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to repeople the *Despoblados* with foreign settlers. In 1767, Don Pablo Olavides, a Peruvian by birth, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a bribe of pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities ; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the *maladie du pays*, execrating Spain, and remembering their sweet Argos. Olavides himself, this modern Cadmus or Deucalion, who had infused life into the silent mountains, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives : a capuchin

named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such a penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever.

Soon the road ascends to *Las Correderas*, and the magnificent narrow gorge *Despeña-perros*—"throw over dogs," meaning "the infidel houndes." This is the natural gateway to dreary *La Mancha*, as Pancorbo is to Castile. Welcome now gay Andalucia and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance north exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. In the war of independence the Seville Junta only *talked* of fortifying this natural Thermopylæ, this Bolan pass; nothing was ever done except on paper; and after the rout of *Ocaña* the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucia. January 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of the heroes of Bailen and their ten thousand men, who dispersed "every man to his own home:" and this on the plains of Tolosa! yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the *Torres Vedras* of Andalucia. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucia, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head quarters. "I think," said he, "while *I am there*, the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was *not* there, Gazan, in two days, was master of fifty miles of almost impregnable passes.

On the morning of the second day we entered the wretched town of *Bailen*. This had nothing to interest us, but an old

ruined castle with a machicolated tower and a solitary palm tree which seemed to have strayed away from Africa, standing as it were the habinger of the land of promise and of a more genial climate. Here we left behind the *Paño pardo*, the brown cloth, and the *alpargata*, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-striken Manchegos. The memorable battle of Bailen took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*.

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioseco, opened Madrid to the French, Murat considered the conquest of Andalucia to be merely a *promenade militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men, and boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel: but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move from Algeciras, by the help of a loan advanced by the merchants of Gibraltar, and marched towards Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish. The first division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the second was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the third by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons. The fourth division, which really consisted of Spaniards, who now claim all the glory, never fired a shot, while Castaños, their chief, only arrived after the battle was gained; previously Dupont had so mismanœuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños, by marching Reding to the right, got between him and Vedel. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar in the night, and was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny, drawn up in a strong hill position. The battle was of short duration, for the French had become demoralized by indulgence in pillage; more than 1,500 men were actually employed in guarding the "impedimenta," or wagons of plunder, and some high officers, says Foy, (iv. 100,) "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonor;" the uneven country was also in favor of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the fourth Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught: thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage. All parties were anxious to come to terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after all the fighting was over, would have granted a convention of Cintra, had he not been prevented by Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta. Eventually, on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms. The panic spread far and wide; whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid volunteered their own submission. Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid instantly, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders ran away from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Castaños, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory, than even the French at their defeat, actually marched back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdi

nand ; nor did he reach Madrid until August 23, when be proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, not taking the smallest steps even to dislodge the French runaways from the line of the Ebro ; they thought the war concluded by one blow ; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. The rewards given to Castaños, this conqueror by deputy, were as slow as his military movements ; he was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then simply and solely because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under English commanders, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He, also, to his honor, opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken. Retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey, (ch. viii.,) "as criminals rather than soldiers ; as men who had laid down their arms, but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises." Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of English officers, who are now charged by the French ! with the guilt of the very crimes which they did everything in their power to prevent.

Buonaparte concealed Bailen and the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he only hinted in the "Moniteur," September 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar he ascribed the *accidental disaster* to the elements. And a disaster this accident really proved to Spaniards, for they now took the exception for the rule, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organized veterans of France led by good commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare, which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerrilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting it over again, planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap. This idea led them to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy, when these Tartars, by *one charge of cavalry*, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

Continuing on to Seville, the road soon descends the hills over a broken country, over which the Rumblar boils. The mountains in this neighborhood abound in game. Passing on through fertile tracts of corn and olives, you are soon reminded of the presence of a more generous and pleasing aspect in nature. Before reaching *Andujar*, how different is the appearance of

smiling Andalousia, when contrasted with the dreary and deserted waste of La Mancha, and its poverty stricken inhabitants. A succession of olive groves now meet the eye, extend their lengths for miles, and even up to the vicinity of Seville. How superior is the style of the houses, having their outsides neatly whitewashed, and windows concealed by nicely painted blinds. How much better clad are the people. Here the tidy and buttoned hat, rich red sashes, binding the waist, and the embroidered garter, are jauntily worn by the graceful *majos*. At Carpio the costumes of the women change, and the majos wear green serge *sayas*, and handkerchiefs and shawls, instead of mantillas. Cities of considerable wealth now fill the plains, and rich harvests of ripe fruit and golden grain, rejoice the mind, as they gladden the labor of the husbandman. The whole land wears the tokens of prosperity, and forebodes the presence of a happy and contented peasantry.

According to the custom of travel in the South of Spain, we rested at the inn during the hottest portion of the day, and whilst some of the passengers were eating, and others smoking, or sleeping, we had leisure enough to examine the principal features of this place. Here are made the porous, cooling clay drinking vessels, *alcarrazos*, arabicè, which, filled with water, and arranged in stands, or *tallas*, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every venta. Besides a mosque in Andujar, there is a dilapidated old bridge, over the Guadalquiver.

At midnight, under the light of a full moon, we entered Cordova. Passing through at that hour of the night, it was of course impossible for us to see the noble bridge, by which the Guadalquiver is crossed at *Alcolea*, or to visit the interior of the *Mezquita*, the celebrated mosque. Cordova, therefore, with its olives and palm trees, backed by the convent-crowned

sierra, having a truly Oriental aspect, may be better seen at a distance, by reading Ford's excellent description, in his "Gatherings."

CORDOVA.

Cordova retains its ancient name. *Cor* is a common Iberian prefix, and *tuba* is said to mean important, *Karta tuba*. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar: 23,000 inhabitants were put to death *in terrorem*. His lieutenant, Marcellus, (Hirt. B. A. 57,) rebuilt the city, which was repeopled by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence, its epithet, *"Patricia;"* and pride of birth is still the boast of this poor and servile city. *La cepa de Cordova*, is the aristocratic "stock," like the *ceti* of Cortona in Italy. As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles boasted to be of the bluest. *La sangre su* is the azure of this élite of the earth, in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins; while the blood of heretics, Lutherans, Protestants, political enemies, and Jews, is held by Spanish *sangrados* and heralds, to be black, pitchy, and therefore combustible (see 'Gatherings'). The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

The genius and imagination of its authors, astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub. fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quiddam atque peregrinum," as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Ena, one of the poets of *facunda Cordoba*, the birth-place of himself, the unique Lucan, the two

Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counselor of Constantine, and the friend of St. Athanasius, who called him παυουσιος, was its bishop from 294 to 357: he presided at the Council of Nice, and was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of captains." It produced Avenzoar, or, to write more correctly, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr, and Averroes, whose proper name is Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd; he it was who introduced Aristotle to Europe, and, in words of Dante, "il gran commento feo." The wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova, under the Beni-Ummeyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as were Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513; and Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit and author of the treatise *De Matrimonio*, which none but a celibate monk could have written; the best edition is that of Antwerp, 3 vols. folio, 1607. Here, in 1538, was born Pablo de Caspedes, the learned painter and poet; and in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and near here, at Montilla, was born Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birth-place as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who

came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, *El Vandolino*, is the Cellini of Cordova. The *joyas*—Arabicé *jauhar*, brilliant—and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald-studded jewelry may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but *Gothic* Cordova was taken by the Moors at once, by Mugueith el Rumi, the Mogued of Spanish writers; at first it became an appendage of the Kalifate at Damascus, but in 756, declared itself to be independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-r-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. Under him Cordova became the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. It contained, in the tenth century, nearly a million of inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and is now a dirty, benighted, ill-provided, decaying place, with a population about 55,000.

Cordova is soon seen. This Athens under the Moor is now a poor Bœotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a casa de espositos, plaza de toros, and a national museo and library of no particular consequence: a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water," allusive to that over the river: the foundations are Roman.

The *Alcazar* rises on the left, and was built on the site of the Balatt Ludheric, the castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was Duke of Cordova ; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Mingares in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-grounds for Andalucian barbs, until the establishment was broken up by the French, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors, was the *Alaras* (und *Huras*), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either foreigners or Christians, Mamelukes or Sclavonians.

The cathedral or the mosque, *La Mezquitta* as it is still called, (*mesgad* from *masegad*, Arabicè to worship, prostrate), stands isolated. The exterior is castellated and forbidding: walk round it; observe the square buttress towers, with fire-shaped or bearded parapets; it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the Moorish spandrils of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the *Puerta* del Perdon, of which the type is truly Oriental (1 Chr. xxviii. 6). The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred τεμενος and "Grove," this "*court* of the House of God, importunate beggars, although bearded, cloaked, Homeric, and patriarchal, worry the stranger and dispel the illusion. Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593; it was recased and repaired the same year by Fernan Ruiz, a native of this city. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The nineteen entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the military columns found in the middle of the mosque during the

repairs of 1532: the inscriptions, re-engraved in 1732, record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral is like a basilicum, with a labyrinth, a forest or quincunx of pillars. It was chiefly constructed out of the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to Christian worship during the period of the Gothic domination. Out of the 1200 columns—now reduced to about 854—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; sixty from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople ; the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: neither are their diameters equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long, having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity.

Abdu-r-rahman began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus; dying June 10, 788, it was finished by his son Hixem in 793–4, and was called *Ceca*, *Zeca*, the house of purification, the old Egyptian Sekos (σηκος, adytum). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca. Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this *Ceca* was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go; hence *andar de zeca en meca* became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza when soured by blanket tossings.

So much for the mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro;* this was done in 1523 by the Bishop Alonso Manrique. The city corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in such bodies, protested against this "improvement;" but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reproved the chapter: "You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish."

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia* with their gates and towers, they must have been nearly similar to that circumvallation as described by Cæsar. (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the beautiful group of palms overtopping the wall from a convent garden near the *Puerta de Plasecia.* The first ever planted in Cordova was by the royal hand of Abdu-r-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much loved and always regretted Damascus; his plaintive sonnet is still extant.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down, to build the convent of San Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near San Pablo, and reinterred.

Ecija, Astigi, where we arrived on the following morning, and remained until four o'clock in the afternoon, in the time of the Romans was a town equal to Cordova; it rises on the Genil, the great triubutary of the Guadalquivir. Although well-built, and rich in corn and oil, it is a very uninteresting town. From the extreme heat, it is called the frying-pan, or La Sarteuilla, of Andalucia; accordingly it bears for arms

the sun, with this modest motto, *Una sola sera llamada la Ciudad del Sol;* thus frying-pans assume the titles and decorations of an Heliopolis. It also boasts to have been visited by St. Paul, who here converted his hostess, *Santa Xantippa*, wife of one *Probus* (these shrew *grey mares* always have good husbands). One of the earliest bishops of Ecija was St. Crispin, but that was before neighboring Cordova was so famous for its Morocco leather. It has a fine alemeda outside the town, with statues and fountains representing the seasons.

Leaving this dull place, the road running by the miserable post-houses of *La Portuguesa* and *La Luisiana*, called after Spanish queens, the only abodes of man in this rich tract of neglected country, crosses Moncloa, with its palms and a bridge, which was formerly the lair of a gang of robbers, called *los niños de Ecija;* although now extinct, these "Boys" are immortal in the fears and tales of Spanish muleteers. Continuing our way across the aromatic, uninhabited, and uncultivated wastes into the campagna beyond, we ascended to the top of a hill in the vicinity of Carmena, whence the view over the vast plains below was magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains were to be seen: it was the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, was very picturesque, as it rose on the eastern extremity of the ridge, commanding the plain both ways.

We have now reached *Mairena*, celebrated for its three days' horse-fair, which is held on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of April. It is a singular scene of gipsies, *legs chalanes*, and picturesque blackguards. Here the majos and majas shine in all their glory. The company returns to Seville at sunset, when all the world is seated near the Caños de Carmona, to behold them. The

correct thing for the *majo fino* used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a *majo* rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs ; thus his face was whitened, *salió muy lucido.* The Maja always, on these occasions, wore the *Caramb* , or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the Moño, or knot of her hair. She ought, also, to have the portrait of her *Querido* around her neck. The *Majo* always had two embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from one of his jacket-pockets.

Alcalá de Guadaira, signifying the castle of the river Aira, likewise celebrated for its fine bread, and numerous water springs, was the last place on the road to Seville. It is also called, *de los Panadoros*, "of the bakers," for it has long been the oven of Seville ; bread is the staff of its existence, and samples abound by the way-side. It is strange that this commodity of good bread, which is as plenty as blackberries in Spain, should be so rare in America. Every village enjoys an abundance of this staple, while *roscas*, a circular formed *rusk*, are hung up like garlands, and *hogazas*, loaves, are placed on tables outside the houses. "Panis hic longé pulcherrimus ;" it is, indeed, as Spaniards say, *Pan de Dios*—"the angels' bread of Esdras." Spanish bread was esteemed by the Romans for its lightness. (Plin. 'N. H.,' xviii. 7.) All classes here gain their bread by making, and the water-mills, and mule-mills, or *atahonas*, are never still ; they exceed 200 in number ; women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grains, which get mixed, from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air—the *era*, or Roman area. The corn is very carefully ground, and the flour passed through several hoppers, in order to secure its fineness. Visit a large bake-

house, and observe the care with which the dough is kneaded. It is worked and re-worked, as is done by our biscuit-makers, hence the close-grained caky consistency of the crumb. The bread is taken into Seville every morning.

Alcalá is proverbial for salubrity, and is much resorted to as a summer residence; it always escapes the pestilence, which has so often desolated Seville; it is freshened by the pure Ronda breezes, and the air is rarified by the many ovens, of which, it is said, there are more than fifty.

The castle is one of the finest Moorish specimens, and was the land-key of Seville. The Moorish city lay under the castle, and no longer exists. The river below makes a pretty sweep round the rocky base, and the long lines of walls run down, following the slope of the irregular ground.

Leaving Alcalá, the noble causeway winds gently round the hill, hanging over the river. In the plain below, amid orange and olive-groves, rise the sun-gilt towers of stately Seville. The Moorish Giralda is pre-eminently the prominent point. Next we reach *La Cruz del Campo*, placed in an open Moorish-looking temple, but erected in 1842. It is also called *el Humilladero:* here travelers used to kneel and thank the Virgin and Santiago for a safe arrival at their journey's end, having escaped the pains and perils of Spanish travel. Now, both these dangers and their piety are much decreased.

ANDALUCIA.

The kingdom or province of Andalucia, in facility of access and objects of interest, must take precedence over all others in Spain. It is the Tarshish of the Bible, the "uttermost parts

of the earth," to which Jonah wished to flee. At the Gothic invasion this province was overrun by the Vandals, whence both sides of the straits were called by the Moors Vandalucia, or *Belâd-al-Andalosh*, the territory of the Vandal. Here, as in a congenial soil, the Oriental overturner of the Gothic rule took the deepest root, and left the noblest traces of power, taste, and intelligence—here he made his last desperate struggle, and from this gradual recovery of Andalucia, the Oriental divisions into separate principalities are retained, and it is still called *Los Cuatro Reinos*, the "Four Kingdoms," viz., Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada.

Andalucia contains 2,281 square leagues, and is a land of mountain and valley; the grand productive locality is the basin of the Guadalquivir, which flows under the range of the Sierra Morena. To the south-east rise the mountains of Ronda and Granada, which sweep down to the sea. Their summits are covered with eternal snow, while the sugar-cane ripens at their bases; the botanical range is, therefore, inexhaustible; these sierras also are absolutely marble and metal-pregnant. The cities are of the highest order in Spain, in respect to the fine arts and objects of general interest, while Gibraltar is a portion of England herself.

The Andalucians, from the remotest periods of history, have been more celebrated for their social and intellectual qualities, than for those of a practical and industrial character. They are considered by their countrymen to be the Gascons, the boasters and braggarts of Spain; and certainly, from the time of Livy (xxxiv. 17) to the present, they are the most "*imbelles*," unwarlike, and unmilitary. It is in peace and its arts that these gay, good-humored, light-hearted children of a genial sun shine the most; thus their authors revived literature

when the Augustan age died at Rome, as during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the Athens of the west, and at once the seat of arts and science. Again, when the sun of Raphael set in Italy, painting here arose in a new form in the Velazquez, Murillo, and Cano school of Seville, which beyond doubt takes the lead in those of the Peninsula.

The Oriental imagination of the Andalucians colors everything up to their bright sun. Their exaggeration, *ponderacion*, or giving weight to nothings, is only exceeded by their credulity, until they end in believing their own lies. Everything with them is either in the superlative or diminutive. Nowhere will the stranger hear more frequently those talismanic words which mark national character—*No se sabe, no se puede, conforme*, the "I don't know," "I can't do it;" "That depends;" the *Manaña, pasado manaña*, the "To-morrow, and day after to-morrow;" the *Boubra, balboukra*, of the procrastinating Oriental. Here remain the Bakalum or *Veremos*, "We will see about it;" the Pek-éyi or *muy bien*, "Very well;" and the Inshallah, *si Dios quiere*, the "If the Lord will;" the *Ojala*, or wishing that God would effect what he wants, the Moslem's *Enxo-Allah*. In a word, here are to be found the besetting sins of the Oriental, his ignorance, indifference, procrastination, tempered by a religious resignation to Providence. The natives are superstitious and great worshippers of the Virgin. Seville was the head-quarters of the dispute on the Immaculate Conception, by which Spain was convulsed. They are remarkable for a reliance on supernatural aid, and in all circumstances of difficulty call upon their tutelar patrons, with which every town, church, and parish is provided. Yet, if proverbs are to be trusted, little moral benefit has been the result of their religious tendencies. *Al Andaluz cata la Cruz; del Andaluz guarda*

tu capa y capuz; that is, even if an Andalucian make the sign of the cross, keep a look-out after your cloak and other chattels. In no province have smugglers and robbers (convertible terms) been longer the weed of the soil.

In compensation, however, nowhere in Spain is *el trato*, or friendly and social intercourse, more agreeable than in this pleasure-loving, work-abhorring province. The native is the *gracioso* of the Peninsular, a term given to the cleverest comic actor. Both the *gracia*, wit and elegance, and the *sal Andaluza*, are proverbial. This *salt*, it is true, cannot be precisely called Attic, having a tendency to gitanesque and tauromachian slang, but it is almost the national language of the *smuggler*, *bandit*, *bull-fighter*, *dancer*, and *Majo*, and who has not heard of these worthies of Bætica?—the *Contrabandista*, *Ladron*, *Torero*, *Bailarin*, and *Majo*. Their fame has long scaled the Pyrenees, while in the Peninsular itself such persons and pursuits are the rage and dear delight of the young and daring, of all indeed who aspire to the "*Fancy*," or *aficion*, and to be sporting characters. Andalucia is the head-quarters of all this, and the cradle of the most eminent professors, who in the other provinces become stars, patterns, models, and the envy and admiration of their applauding countrymen. The provincial dress is extremely picturesque; it is that of Figaro in our theatres, and, whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, Nature has lent her hand in the good work; the male is cast in her happiest mould, he is tall, well-grown, strong, and sinewy; the female is worthy of her mate, and often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action. The *Majo* is the *dandy* of Spain. The etymology of this word is the Arabic *Majar*, brilliancy, splendor, jauntiness in walk, which are exactly expressed in the

costume and bearing of the character. The *Majo* glitters in velvets, filigree buttons, tags and tassels: his dress is as gay as his sun; external appearance is all and everything with him. This love of *show*, *boato*, is by some derived from the Arabic "*shouting*," by others from *batto*, *betato;* his favorite epithet, *bizarro*, "*distinguished*," is the Arabic *bessarâ*, "*elegance of form.*" The *Majo* is an out-and-out *swell*, *muy fanfaron;* this fanfaronade in word and thing is also Moorish, since *fanfar* and *hinchar* both signify to "*distend*," and are applied in the Arabic and in the Spanish to *las narices*, the inflation of the barb's nostrils, and, in a secondary meaning, to *pretencion*, puffed out pretension. The *Majo*, especially if *crudo*, or boisterous and *raw*, is fond of practical jokes; his outbreaks and "larks" are still termed in Spanish by their *Arabic* names, *jarano*, *jaleo*, i. e. *khala-a*, "waggishness."

The lively and sparkling semi-Moro Andalucian is the antithesis of the grave and decorous old Castilian, who looks down upon him as an amusing and undignified personage. He smiles at his harlequin costume and tricks as he does at his peculiar dialect, and with reason, as nowhere is the Spanish language more corrupted in words and pronunciation: in fact, it is scarcely intelligible to a true Toledan.

The fittest towns for residence are Granada for the summer, and Seville and Malaga for the winter, or Gibraltar (which is English, not Spanish), where the creature comforts and good medical advice abound. The spring and autumn are the best periods for a tour in Andulacia: the summers, except in the mountain districts, are intensely hot, and the winters rainy.

In spite of a fertile soil and beneficent climate, more than half Andalucia is abandoned to a state of nature. The soil is covered with aromatic underwood, and strewed with remains of

Moorish ruins. The land, once a paradise, seems to have been cursed by man's ravage and neglect. Nowhere will the traveler be better able to study those two things of Spain, the *dehesas y despoblados*, as everywhere here, cultivated lands are turned to waste, and districts once teeming with life depopulated.

SEVILLE.

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
No ha visto a maravilla."

"He who has not at Seville been,
Has not, I trow, a wonder seen."

Before proceeding to examine the interior of Seville, we preface a brief epitome of its past. When men go back to Hispan and Hercules for a beginning, it is pretty clear that the history and date of its foundation is lost in the obscurity of remote antiquity. Its old name, *Hispal*, sounds very Punic; it was doubtless, therefore, a Phœnician settlement, connecting Gaddir with Cordova; the Greek changed the name into *Ισπολα*, and the Romans into Hispalis, of which the Moors made Ishbiliah, whence Sibilia, consequently Sevilla. Of its anti-Roman history, little is known beyond the fact, that it was soon eclipsed by Italica, a military town, by Gades, a seaport, and by Cordova, the residence of patrician settlers.

Julius Cæsar patronised Seville because Cordova espoused the cause of Pompey, having captured it August 9, forty-five years before Christ. He gave it the title *Romula;* still it remained a more Punic than Roman city, and if by no means the splendid, it was, according to Italian writers, walled around.

It was the capital of the Goths until the sixth century, and surrendered to the Moors at once after the defeat of Don Roderick on the Guadalete, under whose dynasty it remained subject until the final overthrow of the western Kalifate that had been established at Cordova. In 1031, when rival interests and conflicting jealousies split the ill-jointed fabric of the Moors into fragments. The Beni Umeyyah family being divided against itself, its territory having fallen in the hands of separate adventurers, who had set themselves up as kings over each province and town, it fell into the hands of St. Ferdinand one of the best of kings and bravest of soldiers, shortly after he had consolidated the kingdoms of Leon and Castile.

The details of his advance into Andalucia, the capture of Seville, and especially the account of the vision of the Virgin, the breaking of the bridge of boats and the prowess of Diego, El Machucha, have rather the appearance of a romance than reality, in the poem of the Conde de la Roca, "*La Sevilla Restaurada*," where the author modestly likens himself to Tasso, and invokes San Isidoro for his Apollo. Seville surrendered in November 23, 1248, on the *Dia de San Clemente*. The Emperor of Morocco was driven from his throne, his houses and lands were divided among the soldiers, and St. Ferdinand granted to the city for arms, himself seated on a throne, with San Laureano and San Isidoro for his supporters. All the persons and events of the siege form subjects for the authors and artists of Seville. They have been tersely summed up in the distich which is inscribed over the *Puerta de la Carne*.

"Condedit Alcides—renovavit Julius urbem,
Restitiut Christo Fernandus tertius heros."

"Hercules built, Cæsar renewed the City,
The Hero, Ferdinand the Third, restored it to Christ."

This is thus paraphrased over the Puerta de Xeres.

"*Hercules me edificio*
Julio Cesar me cerco
De muros y torres altas;
(Un Rey godo me perdio,) omitted.
El Rey Santo me gano,
Con Garci Perez de Vargas."

"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and lofty towers; a Gothic King lost me; a saint-like king recovered me, assisted by Garci Perez de Vargas."

Seville, in the unnatural civil wars after the conqueror's death remained faithful to his son and successor. Alonso el Subio, *the learned*, but not wise. He was like the pedant James I., "The most learned fool in Christendom," and both would have made better professors than kings. Alonzo gave Seville the badge, which is seen carved and painted everywhere. It is called El Nodo, and is thus represented: No 8 Do; the hieroglyphic signifies No-m'ha dexa-Do. "It has not deserted me." *Madexa* in old Spanish meant a knot, and is the Gothic *Mataxa*.

Seville continued to be the capital of Spain, and especially of Don Pedro, who was more than half a Moor, until Charles V. removed the Court to Valladolid; yet it remained faithful—true to the sun, although not shone upon—during the outbreak of the *comuneros*, and was rewarded by a motto, "Ab Hercule et Cæsare nobilitas, a se ipsâ fidelitas." The discovery of the New World raised Seville to a more than former splendor; it became the mart of the golden colonies, and the residence of

princely foreign merchants. The French invasion and the subsequent loss of the transatlantic possessions cast her down from her palmy pride of place. The Junta risked the battle of Ocaña, in despite of the Cassandra warnings of the Duke, and were defeated; the conquerors then overran Andalucia, and in a few days the *heroic* city surrendered (Feb. 2, 1810), without even a show of fight. Soult then became its autocrat, for he set Joseph at defiance. Here he ruled despotically: "Mercy," says Schepeler (iii. 129), who gives the appalling blood-stained details, "was erased from his orders of the day." Toreno (xx.) estimates the French plunder at six millions sterling. As Moore at Sahagun had once before saved the Andalucians, now the Duke at Salamanca delivered them again, and Soult fled from Seville August 27, 1813, closely followed by Col. Skerrett. Sir John Downie, whose Spanish legion would not fight, joined the English, who would, and charged the bridge three times; he was wounded and taken prisoner; yet threw back to his followers his sword, that its honor might remain unsullied; it was that of Pizarro, and had been given to him in reward of previous valor; he was afterwards made *Alcaide* of the Alcazar. The English entered Seville amid the rapturous acclamations of the inhabitants, thus delivered from French terrorism, scaffolds, and confiscation.

Seville, in 1823, was made the asylum of the bragging Cortes, who halted here in their flight from Madrid, and who again fled at the first approach of Angoulême; but this capital of the ever unwarlike Andalucians never held out against any one except Espartero in July, 1843. That siege lasted about nine days, and during six only were any bombs fired. Accordingly, less than 100 Sevillians were wounded, of whom only twenty died: of the assailants only twenty-nine were killed.

ITS ATTRACTIONS.

"Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

Seville, the marvel of Andalusia, lies on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, which flows along the arc of its irregular and almost circular shape. Its circumference of about five miles, is inclosed in Moorish walls of concrete or *tapia*, which, toward the Puerta of Cordova, are the most perfect in Spain. It is the see of an archbishop, having for suffragans—Cadiz, Malaga, Ceuta, the Canary Islands and Teneriffe, and contains twenty-eight parishes and ten suburbs, of which Triana, on the opposite bank, is like the *Trastevere* of Rome, and the abode of gypsies and smugglers.

Possessing a Royal Alcazar, a Plaza de Toros a (Bull pit), two theatres, a public library and museum, a university and beautiful walks, it glories in the titular epithets of *muy leal y noble*, to which Ferdinand VII. added *muy cheroica*, and Señor Lopez, in 1843, "*invicto*" (unsubdued), after the repulse of Espartero.

The city is purely Moorish, as the Moslem, during a possession of five centuries, entirely rebuilt it, using the Roman buildings as materials. The climate is so dry and conservative, that the best houses are still those erected by the Moors, or on their models, they are the most charming and unique; of the Roman remains, there are, consequently, scarcely any. Although the Sevillians pretend that the walls, and that the Torre del Oro (Tower of Gold), was built by Julius Cæsar, it is sheer nonsense, as they are incontestibly Moorish, both in form and construction. The Roman city was very small, and it extended

from the Puerta de Carne to the Puerta de Triana. Several pillars of a Roman temple, now deeply imbedded within the walls of some Moorish houses, and some well-preserved Roman *sub-grundaria* or *under-ground* tombs for infants, whose bodies were never burnt on funeral piles, have been recently brought to light. In one street a subterranean aqueduct was accidentally discovered, which still flows full of fresh water, although its existence is absolutely unknown to the majority of the citizens, and no steps have been taken to trace or recover this precious supply.

Seville, is however, a museum of Moorish antiquities, and the best place to observe the Arabic ceilings and marqueterie woodwork, *artestonados y ataraceas;* the stucco paneling, Arabicè Tarkish, the *lienzos de Almizates*, *Almocarbes*, *Ajaracas*, and the elegant window divided by a marble shaft, *Ajimes*, an Arabic term, meaning an opening which lets in the sunbeam: beautiful specimens exist in the Alcazar, Calle Pjaritos, No. 15, Casa Prieto, Ce. Naranjos, and Casa Montijo, behind the Parroquia of Omnium Sanctorum. A vast number of Moorish houses exist, although sadly degraded by adaptations to modern wants and usages. The streets are narrow—a wise provision—in order to keep them shady during the heat; the exteriors are plain, and windows looking to the streets were hardly known before the time of Charles V. They are still barricaded with *rejas*, or iron gratings, and protected in summer by an *estera*, or matting, thus forming a favorite *al fresco* boudoir for the fair sex. The houses generally have an entrance porch, *el zaugan* (Arabicè sahan), which leads to the *cancel*, or open-worked iron gate; the interiors are built with an open square court-yard, *patio*, on each side of which are *corredores*, supported by marble pillars; a *fuente*, or fountain, plays in the middle; this

court is covered over in summer with an awning, *velo*, *toldo*, and becomes the drawing-room of the inmates, who, during the summer, occupy the cool ground floor, and migrate to the warmer upper one in winter. These houses are rich in Moorish porcelain tilings, which are still called *azulejos*. This word, like *azul*, is derived from the Arabic, but from a different root. The latter is derived from *lazurad*, the lapis lazuli; the former from *Zulaj*, *Zuleich*, a varnished tile. Lazurad, indeed, strictly speaking, was borrowed from the Persian; the Arabic word blue being *zaraco*, whence the Spanish *zarco*, which is only applied to *blue* eyes. Most names of colors in the Spanish are derived from Arabic words, such as *Albayalde*, *Carmesi*, *Gualdo*, *Azulturqui*, *Ruano*, *Alazan*. The Moor was the chemist and decorator, from whom the rude Gotho-Spaniard learned his arts and the words to express them. The use of *Azulejo*, is very ancient and Oriental. The sapphire and blue were always the favorite tints (Exod. xxiv. 10; Isa. liv. 11). The substance is composed of a red clay, the surface of which is highly glazed in enameled colors. The material is cool, clear, and no vermin can lodge in it. The Moors formed with it most ingenious harlequinades, combining color and pattern.

More than half of Seville is Moorish—but we shall only select the cream first.

THE GIRALDA.

This beautiful tower is so called from the vane, *que gira*, which turns round. It should be the first object of attraction after entering the city. Of this beautiful belfry, and unique in Europe, much error has been disseminated. It was built in 1196, by Abu Jusuf Yacub, who added it to the mosque which

his illustrious father, of the same name, had erected. The Moors attached such veneration to this *Mueddin* tower, that before the capitulation they wished to destroy it, but were prevented by the threat of Alonso el Sabio of sacking the city if they did.

Abu Jusuf Yacub was the great builder of his age; he caused a bridge of boats to be thrown across the Guadalquivir, on the 11th of October, A. D. 1171. He built also a portion of the exterior walls, and erected wharves along the banks of the river. He repaired the Roman aqueduct, now known as the *Caoñs de Carmona.* He raised the great Mosque of Seville, which was similar in design and execution to the celebrated *Mezquita* at Cordova. This tower, like the *kootsabea* of Morocco, and the smaller and unfinished one of Rabát, also the works of the same architect, was, probably, erected for the double purpose of calling the faithful to prayer, and for astronomical observations. The original gilt balls by which it was surmounted, were thrown down during an earthquake, in 1395. Thus much says the accurate Gayangos, who has cleared away the slough of errors in which many have been engulphed, and threatens all those who copy what they find written in bad Spanish and worse foreign guides.

The orignal Moorish tower was only 250 feet high; the additional 100, being the rich filigree belfry, was added, in 1568, by Fernando Ruiz, and is elegant and attractive beyond description. It is girdled with a motto from the Proverbs (xviii. 10); Nomen Domini fortissima turris. On grand festivals it is lighted up at night, and then seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the vault of heaven. It is a square of fifty feet. The Moorish *ajaracas*, or sunk patterns, differ on each side. The ascent is by easy ramps. The panorama is superb, but

the clock, made by a Franciscan monk, one Jose Cordero, 1764, is here considered the grand marvel; the pinnacle is crowned with *El Girandillo*, a female figure in bronze of *La Fe*, the faith, a somewhat strange choice of sex and character for what should never vary or be fickle. The figure is truly Italian, and was cast in 1568, by Bartolomé Morel. The figure is fourteen feet high, weighs 2,800 pounds, and yet veers with the slightest breeze. It bears the *Labaro*, or banner of Constantine. This belfry is the home of a colony of the twittering, careering hawk, the *Falco tinnunculoides*. The first Christian knight who ascended the Giralda after the conquest, was Lorenzo Poro (Lawrence Poore), a Scotchman. His descendant, the Marquis de Motilla, still owns the ancestral house in the Calle de la Cuna. A Scotch herald will do well to look at the coat of arms in the Patio.

The Giralda was the great tower from whence the mueddin summoned the faithful to prayers; and here still are his substitutes, the bells, for they are almost treated as persons, being all duly baptized, before suspended, with a peculiar oil, which is consecrated expressly during the holy week, and they are christened after saints. When Spanish *campanas* are rung, it is called a *repique*, which is totally unlike our sweet village bells, or impressive cathedral peal. There is no attempt at melody in their *repique*, no chime, no triple-bob majors. The *music* is devoid alike of ringer science, rural rustic melody, or the solemn association of sounds, the "nighest bordering on heaven." The *campanas* are headed with cross beams of wood, almost of the same weight as the bells themselves, and are pulled at until they keep turning round and round, head over heels, except when they are very large; then the clapper is agitated by a rope, *à golpe de badajo*.

The Giralda is under the especial patronage of the two Santas Justina y Rufina, who are much revered at Seville, and nowhere else. In a thunderstorm, 1504, they scared the devil, who unloosed the winds to fight against this church; this, their standing miracle, is the one so often carved, and painted by Murillo and others: and, due proportions considered, these young ladies must have been at least 500 feet high, and a tolerable match for the father of all lies. The Royal Academy of Seville, however, published, in 1795, a learned dissertation to prove the authenticity of this miracle. No wonder, in July, 1843, when Espartero bombarded Seville, that the people believed that the Giralda was encompassed by invisible angels, headed by these tutelars, who turned aside every shot. These ladies were the daughters of a potter in Triana, a low suburb, in which coarse earthenware is still made. In the year 287, they insulted the *paso*, or graven image of Venus Salambo, and were put to death.

Below the Giralda is the Moorish *Patio de los Naranjos*, the court of orange trees, with the original fountain, at which the Moslem once performed his ablutions. Only two sides of "this court of the house of the Lord," this τεμενος, or "grove," remain.

As Seville is the marvel of Andalusia, la Giralda is no less the pride and delight of the Sevillians: and as you view the tapering lithe of its graceful proportion, lifting its form in ærial perspective against the soft blue sky of this sunny land, you will not wonder that it has been termed the miracle of Moorish art. Ascend it, and then you will enjoy the most gorgeous panorama to be beheld in Spain. Fair Seville lies proudly at its feet, reviving the memory of its past glories and splendid history. You look down from the belfry upon the green foliage of the Court of

Oranges, and the light waters of the golden fountains gleam under the eye like brilliant diamonds sparkling in the sun. In that court the true and devout Moslem once washed his hands and feet, as he listened to the call of the mueddin above, who entoned the hour for prayer, and chanted the appel to the faithful. The gorgeous mass of the Cathedral roof glows with all the brillancy of its Azalejo tiles mid-way up the tower, while the eye embraces at one glance, all the turrets that surmount the circuit of the ancient walls. Afar the swift waters of the Guadalquivir glide in its onward course to the ocean, where you scarcely distinguish the forms of the tiny boats, that are freighted with the rich products of its native soil. Other Moorish minarets surround the grand central mueddin tower of "La Giralda."

The only vestiges of the original mosque now visible, are some Saracenic gates and porches, and the square buttresses of the outer walls. Above the whole rises the majestic tower of the vast Gothic Cathedral, certainly the finest in Spain, if not in Europe; inferior to none, not even that of Strasburg, whether we consider the massiveness of its construction, or its sublime effects. Below the spectator, and in front of the Giralda, the rambling structure of the archbishop's palace reminds you of its occupation by Soult, during the Peninsular war.

Here Soult resided, when the walls were adorned with his precious *collection* of Spanish pictures; fortunately he could not "remove" the Giralda. It was on the plaza, opposite, that the cloaked Spaniards watched those of their *Afrancesado* countrymen, who frequented the foreigner's councils and feats, and destined them to the knife-stab. Some French officers one day were admiring the Giralda, when a *majo* replied, "*y con todo eso, no se hizó en Paris*," and yet it was not made at Paris.

On one side of the square of the Duke, the Chirruguesque features of the Longa, or Exchange, claim attention, while not far off, the Alcazar yields an interest, from its occupation by Montpensier, the fortunate consort of the sister of Isabel. The entire square, which hangs around the nucleus of the cathedrals, embraces every variety of architectural beauty, so that in their several styles you can easily trace out the rise and decline of the Saracenic, and Gothic, and Spanish conquests. On all sides you are struck with the greatness of the edifices, and the singular contrast of their orders, while the motley groups of the people, who are moving above the Plaza, in the courts, and over the pavements, into these different buildings, attract no less by the novelty, picturesqueness, and cut of their party-colored costumes. Even the harlequin dress of Figaro—the Barber of Seville, in the opera is easily restored at one corner of the quadrangle, (No. 15 San Tomas,) where the identical shop of this musical character may be seen, and where you may still be shaved by a descendant of this hero, under the sign of the basin, *the yelmo de manbrino*, which Don Quixote took for his helmet, when he first set out on his chivalrous adventures after knight-errantry. We were tonsored and lathered in this shop, merely for the sake of the associations connected with the memory of Figaro, and everybody who has music in his soul, should be shaved there also. Such are some of the wonderful, of the beautiful landscapes obtained from the belfry of the most graceful Giralda.

When satisfied with the loveliness of this superb landskip, descend to the street, and passing thence enter the interior of the Cathedral.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The *Cathedral* itself is the largest and finest in Spain: the solemn and grandiose of "*Grandeza*" is its distinctive quality, as elegance is of Leon, strength of Santiago, and wealth was of Toledo. The site is that of the successive temples of Astarte, Salambo, and Mahomet. The original mosque, on whose peculiar quadrilateral form, 398 feet east to west, by 291 north to south, it is built, it was erected by Abu Yusuf Jacob-Al-Mansúr, 1163–1178, and remained uninjured until 1480, when it was pulled down, and this cathedral commenced, which was opened for divine service in 1519. The chapter in their first conference determined to "construct a church such and so good that it never should have its equal. Let posterity, when it admires it complete, say, that those who dared to devise such a work must have been mad." There was method in such madness.

The name of the architect is not known. It is inside and outside a museum of fine art, in spite of hostile and recent church spoliations. It preserves the Basilica form of the original mosque, being an oblong square; it is 431 feet long by 315 feet wide; has seven aisles—the two lateral are railed off into chapels; the centre nave is magnificent, the height amazing, being 145 feet, while at the *cimborio*, or transept dome, it is 171 feet; the offices connected with the cathedral and chapter are built outside to the south; the pavement in black and white chequered marble is superb. It was finished in 1793, and cost the enormous sum of 155,304 dollars. It was restored at one corner.

Within a "dim religious light," so suitable to the house of prayer, pervaded the aisles of this noble temple, creating an

atmosphere of holier inspiration than that enjoyed outside. A rich stream of ærial rays, flowing like a veil of mist from the loftiest oriel in the north transept, flooded the pavement, where it fell into repose. Were the angels painters, they would have chosen it as a type on their descent in Jacob's Dream, for spiritual beings treat of the heavenly with no material aids like ladders. No less beautiful is the effect of those delicately subdued gushes of color that poured through diaphanous panes of the stained glass in the windows of the chapels, where, while you watch the shadows that flit across the pillars and over the shrines, catching at times glimpses of eprismatic fleetness, joining in consort with glistening jewels which crown the images and the *reliques*, the sanctuary is touched, as it were, with the magic pencil of an archangel, and transferred in fancy (at least) from the creation of man into a revelation of celestial glory.

We loved to dwell among the hallowed precincts of these gorgeous chapels, so replete with images of saintliness, and associations with saintly devotees. Each chapel had its pertinent story of devotion, and each shrine was gladdened by some peculiar hue of beauty, or treasure-picture from the middle age of art. The painted windows, depicting the miracle of some holy man, or illustrating the Parables of our Lord, were but the types of multiplied refractions of the first blessed gift of creation—light, separated, and missioned on an errand of benevolence to adorn those shrines in an endless variety of colors. Like the Iris-messenger from the skies, freighted with the wealth of the sunset, its rainbow tints spanned the arches of the temple, and wreathing their lustrals round the columns of the tabernacle, fostered promises of joy to the heart, and grace to the soul of their worshipers.

"'T is on such gems of thought where Fancy reigns supreme, m
Opinion weaves her fabrics in each golden dream;
And Foster'd with hopes of heaven Imagination loves
To wing its joys, afar it only lives above."

Now look aloft, and your eyes wander down avenues of golden columns, which are joined together and crossed by the groined roof and tendrils of fretted lacery of sculptured stone-work. Sweet tones of melodious music steal over vaulted ceiling, and, swelling with fainter echoes as they depart from the coro, are borne from chapel to shrine in gentle undulations, until they die away among the distant and deep recesses of the anti-transept. Around the walls the masterpieces of Murillo and Cano are suspended or let into the walls, thus adding the charms of painting to the attractions of architecture and music.

Amid the multitude of these brilliant effects, and beyond the grandeur of a scene where the bridal of the sun and moonlight seem celebrated in the union, contrasted with commingled lights and shades, the pageant of the earth, is no less attractive than the thoughts of heaven. Humble worshipers kneel before the shrines of saints, while peasants tell their sins at the confessional, the priests officiate at the altars and chapel of the Sacraments, the music of the loud pealing organ sounds on high above the chants and anthems of the choristers, in the solemn and grand oratory of the Omnipotent, where costume, and ceremonious priests, canticles, music, prayers, painting, sculpture, reliques, architecture, worship, pageant and pomp unite to captivate the heart, fascinate the eye, and please the religious.

The Cathedral of Seville is truly a gorgeous spectacle of itself; it is probably the superlative in architectural degrees.

You cannot avoid being touched by the genius of inspiration, which fills the mind in such a place. The heart swells while inspecting its wonders; you wonder at the thought of the giant men who were its architects; you wish to recall the age in which so grand a prodigy of art and labor was produced. But the restoration of its founders, and their period of middle-age glories is as vain as the search after the name of the unknown architect of the Giralda. You reflect again, it recurs to you that it is the Temple of the living God, designed by man in gratitude for his goodness, and in praise of His wonderful works. In the midst of your meditation you kneel as one of the worshipers, you become conscious of a want of pardon for your sins, the soul is filled with the sentiment of true religious feeling, and, regardless of form, ceremony or creed, the prayers of that hour are Catholic, because spontaneous.

Far more gorgeous was the aspect of the interior on the 15th of August, when the temple was filled with multitudes, eager to witness the ceremonies which were to be celebrated on the Feast of the Virgin, and in honor of Saint Ferdinand. The procession moved from the church about eight o'clock in the morning. The whole church was brilliant under the increased lights of a myriad of tapers, to which were added the effect of the daylight through the windows. All the windows and the galleries of the houses adjacent to the cathedral were filled with the faces of their inmates, anxiously observing the pomp and circumstance of the passing pageant, as the crowds of followers moved round the square outside the edifice. Burning and bright Spanish eyes sparkled with animation, as their joyous faces shone with gladness and approbation, while the inhabitants were intensely gazing on the scene: add to the glory of this occasion, the beautiful blue sky which was overhead,

the rich colors of the numerous gala-costume of the people, the tramp of the cavalcade, the high sound of martial music and the gleam of arms borne by the soldiers in their ranks, while the standards of Spanish colors flaunted in the breeze, and the huzzas of the crowd mingling with the pealing of the merry bells, when the pageant was in its height, at the moment that the image of Saint Ferdinand was borne on high, under a panoply of rich silk and curtains, and the whole presents a spectacle that can only be found in Spain, and nowhere else so magnificent and grand as in the city of Seville. But with all this ceremony and parade, we failed to observe any pretty women in the crowd.

The cathedral should be visited at different times of the day and evening, in order to fully estimate the artificial changes and effects of light and shade. The interior is somewhat dark; but it is a gorgeous gloom, inspiring a religious sentiment—chastening, not chilling—solemn, not sad. The sun, about two o'clock, falls on the Holy Rood, over the *Retablo*, and produces a splendid effect. The cathedral is always thronged, not only by the devout, but by idlers, sinners and beggars. The sexes are not allowed to walk about or talk together; *celadores* and *pertiguerós*, beadles and vergers, keep guard, and papal excommunications are suspended in terrorem; nor are women allowed to enter after *oraciones*, when darkness comes on, and the pretext of "going to church" favors love meetings, etc.

THE ALCAZAR.

Before entering the royal Alcazar—al-Kasr—the house of Cæsar, the delicate arabesques, the pillar-divided windows *ajimezes*, and the carved soffit of its Moorish portal, are worthy

of regard. Its quaint Gothic inscription almost looks like Cufic; it runs thus: "El muy poderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, rey de Castilla y de Leon, mandó facet, estos alcazares y estas facadas que fue hecho en la era mil quatro cientos y dos;" that, A. D., 1364. It was rebuilt in the tenth and eleventh centuries, by Jalubi, a Toledan architect, for Prince Abdu-r-rahman Anna'ssir Sidin Allah (the defender of the religion of God), and occupies the site of the residence of the Roman Prætor.

It has been much altered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and Charles V., Frenchified by Philip V., who sub-divided the noble saloons with paltry laths and plaster *tabique*. Isabella erected the pretty chapel up stairs. Charles V., was here married to Isabella of Portugal, and being of chilly habits, put up the fire-places on the second floor. Phillip V., resided here too in morbid seclusion for two years amusing himself with religious penances, and fishing in the pond. This Alcazar was barbarously whitewashed in 1813, when most of the delicate painting and gilding was obliterated as at the Alhambra in 1832, but some partial restorations of portions to their primitive brilliancy have since been made.

On entering, the columns in the vestibule are Roman, with Gothic capitals; these belong to the original palace. The grand court is superb, seventy feet by fifty-four. Many of the doors, ceilings, and *Azulejos* are genuine Moorish; the oldest portion fronts the garden. The hall of the Ambassadors has a glorious *Media naranja* roof; but the Spanish balconies and royal portraits mar the Moorish character; the baboon Bourbon heads are both an insult and an injury. Here the silly Seville Junta sat until the defeat of Ocaña. In the next room it is said that Don Pedro caused his brother,

El Maestro de Santiago, whom he invited as a guest, to be murdered.

A truly Arabian suite of rooms fronting the garden, leads to the second story modernized by Charles V.; walking on the terrace over the garden you arrive at the Chapel of Isabel, which is covered with cinco-cento *Azulejo*, so Peruginesque in its way as to be considered the finest specimen of this material in Spain.

Passing along the corridor you are led to the Cuarto del Principe, or "chamber of the Prince," a truly alhambra room placed over the vestibule. In a long saloon down stairs were kept, or rather were neglected, in heaps on the floor, those antiquities which chance discovered while a road was making at Italica, and which were not reburied from the fact that the *Alcalde* Bruna was a man of taste. Soult made the Alcazar a general receiving house for stolen goods, and when he fled from Seville, after the Duke's defeat of Marment at Salamanca, more than 15,000 pictures were left behind in his hurry.

The conquecento gardens laid out by Charles, are perhaps the most curious in Europe. The tank where Philip V., fished, and the vaulted Baños (baths) where Marie de Padilla, mistress of Pedro el Cruel, bathed, were probably, originally prisons. The gardens are those of a Hesperus "not fabulous," their levels vary, and the plots are divided by orange-clad walls; the balmy air is perfumed by blossoms and golden fruit. Quaint patterns of eagles and coats of arms are curiously cut in the box and myrtle which mark the different compartments whilst hidden fountains in the walks often surprise the unwary stranger as he passes from the side of the semi-Moorish azulejo-adorned Kiosk in the under garden to the rustic terrace in the north.

REMARKABLE HOUSES.

There are still some remains of Moorish architecture in the houses of certain of the Sevillians. These are usually built in a hollow square around an area or court, in the middle of which a fountain plays, and occasionally the eye is refreshed by the sight of a small flower garden. The entrance into them is effected by a double portal in front, the innermost being guarded by a grating of iron open work, which permits the inhabitant of the house to see what is passing in the street before the door, while it allows the pedestrian to catch a glimpse of a pretty interior as he saunters along, and often, *perhaps*, to catch a sight of these neat little cupboards so orderly kept within the corners of the court, and of a pretty housemaid, as she steps on tiptoe to lodge her charge of tiny porcelain upon the shelves of the china receptory. From the similarity of the plan of these dwellings it is easy to perceive that they were the same as those of the Romans and the Moors. At evening you may often look in upon these courts, now rendered cheerful by the light of the burning taper, and see the members of a Sevillian family, sitting round the centre table busily engaged in reading, conversation, or at work. Or, at noon, the host may be seen reclining on his couch while taking his siesta, under a wide awning that protects the entire area from the hot sun of the meridian.

The Casa O'Lea is one of the most remarkable houses in Seville. It is a perfect Moorish specimen. The most Moorish palace of the Duke of Alba, is now, alas! going to ruins. Here Lord Holland lived. It consisted of more than eleven courts with nine fountains, and more than one hundred pillars.

Its gardens, forests, trees and myrtle groves were truly refreshing and luxurious.

Those who have read of the charming drama of Sancho Ortéz de Roelas, will be pleased with the Mansion of the *Taberas*, in the "street of the old Inquisition." Here is still shown the garden door by which the Sancho el Bravo intended to carry off the beautiful Estrella de Sevilla. This house, when tenanted by a Frenchman in 1833, was converted into a dyeing factory; and when last heard from he was trimming up the garden *à la mode de Paris*. The palace of Pilate, so called from its imitation of the house of Pilate at Jerusalem, was built in 1533 by a great nobleman of the day—Enriquez de Ribera, in commemoration of his having performed a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. The architecture proves how closely the Spaniards of the fifteenth century imitated the Saracenic forms. All is now in a scandalous state of neglect. The saloons are whitewashed and used for drying clothes; the gardens are running wild; the sculpture is tossed about as in a stone-mason's yard. The noble Gothic balustrade over the entrance, the grand court yard with its fountains and injured Roman statues of Pallas, Ceres, and others, are worthy of careful observation. Ascending its magnificent staircase look at the chief suite of rooms where everything that stucco, carving *azulejo* and gilding could do, was done. Walk then into the pleasant gardens that still remain in all the vivid beauty of nature, and mournfully reflect over the marbles and sculpture cast like rubbish amid the weeds.

The lovers of quaint and crazy bits "of architecture," will find a labyrinth of lanes in the Jews' quarter. Before their expulsion from Seville they were apart from the Moriscos. In the *Juderea*, the house once inhabited by Murillo, close to the

city wall, gives an interest to Jewry, which was never so agreeable as in the associations connected with this celebrated painter. The parish church, *La Santa Cruz*, in which he was buried, was pulled down by the French, who scattered his bones. Murillo was baptized in the Magdalena—that church, also, Soult destroyed. His tomb consisted of a plain slab, placed before the Descent from the Cross of Campana, with a skeleton engraved on it, and the motto, "Vive Moriturus." His paint-room, nay, his living room, for he lived to paint, was on the upper floor, and is as cheerful as his works. In the garden, the fountain, and Italian frescoes, compositions of fawns, mermaids, and women, with musical instruments, are admired. They have been attributed by some to Murillo, whose they certainly are not, and by others to Lopez de Vargas, which is more probable. This house was lately inhabited by Canon Cepero, who did so much to rescue art at Seville, during the recent constitutional outbreaks. He was a man of taste, and has, or had, a collection of many and *bad* pictures. His fault was not entirely his own, for where good ones are not to be procured, which is "the great fact" of Seville, the bad are the best.

One house in Seville, the *Calle Santiago*—named after the Patron Saint of Spain, deserves to be visited for fun's sake. It is a barrack of washerwomen—what a scene for the artist! What costume, balconies, draperies, color, attitude, grouping! What a carrying of vases, after the antique; what a clatter of female tongues, a barking of dogs, a squalling of children—all living Murillos—will assail the *impertinente curioso*.

QUARTERS, OR WARDS.

"*Desde la Catedral, a la Magdalena,*
Se almuerza, se come, y se cena;
Desde la Magdalena, a San Vicente,
Se come solamente;
Desde San Vicente, a la Macarena,
Ni se almuerza, ni se come, ni se cena."

"From the Cathedral to the Magdalen,
They breakfast, they dine, and they sup.
From the Magdalen to Saint Vincent again,
They only dine, and then get up.
But from Saint Vincent to the Macaren,
They never break their fast nor sup."

The different quarters, into which Seville is divided, are well expressed in the above verses, and the translation.

The once wealthy clergy gathered like young pelicans under the wing of the mother church. The best houses were near the cathedral, in the *Calle de los Abades.* This Abbot's street was their "close;" here, "their bellies with good capons lined," the dignitaries *breakfasted, dined and supped;* recently they were half starving. In the *San Vicente* lived the knights and nobles, and the *Calle de Armas* was the aristocratic street of arms. Here the *hidalgos,* with their wives and daughters, ate less and dressed more; they *only dined;* they pinched their stomachs to deck their backs: but the most ancient unchanged Iberian characteristic, from Athenæus to Lazarallo de Tormes, has been external show and internal want. The Macarena now, as it always was, is the abode of ragged poverty, which never could, or can for a certainty reckon on one or any meal a day.

The *Calle de los Abades* should be visited, although no longer so redolent of rich *ollas*. The cathedral staff consisted of an archbishop, an auxiliary bishop, eleven dignitaries, forty canons, twenty prebendaries, twenty minor canons, twenty vienteneros, and twenty chaplains of the quire. Their emoluments were very great; nearly 900 houses in Seville belonged to the chapter, besides vast estates, tithes, and corn rents. Mendizabal, in 1836, appropriated all this to the State; since then the number of canons has been reduced, and their incomes still more, and even those not paid: formerly this street was a rookery, nor were their nests without progeny. In the mediæval period the concubines of the celibate clergy were almost licensed, as among the Moors. The mistress was called *barragana*, from the Arabic words *barra*, strange, and *gana ganidir*, a connexion: hence, in old Spanish, natural children are called *hijos de ganancia*, which has nothing to do with gain; analogous is the "strange woman" in Judges xi. 2; others, and probably more correctly, have derived the word from the Arabic *Barragan*, single, unmarried; which was essential to secure to the parties thus cohabiting without marriage, the sort of morganatic status allowed by the law. Many were the jests as regards the children born in this street:—

"*En la calle de los Abades,*
Todos han Tios, *y ningunos* Padres."

They called their father their *uncle*, and he called his children *nephews*.

"*Los Canonijos Madre, no tienen* hijos;
Los que tienen en casa, son sobrinicos."

The wealth and comparative luxury of the Spanish clergy

exposed them to popular envy and plunder : pious innovators were urged by the auri *sacra* fames ; and certainly the church had so well feathered its nest, that Death met with no ruder welcome than when he tapped at a good dignitary's door, who was contented with his sublunary lot, his house, *housekeeper*, good cook, and income paid quarterly, and pair of sleek mules ; the canon, or *Regla de Santingo*, was thus laid down :—

El Primero—es amar á Don Dinero.
El segundo—es amolar á todo el mundo.
El tercero—buen vaca y carnero.
El cuarto—ayunar despues de harto.
El quinto—buen blanco y tinto.
Y estos cinco, se encierran en dos,
Todo para mi, y nada para vos.

The first is—to love the Lord Money.
The second is—to grind all the world.
The third is—good beef and mutton.
The fourth is—to fast when one can eat no more.
The fifth is—good wine—white and red.
And these five rules may be summed up in two—
Everything for me and nothing for you.

The great square of Seville was long called *de San Francisco*, from the neighboring and now destroyed convent. It was for its cloisters that Murillo painted, in 1645, that series of eleven superb pictures which first made his talents known in Seville, after his return from Madrid. All these were removed by force of arms by Soult, save one, which he left behind in his hurry, in the Alcazar, and which is now in the London collection, purchased and paid for.

The *Plaza* is the heart of the city—the forum, the place of gossip and of executions. It is very Moorish and picturesque,

with its arcades and balconies; under the former are the jeweler's shops.

MURILLOS.

The finest pictures in Seville are in the Cathedral, *La Caridad*, the *Museo*, and the University. *La Caridad*, or alms-house for poor old men, lies outside the walls, near the river, and is a hospital dedicated to St. George, and rebuilt by Miguel Mañana, a friend of Murillo's. On entering the church, the carved and painted Descent from the Cross over the high altar is the masterpiece of the Pedro Roldan. Under the *coro* the "Triumph of Time" and a "Dead Prelate," by J. Valdes Leal. The latter is a disgusting picture, which Murillo said he could not look at without holding his nose. Here he painted, in 1660–74, that series of grand pictures, of which Soult—hence called by Torreno the modern Verres—carried off five: with the Santa Isabel he bribed Buonaparte, keeping four, viz: "the Angels and Abraham," "the Prodigal Son," "the Healing the Cripple," and "the Angel and St. Peter," which his "Grace" had at Paris, being open to a good offer. The Spaniards have never filled up the blank spaces; the gaps yawn like graves, and this *hiatus maximè deflendus* remains as an evidence of French love for the fine arts and the eighth commandment.

The Murillos now in the *Caridad* are an "Infant Saviour" on panel, and injured; a "St. John," rich and brown; a "San Juan de Dios," equal to Rembrandt; the *Pan y Peces*, or Loaves and Fishes; but the figure of Christ, feeding the Five Thousand, which ought to be the principal, is here subordinate: the "Moses striking the Rock" is much finer; this, indeed, is a

representation of the Hagar-like thirst of the desert, and is justly called *La Sed:* both pictures are colossal, and painted in a sketchy manner, calculated for the height and distance of their position from the spectator, which, however, is inconveniently high and distant; but here they still hang like rich oranges on the bough where they originally budded.

At Seville Bartolmé Esteban Murillo is to be seen in all his glory, and a giant, like Antæus, on his native soil. His finest pictures, painted for the Capuchinos, were sent off, in 1810, to Cadiz, and thus escaped from the "Commissioner." Murillo, born at Seville, and baptized Januaay 1, 1618, where he died, April 3, 1682, was the painter of female and infantine grace, as Velazquez was of more masculine and intellectual subjects. Both were true alike in form and color to Spanish nature—both were genuine, national, and idiosyncratic. Murillo had three styles: the *Frio*, his earliest, being based on Ribera and Caravaggio, was dark, with a decided outline. Of these were the pictures in San Francisco. His second manner was his *calido*, or warm, when his coloring was improved, while his outline was still well defined and marked. His third style was the *Vaporoso*, or misty, vaporous, and blending. This he adopted partly because Herrera el Mozo had made it the fashion, and partly because, being stinted for time from the increased orders, he could not finish so highly. Thus, to get more quickly over his work, he sacrificed a somewhat of his previous conscientious drawing.

MUSEUM.

The *Museo* of Seville, which is by far the first provincial one in Spain, is the creation of accident and individuals. Among

the finest pictures observe the Apotheosis of Thomas Aquinas, the master-piece of Francisco Zurbaran, and painted in 1625; "*removed*" to Paris by Soult, it was recovered by Wellington at Waterloo; the Head of Santo Domingo is the portrait of Don Augustin de Escobar; the drapery, velvet, armor, etc., offer a blaze of splendor combined with much more stuff and substance than in the ornamental brocades of P. Veronese: Zurbaran is called the Spanish Caravaggio, but he is much more Titianesque, more elevated in mind and manner. Among the other Zurbarans observe "San Henrique de Sufon" and "San Luis Bertran," and the "Padre Eterno;" also the three first-rate pictures from the Cartuja—"San Bruno before Urban II.," "the Virgin protecting the Monks," and "San Hugo in the Refectory:" although unfortunately injured by over-cleaning, they are magnificent. No one ever painted fleecy-hosiery Carthusian monks like Zurbaran; he was, however, apt to draw too much from lay figures, which gives a hard outline. The studier of style will notice the peculiar pinky tone of this master, especially in female cheeks: they seem fed on roses, as was said of Parrhasius and Baroccio; but the prevalent use of rouge at that time influenced his eye, as it did that of Velazquez.

The Murillos are placed in the *Sala de Murillo*, like gems in a diadem. The finest came from the Capuchin convent, for which they were painted at his best period. Although the light is better than that of their original positions, yet they lose something by the change, as Murillo, in designing them, calculated exactly for each locality, and painted up to the actual light and point of view; and we miss the *Capuchino* cicerone, who seemed to have stepped out of one of the pictures to tell us where Murillo went for a model, and how true was his portrait;

the *Santo Tomas de Villa nueva* was called by the painter *su cuadro, his own picture.* The beggars are beyond price: none could represent them and Franciscans like Murillo, and simply because he painted them the most, and only what he saw actually in the *Macarena* and at every convent gate, as all who remember them will admit. His was a faithful transcript of Spanish mendicant and monastic nature, neither more nor less. The *San Felix de Cantalicio* is the perfection of the *vaporoso:* the delicate young flesh of the child, the Corregiesque morbidezza, contrasts with the greys of the saint. This, say the Spaniards, is painted *con leche y sangre,* or with milk and blood. The *Santas Justa y Rufina* is in his *calido* style, forcible, and yet tender. "The Nativity;" "The Adoration of Shepherds;" *San Leandro and San Buenaventura*—observe the peeping boy like Correggio, not that Murillo ever studied from him, he looked rather to the children of Roelas. *San José; San Juan con el tordero;* "The Virgin and Child," called *La Serviletta,* because said to have been painted on a dinner-napkin; the child almost struggles out of his mother's arms, and out of the picture-frame. "St. Francis embracing the Crucified Saviour:" here is seen Murillo's great power of drawing. "The Virgin and Angels with the Dead Christ;" "The Annunciation." The *San Antonio* is a finer picture than that in the cathedral; observe the monks expression looking on the child that is seated on his book: *San Felix,* half-length. All these came from the Capuchinos. There is also an early Murillo, a "Virgin and Child," from San Jose, and two of San Agustin. The rest of the collection, some hundred pictures, are by different artists, and of different degrees of merit. The above selected are the pearls of greatest price. At last, not least, observe *La Concepcion* by Murillo, once a gem of the Capuchin convent.

There is another of this popular Seville subject, but not so fine; Murillo, from his excellence in painting this "mystery," was called *el pintor de las concepciones.*

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The dogma is that the Virgin was born free from all taint of original sin. In 1613, a Dominican monk of Seville having contended that the Deipara was liable to the pains and penalties of original sin, their rival mendicants, the Franciscans, affirmed that she was exempt, whereupon the whole population, with the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard, called a *sin Picado*, surmounted by a cross, paraded the city singing praises to the *Immaculate Conception*, and the hymns of the rosary.

They still take place during the holy week and the winter season, and are very picturesque. At nightfall the long lines of men, women, and children, two and two, are seen twinkling through the narrow streets; the procession is headed by devotees, who carry richly chased lamps on staves. The parish priest follows, bearing the glittering banner of gold and velvet; as soon as the cortège passes by, the candles in the balconies are put out: thus, while all before was one glare of light, all behind is dark, and it seems as if the banner of the Virgin cast glory and effulgence before her, like the fire-pillar which preceded the Israelites in the desert.

Formerly no one entered a house or company without giving the watchword of Seville, *Ave Maria purisima*, to which the inmates responded by the countersign *sin pecado concebida:* now the first portion is generally the indication of a visit from a mendicant.

Seville having taken the lead in the dispute, it is natural

that some of the most perfect conceptions of Murillo and Alonzo Cano should have been devoted to the embodying this incorporeal mystery; and never has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, pure unsexual unconscionsness of sin or shame, heavenly beatitude past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and "hidden strength of chastity," been more exquisitely portrayed. She appears in a state of extatic beatitude, and borne aloft in a golden æther to heaven, to which her beauteous eyes are turned, by a group of angels, which none could color like him. The retiring virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary seems to have stolen so gently, so silently on her, that she is unaware of her own power and fascination. The Inquisition required the Virgin to be painted as about fifteen years old, very beautiful, with those regular features which the Greek artists selected to express the perfect passionless serenity of the immortal gods, devoid of human frailties, "the unpolluted temple of the mind;" that her attitude should be—

> "Her graceful arms in meekness bending
> Across her gently budding breast"—

that she should be clad in a spotless robe of blue and white—because she appeared in those colors to Beatriz de Silva. She should bruise with *her* heel the serpent's head; thus trampling on the author of original sin. She should stand on a moon in a crescent shape, and encircled with stars, because she is the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." (Rev. xii. 1.) She is often surrounded with smaller pictures, which represent her different attributes; the draperies of the Virgin must be very long, and her feet never shown.

The mystery of the incarnation is shadowed out in the armorial bearings of the Virgin, the *vase with lily-branches, jarro con açucenas*, which is to be seen sculptured in Spanish cathedrals, most of which are dedicated to *her*, and not to the Father or Son. In the middle ages an idea was prevalent that any female who ate the lily would become pregnant: Lucina sine concubitu.

RAMBLE ABOUT TOWN.

While we were at Seville we remained at the Hotel of Europe, enjoying the society of two agreeable English officers, whose company we afterwards engaged in a ride over the mountains to Gibraltar. One day, after a pleasant dinner at this inn, which was built after the common style of the houses in Seville, having a central court-yard and fountain ornamented with a garden, we strolled about the city, and taking the direction of the gate of Saint Ferdinand, accidentally fell in with the whole gang of the cigar girls who were returning after the labors of the day, from the grand manufactory of tobacco, situated in this quarter. This establishment employs over 5,000 females; and we were obliged to face the whole number of this formidable body of work-women, a task from which a modest man like ourselves would naturally shrink. We should have been better sustained under the emergency, had there been a pretty face among the innumerable number of black, piercing eyes arrayed against us. Where beauty fails, and one has no knowledge of the gentler sex, excepting from a passing observation, it is impossible to awaken any further interest in them, than that which would be excited by the contemplation of any other object of pleasurable emotion.

In spite of our early dreams of dark, lustrous Spanish eyes, we confess we were disappointed with the style of the Andalucian beauties. They possess grace without doubt, as we well know, for we had an opportunity to admire it even in the winning manners and personal naiveté of our washerwoman's daughter at the hotel. Notwithstanding the renommeé of the Spanish ladies, and their world-spread reputation, they did not satisfy our idea of the beautiful. They certainly had noble gaits, and the chief attraction lay in the expression of their eyes. They always appeared to us like children of nature, but lacking in education and refinement. If I made an exception it would be in favor of the Duchess of Montpensier, who is a perfect little beauty; and if all the Andalucian ladies were like her, what fascinating and enchanting creatures they would be! I was particularly fortunate when seeing her alight from her carriage to enter the gates of her palace; and while I stood watching, as she vanished behind the door of the Alcazar, I thought, "*What a lucky fellow was the Duke!*" Continuing our walk quite late in the afternoon, as proper Tauromachian travelers, went out to Tablada to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls were, which were to figure in the next sport of the arena; and on the ground we found all the fancy men or bull jockeys, canvassing the merits of the different animals previous to making their bets on the quality of the blood. As connoisseurs we wagered in preference to the breed of the Jarama, but were better pleased on our return home from the bull-farm, while enjoying the glorious view of the distant city, as the sunset was gilding its towers and pinnacles with gold. Passing round by another path from that by which we had sallied out, we struck into the walks of the old Alemeda, and then crossing over to that side of the Guadalquivir, where the tower of gold sur-

mounts its bank, rested awhile under the shades of the garden groves that line the approach to the Gate of Xeres, by which we re-entered the city.

PLAZA DE TOROS.

Tauromachian travelers will remember the day before the fight to ride out to *Tablada* to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the *encierro;* be sure also at the show to secure a *boletin de sowbra* in a *balcon de piedra*, *i. e.*, a good seat in the *shade.*

The preparations being complete, all eyes are turned to the passage through which the bull is to enter. He has been for about twelve hours shut up in total darkness, with heavy weights upon his neck, the loose parts of his skin about the neck gathered up in folds, perforated, and tied with red ribbon. He is inflamed to madness by these tortures, and the moment he is liberated he rushes into the arena with the fury of a wild beast. He comes on so rapidly that he passes by the picadors and chulos drawn up on either side, without noticing them. He advances to the centre of the arena, glaring with his bloodshot eyes upon the circle of spectators who hem him in on every side, and is rendered still more furious by the glare of light which suddenly bursts upon him. He is a noble animal; his limbs are symmetrical and clean, his body light, his neck and shoulders broad and obviously of immense strength, his head beautifully shaped, and his horns long and curved. The picadors now begin to move from their stations, following the sides of the arena, and passing round so as to meet him in front. The moment he discovers his enemy, he dashes at him. He waits for no assault. The picador whom he has singled out has

but just time to turn his horse's head a little outward, and to draw him up near one of the passages, when the bull attacks him. On he bounds at full speed, until he is within reach, when he throws his whole strength into a single impulse, and dashes his horns into the horse's flank. He has received the picador's spear in his shoulder, but it has not even checked him. With his horns plunged deep into the horse's side, he raises him and his rider clear off the ground, and pitches them both against the wooden breastwork of the arena. They come together to the earth. The horse regains his feet, horribly lacerated, and the rider is instantly upon his back again. The poor animal's pain lends him strength for a moment, and he flies across the arena, in spite of the efforts of his rider, dragging his entrails upon the ground, and trampling on them with his hind feet. The instant the bull has overturned his antagonist, one of the chulos advances, unfurling a red scarf and flourishing it in his face. The animal rushes at him, and as the latter glides out of the arena through one of the passages, vents his rage upon the boards which separate him from the object of his pursuit. But he expends only a moment upon this idle warfare. He sees another picador drawn up to receive him, and he attacks him with the same fury as he did the first. The picador's arm is a little stronger than the other's, or he wields his spear with more dexterity, and the bull is partially foiled. But he returns to the charge in an instant, tears open the horse's flank by a successful thrust, and hurls him and his rider to the ground. The chulos are again upon him, dashing their long scarfs into his face, and he turns upon them, leaving the ill-fated horse and rider to regain their feet. He is now engaged for some moments in a warfare with the chulos. As he turns upon one, or rather upon the scarf he carries, another assails him on the opposite

side, always turning him off from his object, and gradually wasting his strength. But the picadors have only a brief respite. He discovers a third, and he seems glad to exchange the bewildering attacks of the scarf-bearers for a contest with a more tangible enemy. He rushes on with renewed fury, the spear of the picador enters his shoulder, and then falls powerless from the rider's hand. The infuriated animal breaks down all opposition by his prodigious force. The horse and rider share the fate of the two first. The rider is thrown and the horse is shockingly gored. The latter runs into the centre of the arena, and there stands, his bowels torn out, and his whole frame shivering with pain. The bull, who has been turned aside by the chulos, discovers him, dashes at him, takes him up, and actually carries him several paces on his horns, and then lets him fall heavily to the ground. Had we not witnessed this wonderful effort of strength, we should have considered it incredible. The arena now presents a scene as full of brutality as the most ardent lover of the bull-fight could desire. The horse just overturned is at his last gasp on the ground, and the two others are dragging their entrails about the arena. The bull's neck is streaming with blood, his tongue is protruded from his mouth, and he is standing a moment, regardless of the chulos, who are besetting him, collecting his waning strength for another contest with his enemies. A fourth picador approaches him, and he instantly attacks him. But he is obviously weakened by loss of blood, and by the efforts he has already made. His attacks are less vigorous, and he is more than once turned aside by the spear. He succeeds in wounding the horse; but the rent in the horse's flank is a slight one, and the picador leads him out to have it coarsely sewed up, and then brings him back again for another contest. The bull is now nearly exhausted,

and the banderilleros come in, with barbed darts covered with fireworks, which they thrust into him, and he is soon enveloped in smoke and flame. This is the last stage of torture. A trumpet sounds, and the matador enters. In his left hand he holds a red flag, and in his right a straight sword. He is dressed even more expensively than the picadors and chulos, in a richly embroidered jacket, with white breeches and silk stockings. It is the celebrated Montez, the most expert bull-killer in Spain, and he is greeted with thundering plaudits by the spectators. He advances towards the bull, who eyes him warily, as if he were aware that a new and more dangerous antagonist had taken the field against him. But the animal hesitates only a moment. Gathering all his strength, he rushes upon the red flag which the matador holds out on his left side, pointing with his right the fatal sword at the bull's neck. The bull staggers and falls. The sword has entered the spine, and the blood pours in streams from his nose and mouth. Thus ends the first scene—a scene loathsome, disgusting, brutal, and barbarous—a scene only fit to gratify assassins and to create them —managed with some dexterity, it is true, but without a particle of chivalric bearing, and under all its aspects, a stain upon the humanity and civilization of the age. The moment the bull has received his mortal wound, one of the gates is thrown open, and three mules, harnessed abreast, and adorned with flaunting ribbons, are driven in to drag him out. Two others follow, drawing out the dead horse and the half-living one, who has not strength to stand. But this is only the first scene in the entertainment. Seven other bulls are successively brought in to undergo the same tortures, and to encounter the same fate. Before they are all killed, eleven horses are dragged out, dead or dying, from the arena. The matadors, the picadors, the

banderilleros, and the chulos, all escape uninjured, or, at the most, with some slight sprains. Though there was, perhaps, less applause, aud less apparent gratification among the great body of the spectators than we had expected, it is not to be disguised that it is a favorite amusement. About one-third were females. Of these, one was an Englishwoman whom we had met in our travels, the only lady of Anglo-Saxon origin present; but before the first bull was killed, she rose and left the arena, filled with horror and disgust. Of the tendency of these brutal spectacles to blunt the sensibilities, and to prepare the mind to dwell with indifference upon scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, there can be no rational doubt. We believe it to be neither a harsh nor an erroneous judgment to say, that no people with whom the bull-fight is a national amusement, can ever attain a high rank in the scale of civilization. They may have their peculiar virtues; but humanity towards their fellows, or towards the brutes which Providence has placed in their hands, to be governed and used in kindness and in mercy, will not be one. The cruelty with which the civil wars of Spain have been waged of late years—the hands cut off, the eyes put out, the horrible maimings, in modes too wanton and loathsome to be named—are all the legitimate offspring of the lessons of barbarity taught in the arena. Where the matador is a hero and a favorite, and is, as it were, incorporated into the social mass by the force of opinion, the assassin and the bandit may claim, with some color of title, a place there also. At all events, they will not be wanting. There is equal truth and philosophy in the closing stanza of Byron's description of the bull-fight:

"Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanxed host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I. 80.

INNER VIEWS.

The *Calle de la Sierpe*, the Bond street of Seville leads to the *Plaza del Duque*, where the great Dukes of Medina Sidona had their palace. This central square is planted, and forms the fashionable nocturnal promenade during the summer months, and which is so southern and slocking.

Continuing from the Plaza, past the Church of San Vicente, to the old and deserted Alemeda, where the fountain of the archbishop casts its excellent water, there remain awhile to observe the residence of the horse-dealers and jockeys, whose dealing in cattle is constantly going on. In June this Alemeda is the scene of vigils and wakes; these nocturnal services are kept up with much activity on St. John's day, and the festival is proverbially merry.

"La de San Juan en Sevilla
Es alegre a maravilla!"

"The way Saint John's day is kept in Seville,
Is gay enough, I'm sure, for the Devil."

This St. John's, our midsummer eve, is devoutly dedicated

to flirtation by both sexes, who go or ought to go out at daybreak to gather vervain, *coger la verbena*, which represents in Spain the magical fern-seed of our English forefathers. The Spanish ladies make use of their mantillas in flirtations, and join the skillful management of the fan in their coquetry. This article of dress is in a state of perpetual motion, ever used by them and yet without much use to refresh them, except in coquetting, for they flourish them with a movement similar to the wings of a fluttering bird, making them serve the double purpose of conveying their thoughts, and of concealing their emotions. At this feast bonfires are lighted in sign of rejoicings, like the *bon-feu* of the British Guy Fawkes—over and through which the lower classes leap ; all this is the exact manner by which the ancients celebrated the entrance of the sun into the summer solstice.

To the left of the fountain del Arzobispo is a barrack of tattered invalids, which once was a convent of Jesuits, and when that order was suppressed, was given up to the Inquisition. The edifice, rather cheerful than forbidding, partakes more of the character of the first proprietors, than of the horror of the second. Dismantled by the populace, it contains no record of its dungeons and torture rooms ; but, fast hastening to ruin, is in all respect a fit abode for its inmates.

A fair is held every Thursday in La Feria, where *majos* and *majas* may be seen in all the brilliant costume of tinsel and velvet, while students walk the streets, chanting like the old troubadours, not for charity merely, but shaking their tambourines in concert with their thrummed guitars in order to earn the means for their education at the University.

The scene is Oriental, and reminding you of the *Sock e juma* of Cairo. The street in which it occurs leads to the

Plaza de la Encarnacion—now the market-place, to construct which the French pulled down a convent, dedicated to the Incarnation. You will find fish, flesh, fruits, and fowls, the fish and game are excellent, as is also the pork, when fattened by the autumnal acorn, *the bellota*. Instinct teaches these beasts to fatten themselves on the good things which a bountiful nature provides. The meats which require artificial care, and the attention of man, are very far inferior. The purchases made of the two-ounce "joints" of meat for the poverty stricken *olla*, seem as parsimonious as in the time of Justin. It must be remembered that in this burning clime less anamel food, which generates caloric, is necessary than in the cold north. Notwithstanding the Spanish proverb considers the man who dines in Seville as especially favored by heaven, "*A quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le da comer*," few of my readers will think so.

Don Pedro's bust in a neighboring street was placed there in memorial of his having stabbed a man. His and Lord Byron's "friend" Don Juan was a Sevillian *majo*, and a true *hidalgo* at that.

A marble tablet is thus inscribed, near the aperture left for charitable donations, in the foundling hospital of *La Cuna*. "Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerant me Dominus autem assumpsit." (Psalms xxvii. 10.) A wicket door is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped to receive the sinless children of sin, whom a nurse sits up at night to take in. This, formerly little better than a charnel house, has been taken in charge by some benevolent ladies, assisted by the Sisters of Charity, and is admirably conducted: a duty of a real being levied on every bushel of corn sold in the market.

A RIDE ROUND SEVILLE.

"A horse! a horse!
My kingdom for a horse!"

SHAKSPERE, RICHARD III.

Quite early in the morning of a balmy August day, our party was mounted on Andalucian steeds ready to start on a ride around the walls of the city. Seville is surrounded by suburbs, and the circuit of its well preserved Moorish walls contains many objects of great interest. We commenced going out from the Calle Gallegos by the Royal Gate, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. Emerging from a dip to the right, is the College of San Laureano, behind which are the ruins of the house of Fernando, son of the great Columbus, we soon reached the suburbs of *Los* Humeros. Here were the *tunnels* and Moorish Dock-yards—and it is supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. It is now tenanted by gipsies, the zincali spoken of by Barrow, who are ever ready to get up a *funcion*, or gipsy dance for the stranger's *dinero* or money.

Turning to the right, between the river banks and the walls, a raised rampart and planted walk suggests the frequent inundations to which this side of the city is exposed, while opposite its orange-groves the remains of the old *Cartuja* Convent, stand in bold relief before the distant towers of Italica and the purple hills of the *Siera Morena.*

In the Chozas opposite the gate of San Juan, where the ferry boats ply, ichthyophiles go to eat shad. Huevos and Savolo, fresh shad and eggs are the correct thing for the epicure, although this fish is rather unwholesome in summer.

Here also *El Sollo*, the sturgeon, is caught, *one* of which the cathedral chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving many others for their own. The walls now turn to the right. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of St. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, *La buena vista*. The *Patio*, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks. It is now a glass manufactory. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when St. Ferdinand entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloes and tall whispering canes, is San Lazaro, the *Leper* Hospital, founded in 1284. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar-house are converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swelled leg, a disease common in Barbary, and not rare in Andalucia, and which is extended by the charity-imploring patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities; so, among the Jews, "lepers were put *out* of the camp." (Numb. v. 2.) The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone. (Lev. xiii. 46.) The word *Lepero*, at Mexico, is equivalent to "beggar." He is the *Lazzarone* of Naples, that Paradise of idlers.

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to *La Marcarena*, the huge *La Sangre* Hospital rising to the right; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural laborers. The tattered and party-colored denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark naked, *vêtus du climat*, as in Barbary, and like bronze Cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; everything seems naturally to fall into a painter's group, a tableau vivant, and particularly as regards

certain "small deer," *caza menor*, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the womens' hair. Here it was that Murillo came for subject and color; here are the rich yellows and browns in which he revelled; here are beggars, imps, and urchins, who, with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, seemed to walk out of the frames, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the ride, turn left, to the enormous Hospital *de la Sangre*, or *de las cinco Llagas*, the five bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house of *Sangrado*, whose lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives little quarter. The intention of the foundress, Catalina de Ribera, was more perfect than the performance of her successors; after her death the funds were misapplied, and the building remains, and *may* remain, unfinished, although a pious person named *Andueza*, has left legacies for the purpose.

The south and principal façade, 600 feet long, presents a noble architectural appearance of the classical Ionic and Doric style. The portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville. The interior *Patio* is striking; the handsome chapel occupies the centre; on the front are sculptured medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Pedro Machuca: the chapel is a Latin cross, with Ionic pillars; the *Retablo* of the high altar was designed by Maeda, in 1600, and gilt by Alonso Vazquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the "Crucifixion," with the "Magdalen," and eight Virgins, by Zurbaran, of no great merit. Pictures, at all events, were not *restored* in this hospital, as many have been used as floor-cloths and scrubbing-towels.

The interior management of this hospital, now the principal

one of Seville, is hardly yet a thing of which Medical Spain can be proud, although recently somewhat improved.

Returning to the city walls, observe *la Barbacana*' the Barbican, Arabicè *Bab-el-cana*, the gate of the mount: the circumvallation all the way to the gate of *Osario* is admirably preserved: it is built of *tapia*, with square towers and battlements, or *alamenas*, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. This side of Seville suffered somewhat from the bombardment in July, 1843.

At the gate of Carmona the scene becomes more alive. The long lines of the aqueduct, *Los Caños de Carmona*, now run picturesquely up to the *Cruz del Campo*. It is here in April that all the world goes, or used to go, to behold the *Majos* return from the *Feria de Mairena*. The next gate is *la Carne*, so called because leading to the shambles. To the left is the suburb *San Bernardo*, which must be visited; the mounds of earth are composed of the collected heaps of Seville dust-holes; a planted walk leads to the *Fundicion*, the artillery foundry erected by Charles III., who employed one Maritz, a Swiss, to cast his cannon; once one of the finest in Europe, now it is one of the worst: power of motion is obtained by mules or rude *maquinas de sangre*, engines of blood, not steam, and murderous is the waste of animal labor. Soult reorganized this establishment. Here were cast those mortars with which Victor did *not* take Cadiz, while one of them ornaments St. James's Park. Soult, before he fled, ordered, as a parting legacy, the foundry to be blown up, but the mine accidentally failed. The furnaces were then filled with iron, and with those cannon which he could not remove; but the amalgamated masses were subsequently got out by the Spaniards, and remain as evidence of his cuisine Française. The relic is called *la*

torta Francesa, or French omelette. A darker crime was planned and perpetrated; a flint was placed in the wheel of a powder-mill, which, when set in motion, struck against a steel, and thus, by this cowardly and fiendish contrivance, Colonel Duncan and other men were blown to atoms.

In this suburb was the celebrated *Porta Celi* (Cœli), founded in 1450; here was printed the *Bulâ de Crusada*, so called because granted by Innocent III., to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations in Lent when they could get them. This, *the* bull, *la Bula*, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when a new one is taken out by all who wish to eat meat with a safe conscience, and for the small sum of *dos reales*, sixpence. The sale of these bulls produces about £200,000; the breaking one fast during Lent, inspires more horror than breaking any two commandments; and few genuine Spaniards can, in spite of their high breeding, disguise the disgust with which they see Protestants eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying "Tengo mi *bula* para todo." The French robbed the till, burnt the printing-presses, and converted everything into a ruin.

The *Parroquia de San Bernardo* contains a superb "Last Judgment," by the dashing Herrera el Viejo; a "Last Supper," by Varela, 1622; and a statue of the "Tutelar," by Montañes. Here also is the *matadero*, the slaughter-house, and close by Ferdinand VII. founded his Tauromachian University. These localities are frequented by the Seville fancy, whose favorite and classical dishes of a sort of tripe, *callos y menudos*, are here eaten in perfection. See Pliny, 'N. H.' viii. 51, as to merits of the *Callum*. N. B.—Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments; they are highly provocative, and,

like hunger, *la Salsa de San Bernardo*, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelar of Spanish appetite. The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of *Carmona* and *La Carne*, are the haunts of idlers, *Barateros*, and gamesters. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards: groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises.

The space near the *Plaza de la Carne* on *Sabado Santo*, which is equivalent to our Easter Monday, is where the Paschal lambs are sold, or *corderos de Pascua*, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them, and in their attitudes, the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his St. Johns and the infant Saviour, *el divino Pastor*. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite, are composed of the accumulated dungholes of Seville, and under them are buried those who have died of plagues, which these *Immondezzaios* are enough to render endemic.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which horses and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battlemented girdle of walls to the right. The classical gate, *San Fernando*, was built in 1760; here it was that the Virgin miraculously introduced St. Ferdinand into Seville during the siege.

To the left is the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, where tobacco is made

into snuff and cigars. The edifice has twenty-eight interior *patios*, and the enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was built in vile taste in 1757, by one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out.

There are sometimes as many as eight thousand pairs of hands employed in making cigars, and principally female: a good workwoman can do in a day from ten to twelve bundles, *atados*, each of which contain fifty cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Few of them are good-looking, yet these *cigarreras* are among the lions of Seville, and, like the grisettes of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste: they wear a particular *mantilla de tira*, which is always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most roguish-looking features to peep out. In the underfloor a fine rappee snuff is made, called *tobacco de fraile:* it is colored with red *almagra*, an earth brought from the neighborhood of Cartagena.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called *El Prado de San Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition: here the last act of tragedy of the *auto-de-fe* was performed by the civil power. The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, in 1780, a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the heretical office of hatching eggs. Townsend, however, (ii. 342,) says that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

The Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the *Quemadero;* sons of burnt fathers, they dread the fire. *Con el Rey*

y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton! Hush! hush! say they with finger on lip, like the image of Silence, with King and Inquisition.

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; *Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré.* Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed: it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy, and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and, as it never forgets nor forgives, it will surely revenge, and the spirit of the Inquisition is still alive, for no king, cortes, or constitution ever permits, in Spain, any approach to any religious toleration.

Seville was the head-quarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Philip le Bel, a monster of cruelty and perfidy, his cousin, and son of Saint Louis, tortured and burnt the templers by a slow fire near his royal garden. The *holy* tribunal was first fixedly established at Seville in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the citadel of Triana. Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest. According to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109; the goods and chattels of every one of them being first duly confiscated. In addition to these victims it entailed to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, the expulsion of her

wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke, heavy and grievous, under which, for three centuries, it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of priestcraft in power. The best account of an *Auto-de-fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to., published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the *Quemadero* is San Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wethcrell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalucia. This intelligent gentleman, having established a tannery, and introduced steam-machinery and workmen into Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, who bribed the court of appeal to allow a false deed or *Escritura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden surrounded by those of his countrymen who have died in Seville: requiescant in pace!

On the other side of the plain is the great city cemetery of *San Sebastian*. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic, if dead, is allowed to enter. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for six or seven years, and the term can be renewed *(prorogado)* by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

Returning from *San Sebastian* to Seville, the change from death at the *Puerta de Xerez* is striking: here all is life and flower. The new walk was laid out by Arjona, in honor of

Christina, then the young bride of Ferdinand VII. *El Salon* is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around. Of an afternoon all the "rank and fashion" assemble to promenade here. Beyond, along the bank of the river are *Las Delicias*, a charming ride and walk. Here is the botanical garden.

At the land side of the walk is the churrigueresque nautical college of San Telmo, the patron of Spanish sailors, as, when the storm is going to be over, he appears at the mast-head with a lambent flame. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus, and built in 1682 by Antonio Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation from a small model of a three-decker.

The *Puerta de Xerez*, said to be built by Hercules (*Hercules me edificò*, ante,) was at all events rebuilt by the infidel. The Moorish walls hang over the reedy Tagarete, and once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the outpost tower, called *La torre del Oro*, "of gold," to distinguish it from *La Torre de Plata*, that "of silver," which lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both being built of Moorish *tapia*. The former one absurdly ascribed to Julius Cæsar, was raised by the Almohades, who called it *Borju d-dahab*, "the tower of gold," because their treasure was kept in it; now it is only gilded by sunsets. It was used by Don Pedro *el Cruel* as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a trumpery modern sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the *Aduana* or Custom-house, a hot-bed of queer dealings, which lies between the *Postigos de Carbon* and *del Aceite:* inside are some pretty old houses for the artist: on the river-shore is a solitary crane, *el ingenio*, which now suffices to unload the scanty commerce of fallen Seville.

Close by are "the *Atarazanas*," the Dar-san'-ah, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term *darsena*, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonso el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the *Caridad*. Observe the blue *azulejos* said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior.

Near this is the modern arsenal, which generally is miserably provided, and never is worth inspection.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of *bacalao* or salted codfish. "You may nose them in the lobby." This article long formed a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast-days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea-fish almost unknown, in the great central *parameras* of the Peninsula. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarriageable recesses. It is much consumed still all along the *tierra caliente* or warm zone of Spain, Alicante being the port for the south-east, as Seville is for the south portions: exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and our readers when on a journey are cautioned not to eat it, as it only creates an insatiable thirst, to say nothing of the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach; at all events it ought to be put many hours *al remojo*, to soak in water, which takes out the salt and softens it.

In this piscatose corner of Seville, poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders, whiting, and small bits of *bacalao* fried in yolk of eggs, called familiarly *Soldaõs de Pavia*, because yellow was the uniform of that regiment.

Next observe the heraldic gate, *del Arenal*, of the Strand,

and a sort of Temple Bar; the contiguous streets have long been inhabited by denizens of indifferent reputation; here the rogue of a *Ventero* in Don Quixote was educated; here Cervantes placed the school of *Monopodio*, who in his Rinconete y Cordadillo, "Hole-and-corner man and cut-purse," gave the idea of Fagin to Boz. The open space in front is called *la Carreteria*, because here carts and carters resort; and also *el Baratillo* the "little chepe," from being a rag-fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Near this is the *Plaza de Toros*, which is a fine amphitheatre, although still unfinished, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sunrays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—*fex nondum lassata*—unwillingly retire (see "Gatherings.") This Plaza is under the superintendence of the *Maestranza* of Seville, whose uniform is scarlet.

Leaving the *Plaza* we now approached *el Rio*, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, mattings, and goods brought up in barges; a rude boat-bridge here for ages stemmed the Guadalquivir, and was at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yacub first threw across some barges, October 11, 1171, by which the city was provisioned from the fertile *Ajarafe;* the destruction of this communication by St. Ferdinand led to the surrender of Seville. This bridge of boats has been for ages a source of profit to the commissioners, who have received funds sufficient to have built one of marble: recently a suspension-bridge has been erected, after the designs, we believe, of Mr. Clark.

Next observe *el Triunfo*, a monument common in Spanish towns, and raised in honor of the *triumph* obtained by the

advocates of the Immaculate Conception; a statue of the Virgin and local tutelars are usually placed on the erection; the Doric gate which here leads into the town is called *la Puerta de Triana*, because facing that suburb; it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde del Aguila, the Mæcenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline Tilli (see Schep. i. 269, and Doblado's Letters, p. 439.) The plain beyond was formerly *el Perneo*, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind *San Agustin*, and the space made into an esplanade: now re-entering by the *Puerta Real* the circuit is concluded.

TRIANA AND ITALICA.

A pleasant excursion could also be made on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over the boat-bridge to the suburb *Triana*, the Moorish Tarayanah, a name supposed to be a corruption from *Trajana*, Trajan having been born near it, at Italica. It is the *Transtevere* of Seville, and the favorite residence of gipsies, bull-fighters, smugglers, robbers, and other picturesque rascals; hence it is much frequented by the *áficion*, by fancy men and *Majos*, who love low company; this is the place to behold a *funcion de gitanos*, got up in all the glory of Gaditanian dancing, *jaleos y arañas*. To the right, on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires, and curdled with the blood shed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes

committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the *Calle San Marcos*, and afterwards to the *Alameda Vieja*. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, *Santa Ana*, was built by Alonso el Sabio, in 1276: the image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a *Virgen aparecida*, or a divinely revealed palladium, and is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction.

Visit the church, *Nuestrá Señora del O;* many females are here christened with this vowel. Great quantities of course *azulejo* and *loza*, earthenware, are still made here as in the days of Santas Justa and Rufina. The *naranjales*, or orange-gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called *de Castilla:* here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of *Santi Ponce*, a corruption from the name of San Geronico, its Gothic bishop, or, according to others, of *Santo Pozo*, the "holy well:" it was the once ancient Italica, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded U. C. 547, on the site of the Iberian town Sancios, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans. It was adorned by Adrian with sumptuous edifices.

Many medals are found and offered for sale to foreigners by the peasants, who, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

The amphitheatre lies outside the old town. On the way ruins peep amid the weeds and olive-groves, like the grey bones

of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. See the details of an eye-witness, "*Viaje desde Granada a Lisboa*," duo. 1774, p. 70. The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats. The scene is sad and lonely: a few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken seats of once easy access, frightening the glittering lizards, or *Lagartos*, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font, and tempts the thirsty traveler, as it once did the mob of Italica, when heated with games of blood.

The *Feria de Santi Ponce* is the Greenwich fair of Seville: then booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river, which becomes a scene of *Majeza* and their *Jaleos*. The holiday folk, in all their Andalucian finery, return at nightfall in *Carretas* filled with *Gitanas y Corraleras*, while *los majos y los de la aficion* (fancy) *vuelven a caballo, con sus queriditas en ancas*. Crowds of the better classes come or used to come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the *Calle de Castilla*, which resounds with *requiebros*, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of *barro*, the type of the *Cornudo paciente* of Seville; civilization, alas! is effacing these nationalities; already the females are quitting their charming costume for bonnets *à la Française* and Manchester cottons; then with their dark faces, white gowns, and gaudy ribbons, they put one in mind of May-day chimney-sweeps.

The traveler may return from Italica to Seville by a different route; keeping under the slopes of the hills opposite Seville, on the *summit* to the right, is Castileja de la *Cuesta*, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here Fernan Cortes died

December 2, 1547, aged sixty-three, a broken-hearted victim, like Ximenez, Columbus, Gonzalo de Cordova, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in San Isidoro at Italica, until his bones, like those of Columbus, after infinite movings and changings of sepulture, at last reached the scene of his glories and crimes during life.

ORANGES.

"Honey, oh! oranges, honey!
Who'll buy the sweet oranges?"—LONDON CRIES.

The panoramas of Seville are charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine *Naranjal*, or orange-grove of the house of Beck, which is worth riding to. "Seville," says Byron, and truly, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the *bitter* (Arabicè *Naranga*, unde *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made, and Dutch Curaçoa is flavored. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for sixteen to twenty years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with the almost sickening odor, which retains its Arabic name *Azahar;* from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and delicious orange-flower water; buy it at Aquilar's, *Plasa San Vicente;* nice sweetmeats are made of them by the nuns; to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing color, they are wrapped in Catalan paper,

and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25*s*. to 30*s*. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The venders in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup, like the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo chapmen.

The village below the hill of Alfarache being exempt from the odious *Derecho de puertas*, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, etc. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache—a novel so well translated by Le Sage —may rest assured that matters are not much changed. *Gelves*, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of Count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in disgraceful neglect.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE-PARK.

The olives and oil of Bætica were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalucia. The districts between Seville and Alcalà, and in the Ajarafe, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large *Hacienda*, in order to examine the progress of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny. Formerly Seville was surrounded with splendid *Haciendas*, which combined at once a country-house, a village, and oil-manufactory; the *fiestas convites de campo*, kept by the wealthy proprietors, were here celebrated. The French troops, by destroying

everything, dealt a heavy blow to this prosperity and happiness, and few of the ruined proprietors have been able to restore their ravaged establishments.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to the Paterno family, is a fine specimen of a first-rate *Hacienda;* it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from two to three bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobas (twenty-five pounds), which vary in price from two to five dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque: its ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree, while it affords neither shade, shelter, nor color.

The trees are usually planted in formal rows: a branch is cut from the parent in January; the end is opened into four slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for two years, and as it grows is pruned into four or five upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the tenth year, but do not attain their prime before the thirtieth. Whole plantations were burned down by the French, while the Duke issued strict orders forbidding it among his troops.

The berry is picked in the autumn, when it is purple-colored and shining: then the scene is busy and picturesque; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed stone, over which another is moved by a mule; the crushed mass, *horugo borujo*, is shoveled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, *el trujal*, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam, composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit, over which, in order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built; a score of frails of

the *borujo* is placed under the screw, moistened with *hot* water, which is apt to make the oil rancid. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and for fattening pigs; the oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ, made chiefly at Coria, near Seville, recall the jars of the forty thieves; some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, *i. e.*, from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, *aceite* (Arabicé *azzait*), is strong, and not equal to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green-colored, and are exported for soap-making, or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, *en velon* or *candil* (Arabicè *kandeel*), prevail, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii. The farm is a little colony; the laborers are fed by the proprietor ; they are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and *pimientos*, which they make into *migas* and Oriental *gazpacho* (Arabicè, soaked bread), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away." (Numbers xi. 6.)

There are many kinds of olives: the first class are called *las Reynas, las Padronas.* The finest are made from the *gordal*, which only grow in a circuit of five leagues round Seville: the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green color: it is pickled for six days in a *Salmuera*, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, *nata.* The middling, or second classes, are called *las Medianus*, also *las Moradas*, from their purple color; these are often mixed in

a strong pickle, and are then called *Aliñadas:* the worst sort are the *Rebusco, Recases*, or the refuse; these, begarlicked and bepickled, form a staple article of food for the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes eat them sparingly, although a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners.

STEAM ON THE GUADALQUIVIR.

At eight o'clock, while the sun was gilding the Tower of Gold, and its *tapia* form was darkened by the shadows of the trees planted on the banks, and near the spot where the winding river skirts the pleasant public walks of Seville, we embarked for Cadiz.

The smoke of the steamer and the worrying examination of our baggage, dispelled the poetry and illusion of the far-famed and much over-rated Guadalquivir of fabulous and classical romance. "Thou, Bœtes," sing the native poets, "crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled by beauteous nymphs, waftest thy liquid crystal to the west, in a placid, amorous current." But the Andalucians seldom spare fine words, when speaking of themselves or their country; and the river, in sober reality, is here as dull and dirty as the Thames, and its "Elysian Fields" are as unpicturesque as those at Hoboken, or the "Isle of Coney." The turbid stream slowly eats its way through an alluvial level, which is given up to herds of cattle and aquatic fowls; nothing could be more dreary; no white sails enlivened the silent waters, no villages cheered the desert steppes; here and there a hut offered refuge from the noontide sun. This reverain tract is called La Marisma, and in its swamps fevers and ague are perpetual. These fertile plains,

favorable to animal and vegetable life, are fatal to man; the miserable peasantry, like those on the Pontine marshes, yellow skeletons when compared to their fat kine. Here, in the glare of summer, the mirage of the desert is complete, and mocks the thirsty sportsman. On the left hand, in the distance, rose the mountains of Ronda.

The Guadalquivir is the "great river," the Wada-l-Kêbir of the Moors, and traverses Andalucia from east to west. The Zincali, or Spanish gipsies, also call it *Sen Baro*, the great river. We, like Humboldt, suspect the proper etymology to be the Punic *Lebitsin*, the lakes or swamps of the Bœti's termination. It rises in La Mancha. Under the Moors it was navigable to Cordova, thus forming a portavena to that district, which overflows with oil, corn and wine. Under the Spanish government these advantages were lost, and now small craft alone reach Seville with difficulty from the sea.

The river below this city branched off, forming two unequal islands, *La Isla Major* and *Menor*. The latter was somewhat cultivated by a company, who formed a project for improving the navigation, and a canal was cut through *La Cortadura*, by which nine miles of the winding river were saved. Foreign vessels are generally moored here, and their cargoes are conveyed up and down in barges, whereby smuggling is facilitated.

At *Coria*, famous under the Romans for bricks and pottery, the enormous earthenware jars in which oil and olive are kept, are still made. These *tinejas* are the precise *amphoræ* of the ancients.

Passing beside the deserted wastes of *Algaida*, its sandy hillocks, clothed with aromatic brushwood, dreary pines, and wild grapes, we overlooked the *marisma*, with its swamps and shifting sands—a fit home for birds and beast of prey, robbers

and custom-house officers—and dropping down, swiftly past *Saint Lucar*, celebrated for its delicate pale straw-color Manzanilla wine, of which Andalucians and dyspeptics are so fond, we soon ran round the point of Cipicora, where in ancient times the great Phœnician lighthouse indicated the entrance to the Guadalquivir at *Cap Eon*, the "Rock of the Sun." Shortly after rounding the point by sea, we entered the bay, where "fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea," appeared like a line of ivory palaces.

CADIZ.

"But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise."

"CADIZ—sweet Cadiz! It is the first spot in creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the liveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land." Thus wrote Lord Byron, in a letter to his mother in 1809; and what was true then is not a whit less applicable at the present day. Fair Cadiz, looking like the newest, cleanest town in Spain, although one of the oldest in Europe, with its beautiful houses on the marina, and its location on a gore of land stretching its neck out to the sea, looked to us like an ivory barge floating at anchor in the middle of the ocean. Celebrated not only for its pretty women, but for its guitars and mattings of a fanciful oriental pattern, it is as well lighted and paved as it is well built. The Spanish compare it to a silver dish. Shaped like a ham, it rises on a rocky peninsula, some ten to fifty feet above the sea, which girts it around, a narrow isthmus alone connecting the main land.

This town, the Venice or Paris of the ancients, was the great lie and lion of antiquity, and the Gades of the Romans. The Gaditanæ were celebrated in the satires of Jurenal, when Italy imported the *improber Gaditanæ*, whose lascivious dances of ori-

ental origin still exist in the *Romalis* of the Andalucian gipsies. The prosperity of Gades fell with that of Rome, to both of which the foundation of Constantinople dealt the first blow. Destroyed by the Goth, and captured as Kádis from the Moors, by Alonso *el Sabio*, its existence was almost doubted under Urban IV. The discovery of the new world revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce ; and now the loss of its trans-atlantic colonies has been its ruin. Its final blow was given in 1596, when Cadiz was sacked by Lord Essex under the order of Elizabeth, who repaid the visit of the *invincible* Spanish Armada with interest. The booty of that conquest was enormous, and Spain has never fully recovered from the bankruptcy entailed by that terrible disaster.

Notwithstanding Cadiz is " the end of the world," and offers small attraction to the scholar or man of pleasure, its society being commercial, and poverty has damped the gaiety of its people, so that it hardly is the *jocosa Gades* of the past, the women are still charming, and fascinate alike by their forms and manners. Now, that it is rather the city of Venus, the mother of love, than of the chaste Diana, foreigners have introduced their vices into the inland towns of temperate and decent Spain. As a residence, it is but a sea prison, its water bad, and climate during summer detestable, being visited by the yellow fever.

It was only by ascending the *Torre de la Vigia*, that we obtained a panorama over this smokeless, whitened city, with its *miradores azoteas*, its look-out towers and flat roofs, from whence the merchants formerly signalized the arrival of their galleons. The sea-ramparts, which encircle the city, extending for more than four miles round, are on one side of the cathedral, another tower, the most remarkable : here the rocks rise the highest, and the battering of the Atlantic is the greatest, as the waters

gain on the land. The maintenance of these protections is a constant source of expense and anxiety. Here idlers set angling all day for red mullet, with the proverbial patience and luck of fishermen, reaching their long poles over the sea walls.

Following the lines of this break-water, we turned towards the alemeda. This charming walk was provided with trees, benches, fountain, and a miserable statue of Hercules, the founder of Cadiz, and whose effigy, grappling with two lions, the city bears for arms, with the motto, "*Gadis fundator dominatorque.*" Every Spanish town has a similar public walk for the cheap pleasure of all classes. *Tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is the joy of these southern latitudes; and none but those who have lived in the tropics can estimate the delights of the sea breeze which springs up after the scorching sun has sunk beneath the western wave. There is no fairer sight than an evening scene which is nightly to be enjoyed on the square of the Minta at Cadiz.

The sun and the tides, the music and the whispering groves, may have well been, and they are to-day, the marvel and admiration of olden times; but this is the spot to study the dark glancing descendants of those "Gaditanæ," who turned more ancient heads than even the sun. The "Ladies of Cadiz," the theme of the old ballads, have retained all their former celebrity—they have cared neither for time nor tide. Observe, therefore, particularly in this Alameda, the Gaditanian walk, *El piafar*, about which every one has heard so much: it has been distinguished by Mrs. Romer, a competent judge, from the "affected wriggle of the French women, and the grenadier stride of the English, as a graceful swimming gait." The charm is that it is *natural;* and in being the true unsophisticated daughters of Eve and nature, the Spanish women have

few rivals. As *el passo Castellano* is the boast of the ambling steeds of Spain, so her *pace* is the pride of the *Gaditana*, or girl of Cadiz. At the same time some very nice and first rate judges have pronounced her *gracia*, or elegance, to be less distinguished, *menos fina*, than that of the more high-bred *Sevillana*. Her *meneo*, however, is considered by grave antiquarians to be the unchanged *crissatura* of Martial. By the way, *aire* is the term to be used in polite parlance for this undulating, serpentine action: the word *meneo* is only permissible in the mouth of a *Majo*.

Barring these living objects of undeniable antiquarian and present interest, there is little else to be seen on this Alameda of Cadiz. Thence pass to the *Puerta del Mar*, which for costume, color, and grouping is the spot for an artist. Here will be seen every variety of fish and female, from the mantilliad *Senora*, to the brisk *Muchacha* in her gay *pañuelo*. The market is well supplied, and especially with the finny tribe. The ichthyophile should examine the curious varieties, which also struck the naturalists and gourmands of antiquity. (Strabo, iii. 214.) The fish of the storm-vexed Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean. The best are the *San Pedro*, or John Dory, our corruption from the Italian *Janitore*, so called because it is the fish which the *Porter of* Heaven caught with the tribute-money in its mouth; the sole, *Lenguado;* red mullet, *Salmonete;* prawns, *Camarones;* grey mullet, *Baila;* the horse-mackerel, *Cavalla;* skait, *Raia;* scuttle-fish, *Gibia;* a sort of tunny, *Bonito;* whiting, *Pescadilla;* gurnet, *Rubro;* hake, *Pescada*, and others not to be found in English kitchens or dictionaries: *e. g.* the *Juvel*, the *Savalo*, and the *Mero*, which latter ranks among fish as the sheep among animals, *en la tierra el carnero, en la mar el mero.* But *El dorado*, the lunated gilt

head, so called from its golden eyes and tints, if eaten with tomato sauce, and lubricated with golden sherry, is a dish fit for a cardinal. The dog-fish, *pintarojo*, is a delicacy of the omnivorous lower classes.

There are few things to be seen in this garrison town, or in this walk around the Rampart, except a few good pictures of Zurbarran in the new museo, and an unfinished work of Murillo, who died from the effects of a fall while he was painting the marriage of St. Catharine. There are so few things that alter in Spain, that little interest can be looked for in a century. Cadiz, however, has its "sea-girt walls," and peculiar charms in its women. Would that we could say as much for its men. The people, indeed, have honest hearts and vigorous arms, but, as in the eastern fable, a *head* is wanting to the *body*. Every day confirms the truth of the Duke's remark: "I really believe that there is not a man in the country who is capable of comprehending, much less of conducting any *great* concern."

> "Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
> Who may forget how long thy walls have stood?
> When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
> First to be free, and last to be subdued!"
>
> CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I. 85

By crossing the bay of Cadiz in a small steamer that plies three times a day to the Port of Saint Mary's, we were enabled to reach the residence of Mr. Campbell, the British Consul, who resided here in preference to Cadiz. After a pleasant chat under his hospitable roof, and a tea-drinking at his social board, which reminded us of true English comfort and its hospitable cheer, we started off for the Opera. Gemmia di Virgy was the piece performed that evening, the actors were excellent, the music unusally well executed by the orchestra

and choruses; and the whole entertainment afforded us much pleasure, excepting the fact that the hero of the stage was a Moor "as black as the ace of spades." In one of the boxes near us, we were gratified to look on the faces of some fair Spanish girls, the Misses Carrio, the nieces of Peter Harmony, of New-York (since dead), whose sherry wines, the Amontillado and Harmony, were no less courted in Manhattan than the reputation of his immense wealth. It was very agreeable to be thus reminded of America by the medium of sherries and bright lustrous Spanish eyes.

The *Puerta* is one of the great towns of wine export, and vies with Xeres and San Lucar in extent of its *bodegas*, or wine-stores.

Consul Campbell was very polite to us during our stay, and on the following morning his van and servant were placed at our disposal, in order to convey us to Xeres. Although the road thither was indifferent, the drive was pleasant, and the view from the intervening ridge *La Buena Vista* embraced a superb panorama of the bay of Cadiz. After a few hours we arrived at our journey's end, and, having put up at a miserable inn in the village, set out on a visit to the remarkable objects in the place.

Xeres, or Jeres, termed *Sherish Filistin* by the Moors, because allotted to a tribe of Philistines, rises amid vine-clad slopes, studded with cottages and farm horses, with its white-washed Moorish towers, blue-domed Collegiate and huge *Bodegas*, or wine-stores, looking like pent-houses for men-of-war at the Navy-yard. This straggling and ill-built Moorish city, with a population of about 34,000, retains parts of the walls and gates of the original old town. The suburbs, more regularly constructed, contain the houses of the wealthy wine-merchants,

whose hospitality is as generous as their wines. Its Moorish *alcazar* near the public walk offers a good specimen of these turreted and walled palatial palaces, while the façade of the Church of San Miguel is elegant in the character of its Gothic details. Xeres, once renowned for its legends, is now celebrated for its majos; but these fancy-boys are considered raw and crude, compared with a bird of a finer feather—the majo fino—the rare and done-brown fancy-fellow of Seville, a description of a genteel loafer as old as Martial. The *Major Xerezano* is seen in all his glory at the much-frequented fairs of May and August, and is also a great bull-fighter. His repartees are, however, flavored with *Andalucian* salt, and his *jaleos* (jest) and jokes, rather too practical. *Burlas de manos, burlas de Xerexanos.*

The quality of wine they drink is supposed to make these *valiantes* more boisterous, and occasionally more ferocious, than those of all other Andalucians: "for all this *valor*," as Falstaff says, "comes of *Sherris*. They are great sportsmen, and the shooting in the *Marisma*, especially of deer, wild-fowl, woodcocks, is first rate.

The growth of wine amounts to some 500,000 *arrobas* annually; this Moorish name and measure contains a quarter of a hundred weight; thirty go to a *bota* or butt, of which 32,698 were made here in 1846, running from 8000 to 10,000 really fine. This wine was first known in England about the time of Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who, under Essex, sacked Cadiz, brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." It is still called *seco* here, which is the old English *seck*, the French *sec*, a word used in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoisis. The Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity; it is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do Spaniards

like its strength, and still less its high price. Thus, even at Granada, it is sold as a liqueur. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is handed round at dinner as the *golpe medico*, or chasse. The first class is called "*Vino seco, fino, oloroso y generoso,*" and is very dear, costing half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from ten to twelve years old, is worth from fifty to eighty guineas per butt, in the *bodega*, and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about fifty-two dozen.

The excellence of sherry wines is owing to the extreme care and scientific methods introduced by foreigners, who are chiefly French and Scotch. The great houses are Pedro Domecq, (whose London house is Ruskin, Billiter Square,) Haurie, Pemartin, Gordon, Garvey, Bermudez, Beigbeder. The house of Beigbeder belongs to Mr. John David Gordon, English Vice-Consul, a gentleman whose high character, hospitality, and wines have long won him golden opinions. A *Bodega*, the Roman *horrea*, the wine-store or apotheca, is, unlike our cellars, always above ground. The interior is deliciously cool and subdued, as the heat and glare outside are carefully excluded; here thousands of butts are piled up during the rearing and maturing processes. Sherry, when perfect, is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is, in truth, the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavor. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capitaz*, or head man, who is usually a *Montañes* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal masters, whom he cheats, as well as the

grower. He passes this life of probation in tasting: he goes round the butts, marking each according to its character, correcting and improving at every successive visit.

The *callida junctura* ought to unite fullness of body, a nutty flavor and aorma, dryness, absence from acidity, strength, spirituosity, and durability. Very little brandy is necessary: the vivifying power of the unstinted sun of Andalucia imparting sufficient alcohol, which ranges from 20 to 23 per cent. in fine sherries, and only 12 in clarets and champagnes. Fine, pure old sherry is of a rich brown color. The new raw wines are paler; in order to flatter the tastes of some English, "pale old sherry" must be had, and the color is chemically discharged at the expense of the delicate aroma. The *amontillado* is so called from a peculiar, bitter-almond, dry flavor, somewhat like the wines of Montilla, near Cordova: it is much sought after, and is dear, as it is used in enriching poorer and sweetish wines. There is always a venerable butt that contains some *Madre vino*, or rich wine, by which young butts are reared as by mother's milk. The contents are very precious, and the barrels named after Nelsons, Wellingtons, kings, and heroes. The visitor is just allowed a sip, by way of bonne bouche. The sweet wines of the sherry grape are delicious. The best are the Moscadel, the Padro Ximenez, so called from a German vine-grower, and *Pajarete;* this term has nothing to do with the *pajaros*, or birds which pick the most lucious grapes, but simply is the name of the village where it was first made.

The great *Bodegas* are the Lions of Xerez; those of P. Domecq, or John D. Gordon, are the finest: the former gentleman has some pictures, but his best gallery is that of butts of sherry. There the whole process of making sherry will be explained, while all the varieties of grape and soil are carefully described.

RIDE TO GIBRALTAR.

After spending two days at Xeres, we engaged one Ramon as a guide to conduct us on our way across the mountains of Ronda to Gibraltar. I shall never forget the courtesy of the two English officers who accompanied me on this occasion, nor cease to be grateful to the gallant Captain Dennis, who placed his servant at my disposal, causing him to procure for me a suitable saddle horse for the ride, that we were then about to undertake together. His friend and companion, Lieutenant Cannon, contributed no less to enliven the company by his pleasant stories and entertaining chat, while the animals were being saddled for our use. At nine we took leave of the jolly hostess of the posada, and shortly after the guide having announced that all things were ready for a start, we sallied out of the court-yard of the inn, and by a brilliant moonlight took the road in the direction of the *Cartuja*. Below *Cartuja*, once very rich in excellent vineyards and possessing the celebrated breeding grounds of Andalucian horses, the Guadalete rolls in its onward course to the sea. The golden grape which grows on its banks give it the classic name of Chrysos, and that which the Romans borrowed from the Greek, was changed by the Moors into the fair title of "the river of delight." With our energies fully aroused and sustained by the novelty of our journey, we continued to ride the whole of the night, and until ten o'clock on the following morning, when we reached the dilapidated walls of Medina Sidonia. Slowly ascending the mountain on which it stands, for our horses wearily clambered over the rocky foot-path the side of which was lined by clumps of cactus and rubbles of mouldy stones, we at length arrived at the top of the hill, where this city of *Sidon* sparkled in the

bright sunshine of the morning like an ingot of silver on a nugget of gold. The sight of its brilliant limestone walls was painful to the eyes and still more distressing to the heart, as it mourned over the whited sepulchre which was then so full of decay. We were obliged to remain here in order to rest our horses and repose our limbs, which, after ten hours hard riding, were in rather a straitened condition. After an excellent breakfast at the inn near the market-place, where we had a good view of the various costumes and strange faces of the most gipsy set of people in Spain, we retired to our rooms and slept away the remainder of the forenoon.

However humble the aspect of this ruined town appeared, it gave the Ducal title to the descendants of *Guzman el Buen*, to whom all the lands between the Guadalete and Guadairo, were granted for his defence of Tarifa. The city was one of the strongholds of the family. Here the fascinating Leonora de Guzman, mistress of the chivalrous Alonzo XI., fled from the vengeance of Alonzo's widow, and her cruel son Don Pedro. Here again, Don Pedro, in 1361, imprisoned and put to death his ill-fated wife, Blanche, of Bourbon. She is the Mary Stuart of Spanish ballads—beautiful and, like her, of suspected chastity; her cruel execution cost Pedro his life and crown, as it furnished to France an ostensible reason for invading Spain, and placing the anti-English Henry of Frastamara, on the throne. So *Medinatu—Shidunah* the city of Sidon, thought by some to be the site of the Phœnician Asidon, although entered as a ruin was contemplated with a feeling of romance.

Leaving Medina Sidonia, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we traveled far into the night before we gained an entrance into Casavieja, which, at that hour seemed so dark and gloomy that we preferred to continue on horseback all night, rather than to

lodge within the precincts of so inhospitable a looking place. By keeping the elevated land-mark of Medinia Sidonia, in a southerly direction behind us, and retaining the points of the compass in our mind's eye, we were enabled by the aid of starlight to manage our wanderings during the night. To be sure, we came near losing our way on several occasions during this ramble, and once or twice so doubted the skill of our guide, that we were almost tempted to tell him, that we could feel our way in the dark better than he whom we had hired to conduct us. But apprehension guided to judgment, and laughing at our folly, we concluded it best to let Ramon have his own way, he having faithfully done his duty up to that hour. In fact, we continued to wander, and retraced our steps several times during the most difficult part of our journey, but still kept on, encouraging each other by talking and singing as we rode along. Nevertheless, all these efforts failed us successively until dawn; when, fortunately, just as we were about yielding to fatigue, disappointment, and despair, our guide espied a group of scrawny shade trees within an enclosure of scattered rocks. Ramon soon led us within the space discovered, and there, having dismounted, we tied our horses to the branches of the trees by their halters: we took off their saddles, and placing them on the ground for pillows, laid down to our first *bivouac* in Spain. We slept there one hour by our watch. We had so determined before we had lain down; for when daylight appeared we were rested and ready to start forward for Farifa and a breakfast. Soon after we had arisen we learned from a peasant that Fascine was the town to our right; and this information was sufficient to indicate the exact position of the party. Again we proceeded on our way, with the guide now resting on the leader's back for relief, and after having crossed the

plain of Fascine we soon entered a pass in the Algecisasian mountains. From this point our journey became exceedingly pleasant and interesting, the road being bounded by groves of olive trees, and skirting along by the side of the mountain ranges, led by successive dips and rises through a valley which was redolent wlth the scarlet flowers of the rich oleander, growing here in the luxuriousness of its native beauty, and vieing with the lovely blue of heaven, and the laughter of the mountain rill to give life, loveliness and grace to one of the most beautiful scenes in the south of Spain.

The country now became mostly lonely, unpeopled, and uncultivated, presenting a true picture of Spanish wilderness and sterility. The rich soil, under a vivifying sun, is now given up to the wild plant and insect; earth and air teem with life. There is a melancholy grandeur in these solitudes where nature is busy at her mighty work of creation heedless of the absence or presence of the larger insect man.

A mile inland is the lake, near which Faric, landing from Africa, 711, encountered Roderick, the last of the Goths. The action was decided near Xeres. This one battle gave Spain to the Moslem; the secret of whose easy conquest lay in the civil dissensions among the Goths, and the aid the invaders obtained from the Jews, who were persecuted by the Gothic clergy.

At the Venta de Taibilla, a picturesque gorge studded with fragments of former Moslem bridges and causeways, led to the seashore. At the tower *La Peña del Cierro*, Stag Rock, the Highar Eggél of the Moors, the magnificent African coast opened, showing its bold outlines from Cape Spartel to Mount Jabalis, the Hill of the apes. Our ride thence was almost always in sight or within hearing of the ocean, as it broke in

white caps of foam against the rocks of the Spanish shore. After a brisk trot we arrived before the gates of Tariffa, and put up at the Posada, outside the walls. Here let us rest awhile for repose, and gaze on the magnificent panorama.

A SKETCH.

It is geologically certain that the two continents were once united. Hercules, (i. e. the Phœnicians,) is said to have cut a canal between them, as is now contemplated at the Isthmus of Panama. The Moors have a tradition that it was the work of Alexander, and that he built a bridge across the opening: it was then very narrow, and has gradually widened until all farther increase was stopped by the high lands on each side.

The Moors called this Strait—Bahr-z-zohak—i. e. the narrow sea; the Mediterranean being termed, *Aahr-el-abiad*, the white sea. The length from Cape Spartel to Ceuta in Africa, and from Trafalgar to Europa Point in Spain, is about twelve leagues. The narrowest point is Tarifa. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, and is perceptible 150 miles down to the Cape of the Cat; hence it is scarcely possible to beat out in a north-west wind. Some have supposed the existence of an under-current to relieve the Mediterranean from this accession of water, in addition to all the waters from the Ebro to the Nile. Dr. Halley, however, has calculated that the quantity evaporated and licked up by the sun, is greater than the supply, and certainly the Mediterranean has receded to the east of the Peninsula.

TARIFA.

Worthy of Froissart are the accounts of an eye-witness, telling of the cannon made at Damascus, which were used for the first time in Europe at the bloody battle of the Salado, when the chivalrous Alonzo overthrew the united forces of the King of Granada and the King of Fez, who made a last and desperate attempt to re-invade and re-conquer Spain. This victory paved the way for the final triumph of the Cross, as the Moors never recovered the blow. Between Tarifa and the Rock of the Stag, lies the plain which was steeped in the blood of that fearful strife.

Tarifa, the most Moorish town in Andalucia, bears for arms its castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the motto, "Sed fuertes in la guerra," be gallant in fight. Like Calais, it was once a frontier key of great importance. Sancho el Bravo, took it in 1292; Alonzo Perez, when all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a traitor brother of Sancho's, to whom Alonzo's eldest son, aged nine, had been entrusted previously as a page. Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger and threw it down, exclaiming, "I prefer honor without a son, to a son with dishonor." He retired, and the Prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements. Alonzo rushed forth, beheld his son's body, and returning to his childless mother, calmly observed, "I feared that the Infidel had gained the city." The king likened him to Abraham, from this parental sacrifice, and honored him with the "canting" name,

"El Bueno," the Good (Guzman, Gut Man, Good Man). He became the founder of the princely Dukes of Medina Sidonia, now merged by marriage in the Villafrancas.

Quadrangular Tarifa with its narrow and tortuous streets, is enclosed by its Moorish walls. The Alemeda runs in a southerly direction between the town and the sea; and galley-slaves toil in the *Alcazar*, a genuine Moorish castle, lying at the east of the ramparts. No monument marks the scene of the murdered child, but the modern tower of Guzman, and the window from which the dagger was thrown, has been bricked up. The true "Lions" of Tarifa are the women, or las Tarifeñas, whose graceful walk and *piercing* glances, still attract. They continue to wear the *mantilla* in the Oriental fashion, concealing all the face but one eye, but that, it is true, is generally a piercer. Next in danger to the *tapadas*, or brilliant eye-shots, were the bulls which used to be let loose in the streets, to the delight of the people at the windows, and horror of those who met the enraged animals in the streets.

The crumbling walls of the city might be battered with its oranges, which, although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. The real strength of Tarifa consists in the rocky island which projects into the sea, and on which a fortress is building. There is a good lighthouse, 135 feet high, visible for ten leagues, and a small sheltered bay. The castle commands the Straits under some circumstances, when ships are obliged to pass within range of the batteries, and vessels which do not hoist colors, are at once fired into. This happens frequently with merchantmen, and especially those coming from Gibraltar. Tarifa is destined by Spaniards to counterbalance the loss of the *Rock*.

The fortress is being built out of a tax levied on persons and things passing from Spain into Gibraltar: thus the English are made to pay for their own annoyance. Tarifa, in war time, swarmed with gun-boats and privateers. "They inflicted," says Southey, "greater loss on the trade of Great Britain, than all the fleets of the enemy, by cutting off ships becalmed in these capricious waters." A good frigate steamer at Gibraltar, in case of another war, will abate that nuisance. The walls are unfinished, the works destined for the building and supplies having to pass through Algeciras; hence the command is the best thing in Spain. Here discontented generals, and unpaid regiments, are sent to refresh themselves. The governor receives the dues, and a little will stick to his fingers; while everybody does a handsome business in facilitating the smuggling which they are ostensibly sent to prevent. Before you can examine the Castle of Guzman, or draw it, it is first necessary to obtain the permission from the governor, since the vicinity of Gibraltar, which has been made the hot-bed of revolutionists of all kinds, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it, almost as sensitive as the Phœnicians, who welcomed every stranger who pried about the Straits by throwing him into the sea.

Having remained at the snug and cottage-like *posada*, until we had fully recovered our strength and refreshed our horses, we resumed our journey by passing along a mule tract which led over the mountains, thus leaving the town of Tarifa far beneath us to the right.

This country road, as it may be termed, led us to the crest of the mountain by a rugged pathway, worn out by the beaten course of travel, and the ride from Tarifa to Algesiras was glorious, as it afforded us superb views along the whole line of

the coasts of two Continents. While continuing our course, we were alternately changing the face of our landskips, as we wound round the ridge in its circuitous and serpentine turns, as every half mile onward brought within our sight views of splendid effects in the wildness and sublimity of the scenery. The wild forests through which the Guadalmeil boiled and leaped, was worthy of Salvator Rosa, while immense forests of mammouth cork trees, and aged olive trees, lent their shadowy arms to shield us from the sun. The accidental loss of two horse shoes, slackened our pace, and caused us to be detained at an inn, which crowned the last ridge of this chain of mountains, and there we caught our first view of Gibraltar and its beautiful bay, seen through the leafy vistas, and the bleeding branches of the stripped cork-trees, fringed with a most delicate fern. How sublimely solemn that bristling citadel of war loomed forth, as though a mountain had been set adrift from the continent, it seemed connected only by a thin ribband of sand with the mainland. The grand Rock crouches like the British Lion, the sentinel and master of the Mediterranean.

ALGECIRAS.

Towards dark we found we had advanced as far as Algeciras: here we concluded to pass the night, that we might enter Gibraltar in the morning.

Algeciras, with its alameda and bull-pit, lies in a pleasant nook, and with its modern rectangular, common-place appearance, has risen like a phœnix, having been rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a hornet's nest for Gibraltar; and such it now is, swarming with privateers in war, and with coast-guards and preventive-service cutters in peace.

It retains but a remnant of its former importance, when, being the Moor's key to Spain, the king of Spain was also king of Algeciras. It was taken by the gallant Alonzo XI. in 1344, after a siege of twenty months, in which crusaders from all christendom participated. It was the most noticeable siege of the age ; and forty years afterwards, Chaucer, describing a true knight, mentions his having been at "Algecir," as in our time one might be described as a Waterloo or a Trafalgar man. The chivalrous Edward III. contemplated coming in person to assist Alonzo, a monarch after his own heart. The chronicles of Alonzo give Froissart details of the gallant behavior of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury, and the selfish misconduct of the French under Gaston de Foix, who kept aloof at the critical moment when they were most needed. The want to which every one in the Spanish camp was reduced, gives occasion for some terrific drawing. Alonzo destroyed the Moorish town and fortifications.

There is very little inter-communication between Algeciras and Gibraltar ; the former is the naval and military position whence the latter is watched ; and the *foreigner's* possession of Gibraltar rankles deeply, as well it may. In the tenacious memory of Spain it is hardly yet a fait accomplé. Here are the head quarters of the Spanish revenue cutters, which prowl about the bay, and often cut out smugglers even from under the guns of the batteries.

During the summer, the cool stone houses of Algeciras are infinitely better suited to the climate than the stuffy dwellings on the arid rock.

The distance thence to Gibraltar is merely a pleasant hour's ride or sail. The bay is about five miles across by sea, and ten round by land.

GIBRALTAR.

Quite early the next morning we rode over the coast road, which is intersected by the rivers Quadaranque and Palmones. On crossing the former, the eminence of El Rocadilla appeared, where there is now a farm, and corn grows where once was the ancient Carteia.

At every step in advance Spain recedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed hacks, hallooing to terriers, and cracking hunting-whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown to Iberia. Then appear red-faced slouching pedestrians in *short black gaiters*, walking "into Spain," as they call it, where none but *long and yellow* ones are worn: then the nursery-maids, men, women, and everything, vividly recall England and the English. Spain vanishes, and England reappears after passing the "Lines," as the frontier boundaries are called. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere rather out of elbows, are nowhere more so than here, where they provoke the most odious comparisons. The miserable hovels are the fit lair of hungry bribe-taking officials, who exist on the crumbs of "the Rock," one broadside from which would sweep everything from the face of the earth. These "Lines" were once most formidable, as Philip V. erected here, in 1730, two superb forts, now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelar saint, Felipe, the other after Santa Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery;

they were so strong, that when the French advanced in the last war, the modern Spaniards, unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our engineers under Colonel Harding, by whom they were effectually dismantled: this is at least a *fait accompli*, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte's announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without the Spaniards' permission.

Beyond these lines are rows of sentry boxes, which enkennel the gaunt Spanish sentinels, who guard their frontier on the *espanta lobos*, or scarecrow principle. A narrow flat strip of sand called the "neutral ground," separates the Rock from the mainland; hence, seen from a distance, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. The barren, cinder-looking, sunburnt mass is no unfit sample of tawny Spain, while the rope-of-sand connection is a symbol of the disunion, long the inherent weakness of the unamalgamating component items of Iberia.

Crossing, however, that strip, and all is changed, as if by magic, into the order, preparation, organization, discipline, wealth, *honor* and *power* of the *United* Kingdom—of Britannia, the Pallas, the armed wisdom of Europe. The north side of Gibraltar rises bluffly, and bristles with artillery: the dotted port holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards "*los dientes de la vieja*," the grinders of this stern old Cerberus. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the west. As we approach, the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh called "the inundation," which can be instanteously laid under water; every bastion is defended by another; a ready-shotted gun stands out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to

the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We passed on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children, a perfect rabbit warren when compared to the conventual celibacy of a Spanish "quartel."

The inundation cleverly over, and the draw-bridge passed on a slow trot, we at last found our way into the city. I put up at "Griffith's." The hospitality of the Rock is unbounded, and, perhaps, the endless dinnering is the greatest change from the hungry and thirsty Spain. As there are generally five regiments in garrison, the messes are on a grand scale. But death is in the pot, and a tendency to fever and inflammation is induced by carrying the domestics and gastronomics of cool damp England to this arid and torrid "Rock." This garrison is one of the strictest in the world, and therefore a capital school for young officers to learn their duty: everything is on the alert; the gates are shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, and after midnight civilians are obliged to carry a lantern. These rules do not apply to officers. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and responsible for his conduct. These precautions are absolutely necessary, as this place can never be taken except by treason, and many are those who, under a species of cordial understanding, conceal a deadly *arrière pensée* of hatred. Gibraltar is excessively displeasing to all French tourists: they abuse the red jackets, guns, nursery maids, and even the monkeys: ever perfidious, they say, is the ambitious aggression of England. The truth simply is, that this key of *their* lake is too strong, and can't be taken by their fleets and armies.

The bay is formed by two headlands, by *Europa Point* on

the Rock, and by *Cabrita* in Spain. Its greatest width from east to west, is five miles, its greatest length from north to south about eight: the depth in the centre exceeds one hundred fathoms. The anchorage is not, however, very good, and the bay is open and much exposed, especially to the south-west winds; then the vessels tug at their cables like impatient horses, and, when they do break loose, get stranded. The old mole offers a sort of protection to small craft: notwithstanding the commerce that is carried on, there are few of its appliances, quays, wharfs, docks, and warehouses, for even the English seem paralyzed in this climate of Spain. The tide rises about four feet. The Rock consists principally of grey limestone and marble; the highest point is about 1,500 feet, the circumference about seven miles, the length from north to south about three. It has been uplifted at a comparatively recent epoch, as a sea-beach exists 450 feet above the water's level. It was well known to the ancients, but never inhabited. The Phœnicians called it Alube. *Calpe* was the European, and *Abyla* (the rock of Abel, the "lofty") the African pillar of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* land and sea marks of jealous Phœnician monopoly: here, in the words of Ariosto, was the goal beyond which strangers never were permitted to navigate, la meta que pose ai primi naviganti Ercole invitto. The Spanish name is *Cabo de Bullones*, Cape of Knobs. Be the name what it may, the high rocky fronts of each continent remain the two pillars of Hercules: what they originally were was an unsettled question in Strabo's time (iii. 258), and now may be left in peace.

Gibraltar is now a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's crown. It is, as Burke said, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends, and dreadful to our enemies." Its importance, as a

dépôt for coal, is increased since steam navigation. Subsequently to the storming of Acre, new batteries have been erected to meet this new mode of warfare. Sir John Jones was sent out in 1840, and under his direction tremendous bastions have been made at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda; while heavier guns have been mounted on the mole and elsewhere. Nor need it be feared that the bastions and example of Boyd will ever want an imitator *in sæculos sæculorum.*

Having become fully at home at Gibraltar, let us take a walk to the garrison library in the city, and there, seated in an easy chair, with the sweet bay and African headland before us, read through a clever description of the "Rock."

Gibraltar is said to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the military. In daytime it looks more peopled than it really is, from the number of sailors on shore, and Spaniards who go out at gun-fire. The differences of nations and costumes are very curious: it is a motley masquerade, held in this half-way house between Europe, Asia, and Africa, where every man appears in his own dress and speaks his own language. Civilization and barbarism clash. The Cockney, newly imported in a week, per steamer from London, is reading this 'Handbook' alongside of a black date-merchant from the borders of the deserts of Timbuctoo, and each staring at and despising his nondescript neighbor. It is a Babel of languages, and nothing can be more amusing than the market-places. Of foreigners, the Jews, who are always out of doors, are the dirtiest; the Moors the cleanest and best behaved: the Ronda smuggler the most picturesque. The houses, the rent of which is very dear, are built on the stuffy Wapping principle, with a Genoese exterior; all is brick and

plaster and wood-work, cribbed and confined, and filled with curtains and carpets, on purpose to breed vermin and fever in this semi-African hotbed; they are calculated to let in the enemy, heat, and are fit only for salamanders and "scorpions," as those born on the Rock are called. The monkeys, in fact, are the oldest and wisest denizens of the Rock; they live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliffs. The narrow streets are worthy of these nut-shell houses; they are, except the main street, ycleped "lanes," *e. g.*, Bomb-house Lane and Horse-barrack Lane. Few genuine Moro-Peninsula towns have any *streets;* the honesty of England scorns the exaggerations of the Spanish *Calles*, and calls things here by their right names.

The "Main, or Waterport Street," the aorto of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britannias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English. "Manuel Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors." In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see with sorrow that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance: every thing and body is in motion; there is no quiet, no repose; all is hurry and scurry, for time is money, and Mammon is the god of Gib., as the name is vulgarized, according to the practice of abbreviators and conquerors of "Boney." The entire commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosmos, where all creeds and nations meet.

Gibraltar is a *free port* in the full extent of the term. There are no custom-houses, no odious searchings of luggage; almost everything is alike free to be imported or exported. Accordingly, the barren Rock, which in itself produces nothing and consumes everything, is admirably supplied. This ready-

money market infuses life into the Spanish vicinity, which exists by furnishing vegetables and other articles of consumption: the beef, which is not a thing of Spain, comes from Barbary. Gibraltar is very dear, especially house-rent, wages, and labor of all kinds. It is a dull place of residence to those who are neither merchants nor military. The climate is peculiarly fatal to children during early dentition; otherwise it is healthy. It is, however, extremely disagreeable during the prevalence of the easterly winds, when a misty vapor hangs over the sumit of the Rock, and the nerves of man and beast are affected.

The Gibraltar fever, about which doctors have disagreed so much, the patients dying in the meanwhile, *como chinches*, is most probably endemic; it is nurtured in Hebrew dirt, fed by want of circulation of air and offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some autumnal atmospherical peculiarity. The average visitation is about every twelve years. The quarantine regulations, especially as regards ships coming from the Havana and Alexandria, are severe: they are under the control of the captain of the port. There is an excellent civil hospital here, arranged in 1815 by General Don, in which Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews have their wards separate, like their creeds.

Gibraltar was made a free port by Queen Anne; and the sooner some change is made the better, for the "Rock," like Algeria, is a refuge for destitute scamps, and the asylum of people of all nations who expatriate themselves for their country's good. Here revolutions are plotted against friendly Spain; here her revenue is defrauded by smugglers, and particularly by alien cigar-makers, who thus interfere with the only active manufacture of Spain.

Gibraltar is the grand dépôt for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast from Cadiz to Benidorme, to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities, placed nominally to prevent what they encourage. The south of Spain is thus supplied with many more wares than it is enabled to purchase, nor would any treaty of commerce much increase the consumption.

The "Rock," in religious toleration, or rather indifference, is again the antithesis of Spain. Here all creeds are free, and all agree in exclusive money-worship.

The military traveler will, of course, examine the defences and the "Guards." He may begin at "Land Port," and walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains, which call the seeds into life; more than 400 plants flourish on these soilless crags. Patridges and rabbits abound and are never shot at. The real lions of "Gib." are the apes, *los monos*, for which Solomon sent to Tarshish (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levanter, or east wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails, and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the "town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the Palmita; for them also there is a religious toleration, aud they are never molested: but such is the principle of English colonization, *ne quieta movere*. We do not intend to denationalize the aborigines, whether men or monkeys.

Monsieur Bory de St. Vincent, speculatiag con amore on "ces singes," has a notion that men also came from Africa into Spain, and hence into France. Now, as far as Spain is concerned, the monkeys are confined to this rock.

The extreme end of the Rock is called "Europa Point;" here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to *la Virgen de Europa*, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners; thus quite supplanting the Venus of the ancients. Now a new Protestant lighthouse and batteries have been erected: on the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens; albeit these pretty Rures in Marte, savor more of the Cockney then Hercules. Round to the east, is the cool summer pavilion of the governor, nestled under beetling cliffs; below is a cave tunnelled by the waves: beyond this the Rock cannot be passed, as the cliffs rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other: all here is solitude and inaccessibility, and Nature has reared her own impregnable bastions: an excursion round in a boat should be made to Catalan Bay. Returning from this extreme point, visit St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honor of the garrison are, or used to be, frequently settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue lights: after this, visit the Moorish water-tanks, which have offered both a model and example to ourselves. The naval commissioner's house, on this slope, long the head-quarters of jobbing, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or *caved* mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savors more of Monsieur Foy's beef-fed Briton, than of the hungry, religious Spaniard,

whose artillery tank at Brewer's barracks below, is still called "*Nuns' Well.*"

Another morning may be given to visiting the galleries and heights: first, ascend to the castle, which is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected in 725 (?) by Abu Abul Hajez, as the Arabic inscription over the south gate records. The *Torre Mocha*, or *Torre de Omenaje*, is riddled with shot-marks, the honorable scars of *the* siege: near this the "galleries" are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the north front; the gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth. These batteries are more a show of terror than a reality: they are too high, and soon fill with smoke when the cannon are fired off; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis and the "Hall of St. George," where immortal Nelson was feasted.

Visit next "Willis' Battery;" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called *el Salto del Lobo*, the Wolf's Leap: then ascend to the "Rock gun," placed on the north of the three points; the central is the "signal-post:" here, at sunrise and sunset, is fired a gun, which, "booming slow with sullen roar," speaks a language perfectly understood on both sides of the Straits. The signal-house, under Spanish rule, called *el Hacho*, the torch, because here were lighted the beacons in case of danger: near it is *la Stiletta*, the little chair, to which formerly a narrow path led from Catalan Bay: it was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards, who crept up during the night by this *Senda del Pastor;* they failed from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who never arrived at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, the assailants were unprovided even with ammunition. The

south point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower, or Folly, having been built by that intelligent officer, to watch the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz; it was soon afterwards struck by lightning, which completed its inutility.

This view is magnificent; it is indeed the sentinel watch-tower of the Mediterranean, the battle-sea of Europe, to visit whose shores must ever, as Johnson says, be the first object of travel. Descending zig-zag, admirably engineered roads, chiefly the work of General Boyd, the views are delicious, while the browsing wild goats form foregrounds fit for Claude Lorraine. The sandy strip, or neutral ground, has a cricket-ground and a race-course, *cosas de Ingletarra:* passing the Devil's Tower, an ancient barbican, is an approach to Catalan Bay.

None should omit to cross the Straits, and just set foot on Africa; the contrast not less striking than passing from Dover to Calais. The excursion into Barbary is both easy and interesting. The partridge shooting and wild-boar hunting, near Tetuan are excellent.

There is no danger or difficulty in this interesting African trip. The Spaniards despise the Moors: being utterly ignorant of their real condition, they fancy Tetuan to be a wilderness of monkeys; hence the proverb, *Se fue a Tetuan para pillar monos.* The old leaven of mutual hatred and ignorance remains, and there is no love lost on either side.

Having spent three entire days at the Rock, our time was engrossed between the polite attentions of Captain Dennis and Lieutenant Cannon. We dined alternately at the artillery and engineers—the mess always affording a better dinner and more agreeable society than the "Inn." During our stay every attention was bestowed upon us by these agreeable officers, whose conduct, throughout the whole period that I was with

them, was, towards me, rather that of brothers than strangers. On the afternoon of the third day I took a boat from the sea-landing, and crossed over to the steamer which was anchored on the other side of the bay near Algeciras. This vessel was of the line of the regular packets, and had advertised to sail from Gibraltar to Malaga on the same evening. We left the port of Gibraltar about sunset, and the course of the steamer was nearly over the spot where lies the wreck of the government steamship Missouri. The magnificent sea coast was visible as long as the twilight lasted. It was a brilliant sight at night, to watch the stars from the deck of the flying ship; and as the light winds blew the plumes of violet-colored flames from the smoke pipes of the "Gaditana," they seemed like tongues of fire issuing from the mouth of a sea dragon, plowing its way through the deep. Oh, Heaven! it is a splendid sight to feel the presence of Divinity upon the face of the waters, when the stars shine with all their constellations, and no thought fills that solitude but the glory of His Majesty, and no pulse is felt but the throbs of your own heart and the heavings of mighty engines.

Who hath not thought, then, of God's great power in the steam engine—the sea Leviathan? We can never read Job without feeling the force of the sublime analogy of the forty-first chapter, from the fourteenth to the twenty-second: For verily he maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him: one would think the deep to be hoary.

At one o'clock I retired to rest, fully inspired with the beauty of that splendid night, and in our dreams we enjoyed visions only of the oleander fringed mountain streams, those "*gentle* rivers with willowed shore" of Percy, which would have

been torrents and rocky barriers, had we taken the land route, and passed by the rocky bridle-path over the sandy *trochas* of Serrania.

There was a memory also of the *fetid* waters of the *Hedionda* on the coast, which we had escaped—a *hygeian* spring offensive to the nose and palate, but pleasant to the stomach; the smell and taste of which, according to local legends, were attributed to the farewell sighs of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by Santiago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphurous twang.

On that night, there were also some sad recollections in the ballads of Spain about the "*Rio Verde*," on the banks of which river Alonzo de Aguilar, with the flower of the Andalucian chivalry, was waylaid and murdered by the cruel El Feri of Benastapar. Their unburied bones bleaching the plain, or bodies left as a prey to the vulture, might have harrowed our minds or disturbed our slumbers, had we not recollected that the Iberians believed that the souls of those whose bodies were thus exposed were transported at once to heaven.

Nor did Marbella's pretty town and pretty name delight our sight, in consequence of this sea transit, rising amidst its groves and gardens, backed by the verdant hills of the Sierra Blanca. Isabella is said to have exclaimed, "*Que mar tan bella!*" Marbella is frail and fair, and, like Potiphar's wife, is said to steal raiment.

> "*Marbella es bella, no entres en ella;*
> *Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.*"
>
> "Marbella is pretty, don't enter in there;
> Who comes with a coat on, will part with it there."

Here Cæsar, March 17, 47 A.C., defeated the sons of Pom-

pey: this, the "last of battles," left the conquerer without a rival, and gave the world to one master (Florus, iv. 2, 82; Lucan, 'Phar.' i. 40.) Cæsar arrived from Rome in twenty-four days (Suet. in Vit. 56.) The first news of his coming was conveyed both to his own troops and to the enemy by his actual arrival (Hirt. 'B. H.' 29.) Hirtius, a friend of Cæsar's, describes the plain, and the bright sun, which shone out as if the gods had made it a day for triumph, like *Le Soleil d' Austerlitz*. He makes the best of the event, and enumerates the number of the slain, the prisoners, and the captured standards, but Florus gives those details which the conqueror concealed. The countenance of Cæsar, which used to brighten at the trumpet-sound, was overcast; a silence came over the contending armies, who knew how important was the hazard of the cast. The veterans, flushed with fourteen years of victory, wavered, and Cæsar himself for a moment despaired and meditated suicide. (Suet. in Vit. 36.) He flung himself from his horse, and cast off his helmet that he might be known (App. 'B. C.' ii. 804): the day was won, not by the soldiers, but by the general. (Vell. Pat. ii. 55.) The conqueror then remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life. 30,000 of the enemy were slain, and a rampart of dead bodies was raised around Munda, for want of gabions. (App. loc. cit.) Cæsar then cut down a forest for palisadoes, leaving a single palm standing, an omen and record of victory.

We made up for the loss of these interesting localities on the coast, by a fine sail throughout the night, and on the following morning gladly hailed the salubrious shores of the approaching Malaga.

MALAGA.

Well may the poet sing–

"*Malaga la hechicera,*
La del eternal primavera;
La que bana dulce el mar
Entre jasmin y azahar."

"Malaga, the healing,
Ever spring is thy clime;
The sea bathes thee, stealing
Through jessmin and lime."

Those whose lungs are affected will find the climate of Malaga superior to any place in Italy or Spain. Winter is quite unknown here; open to the south and the sea, the city is sheltered from the north and east by the mountains. In summer the climate is almost tropical, coffee, cocoa, cotton plants, and the sugar-cane thrive here, and the *Xermes cochenilla* is reared on the *Cactus opuntea* in the botanical gardens.

Malaga, the chief port of Granada, is admirable in its position on the Guadalmedina, or "river of the city," which divides it from the suburbs of the *Penchal* (from the Perch of the fishermen) and *La Trinidad*. This river, which never had a name of its own, is a mere brook in summer, but a devastating torrent in winter. At once the bane and antidote of the city, the deposits block up the harbor, while, like a Hercules, it cleanses away the accumulations of filth, to which the inhabitants are strangely indifferent.

Like Cadiz, its antiquity is immemorial, and the judgment shown in the selection of the site of Phœnician Malaga, is evidenced by a commercial existence and prosperity of 3000 years. *Malakah* was a city, so much after the Moor's own heart, that Rasis describes it as a paradise on earth.

Being a purely commercial town, and its business raisin-packing and sweet wine, it has little to interest the stranger except its views from the noble old Moorish castle on the "hill of the Pharos," and the Church of Santiago, the façade of which stands between two towers; one incomplete, and the other drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome.

The Alemeda, or Public Walk, is delicious, having an Italian look, the houses built around it being the best in Malaga. Here you may see the Malagueñas, who are *muy halaqueñas*, very bewitching. The walk is full of flowers and water. The marble fountain, with groups of female figures, somewhat too undressed for Spanish propriety, was at Genoa, and given by that republic to Charles V.

On the beach below the Carmen convent, in the *Playas de San Andres*, Torrijos and some fifty of his confederates were shot by Moreno, December 11, 1831, as rebels and traitors; now, in the changes and chances of Spain, they are honored as martyrs of liberty, and an obelisk has recently been erected in a plaza, with their names and laurel crowns. They were put to death without even the form of trial. This being in Spain quite a matter of course, the affair created little sensation beyond just the immediate neighborhood, and would forthwith have been forgotten among other treacheries, bloodsheddings, and *Cosas de España*, had not an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, suffered among them, which was taken up by the London press, who reasoned remarkably well, barring the slight mistake of

confounding Spanish law with English; his was the first body interred in the new Protestant burial-ground. The man of blood, Moreno, who began his career at the massacres of the French in Valencia, 1808, lured Torrijos into the trap, corresponding with him under the name of *Viriatus*, and pretending also to be discontented; rewarded by being made Captain-General of Granada by Ferdinand VII., he was disgraced by Christina in 1832, when she wished to make for herself a liberal party. He then became a Carlist, and was murdered at Urdax by his soldiers, after the traitorous convention of Maroto at Vergara. Nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis artifices arte perire suâ. There is no law more just, than that the inventors of death should first perish by their own invention.

Malaga, since the death of Ferdinand VII., has been wonderfully changed and improved; it is now a most flourishing seaport, trading with every quarter of the globe, and is adding to the rich and *certain* produce of a bountiful nature the more *doubtful* wares of art. It is mining and factory mad just now; iron-foundries, soap, fabrics, and cotton-mills are fast rising. The chief impulse was given by a millionaire speculator named Manuel Augustin Heredia, who died August 14, 1846, from joy at the safe arrival of a richly-freighted argosy: the tall smoking chimneys, transported from Manchester, look odd under this azure sky. The fear is that the Malagenians, whose true wealth lies in the fruits of the earth's surface, may waste their industry in pursuit of shadows.

There is an art engaged in at this port, of making painted *terra-cotta* images of majos, *contrabandistos*, and local costumes, which is peculiar.

José Cubero seems to have succeeded to the reputation of Leon, who was quite an artist in the business, having left

behind him no superior in the manipulation of these pretty little images in clay, so very pliable in the native soil but not easily broken when baked.

WINES AND FRUITS.

Wine and fruit are the real staples, not lead and iron. The sweet Muscatel wines are well known; they are the "*mountains*" of our ancestors, and grow for leagues on the vine-clad *heights* which slope down to the sea. The richest are called *Las Lagrimas*, like the *Lachrymæ Christi* of Naples, and are the ruby tears which drop from the grape without pressure. The making the dry wines was first introduced by an Englishman named Murphy; they are much more agreeable and wholesome than the vile San Lucar stuff. A butt is worth £10. About 40,000 are made, of which 30,000 are sent to America and England, and sold as "genuine pale sherry." The other exports are oil, figs, orange-peel for making curaçoa, almonds, and raisins; for the latter the Muscatel and *Uva iarga* grapes are used, and these Bacchus-beloved hills are one vineyard down to Adra. The green grape is exported to England in jars, in the exact amphoræ seen at Pompeii; these are the *Ollares* of Martial, (vii. 20.) The raisins, so common in Palestine, (1 Sam. xxv. 18; xxx. 12,) were first made here by the Phœnicians, and after a lapse of many thousand years are still the finest in Spain. A million boxes are annually exported; those anxious to see the process may visit the store of Mr. Clements, one of the greatest of the merchants in this line. They are prepared by cutting the stalk partly through, and letting the grape dry in the sun. The finest are the "Muscatels," and the next the "Blooms;" these are cured in the

same way, being only varieties of grapes. The commoner sorts are called *Lexias*, from being dipped in a ley made of burnt vine-tendrils. The late grapes, "quæ de tardis servantur vitibus uvæ" (Mart. i. 44), are, as in Martial's time, hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasants, and thence are called *Colgaderas*. The Spaniards have also preserved the unchanged Roman name, *Pasa*. *Uva passa pensilis* (Plaut. 'Pœn.' i. 2, 99). The vineyards in the wine-making districts of Spain are seldom enclosed with any fence; they are left open to the passer-by: when the grapes begin to ripen, in those fields near a roadside, temporary sheds and awnings are run up, or huts built with reeds and boughs, in which the *Viñadero*, a watchman, is placed, who creeps in and out with his gun. These are the Oriental "*Booths* which the keeper maketh," Job xxvii. 18: the "*lodges* in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8. The guard rushes out like a fierce dog at all who pick and steal, and is the subject of vast abuse from the baffled wayfaring Spaniards, who swear that the grapes are sour, and he is a *puñiatero;* nor is the guardian slow in returning his *cornudos* and other ancient and classical compliments; but *Niñas y viños son malas de guardar;* y *miedo guarda la viña, y no el viñadero.* Another fruit abounds at Malaga, the *Batata*, or sweet potato, the Convolvulus Batastas of Linnæus, which was introduced from the S. Americas; it is used as a sweetmeat, and is sold ready boiled in the streets.

About seven leagues north-east of Malaga are the celebrated mineral baths of *Carratraca*. They are sulphuretted hydrogen of the temperature of 14° Réaumur; the source is constant and abundant. They are much frequented from June 20 to September 20. The large tanks, *albercas*, in which the patients bathe, are, as usual, in a neglected and dilapidated condition.

Near this place and *Hardales* is a singular cavern, the glittering spars of which, if visited by torch-light, produce a magic effect.

The want of a fine sea-view was greatly felt by us at the magnificent Hotel of the Alemeda, where English comforts, with fresh oranges and fruits, can be enjoyed under an Andalucian climate.

Being somewhat pressed for time, and not wishing to leave Andalucia without seeing the wonders of the Alhambra, we were compelled to quit the society of the new Inn, which was then occupied by an American invalid, Mr. K. of Albany, the American Consul from Tangiers, and a relative of the lamented Powers, the actor, and to make a start for Granada.

We were not long in making a contract with one Manuel Ramon, a capital specimen of a guide; who proved to be all that was recommended, a fat and pleasant fellow, full of proverbs, with a decided turn for the olla and bota—whereby his master fared all the better—and knowing the country and its ways well.

FOR GRANADA.

At half past three o'clock on the following morning, Ramon appeared at the gate with his horses and a well filled basket. In a few moments we both sallied out from the court-yard, and passing through the main street of the city, rode out to the shipping-port, with no other lights to guide our feet but the galaxy of brilliant stars shining over our heads. We had passed the quays, and were wending our way round the high cliffs protecting Malaga from the east; and having reached that point of the road where the Atalaya tower frowns over the sea,

to the right of the vine-clad mountain, when we were startled from our reverie by the salute of the coast sentinal, who shouted Quien va? who goes there?—Spaña! Que pais? Paésano, a fellow-countryman! This salutation having been fully answered we were allowed to go on, which we did at a jogging trot, Ramon always preceding with the sumpter horse, carrying the alforjas, that were hung across the saddle, and kept bouncing up and down against his shanks making the air resound with the tinkling canisters they contained.

Continuing our ride, Ramon would only stop his horse to alight at a small booth by the way-side, where he would get a glass of aquadiente, or native brandy, and handing one to me, would say, "Señor, it is good for the chills, this gloomy morning." It was very refreshing, I assure you! The morning was still dark, the dawn not having yet appeared, we could scarcely distinguish the stones lying in our pathway, it was so early that we could barely make out the glimmer of the sea, for our road continued for a long while beside the sea shore, occasionally, however, it branched off from the water line and passed over some of the prominent cliffs that abutted on its margin. We passed large droves of mules laden with boxes of raisins, on their way to Malaga, and while each muleteer, guided his leader on foot, we were accosted severally by each party with the ordinary salutation of "Que vaya Vd. con Dios." God bless you! while our ears were greeted by an occasional snatch of a song, as the muleteers varied the tone of their voices from the musical strain they were singing, to the harsher screams of arrah! and sa! they uttered to the animals. For two weary leagues we rode along most of the time in sight of the beach, until at length we struck off from the sea, taking a northerly direction in-land, soon reached the region of the sugar-

cane, where the melancholy palm trees bend under the influences of the strong levant. Shortly we came into the realms of perpetual spring, when the returning day-light gladdened the face of the country and lent varied views to the swelling forms of undulating hills and sierras of elevated beauty endorsed the lesser mountains in the fore-gound. All along the path we could overlook the distant watch-towers that stood in picturesque array along the sea shore, having a station for the guards that inhabited them, while they gave us a note of the distance we had gained: and when the sun arose in majesty over the tops of the snow clad mountains in the back-ground, gently spreading its beams over the whole surface of the district, its glorious effects instilled new beauties in the landscape, and proclaimed the advent of the morn. Farm-houses began to be seen, and groups of peasants gathered by the roadside, occasionally a *carbinero* would trudge along, or a smuggler cross our path, in the rich domains of the grape-bearing hills. Beyond the ranges of delightful *vegas* or happy valleys at the foot of the rocky barriers enternal summer reigns, and the climate is delicious at the spot where Velez Malaga rises over its gentle eminence, in the Bubito, where Flora and Pomona join in bringing gifts for man's enjoyment.

VELEZ MALAGA.

It was the busy season of the raisin crop, the time of buying raisins, and the highway was lined with gangs of muleteers driving the laden donkeys, and hurrying the produce to the merchant. It is in the heart of a land "flowing with milk and honey, or oil and wine." Here is the palm, without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave. The spires and convents

cluster round the ruins of a rock-built Moorish castle. Above rise the lordly barren mountains of *Tejada* which look coldly down on the industry of the plain. The water-courses which have peeled the sierras deposit the soil, and *detritus* in the valleys of Velez, and the combination of moisture under a tropical sun produce the *batata*, indigo and sugar-cane. The latter was brought here from Sicily by the Carthaginians.

Velez Malaga perched on its lofty hill with its old castle in ruins and antiquated edifices clustering around it like grapes on the bunch, was taken from the Moors by Ferdinand el Catolico in person, who himself killed a Moor here, with which he was so pleased that he gave the city for its arms his own figure on horseback, spearing an infidel.

Velez Malaga was the birth-place of Joaquin Blake, the friend of Mahy Ballesteros, and of all opposed to the Duke and the British alliance: he was the loser of more pitched battles, ("*mas de cien*," says his worthy eulogist Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history, Spanish included. He was the son of a rebel Irish shop-keeper, and began life as a lecturer in a military school on the art of war: the poor pedant, learned in theory, never mastered its practice, and to his "ignorance in his profession," the Duke ascribed his last feat, the loss of Valencia; but his defeats never made him unpopular with Spaniards, who admired his courage, and still more his *Españolismo* and *patriotisimo*, in preferring being routed himself rather than permitting better men because *foreigners* to lead Spaniards to victory.

This "child in the art of war," was no relation of Robert Blake, the great admiral of Cromwell, who at the age of fifty passed from the army into naval command, and always was victorious; he was the master and terror of the Mediterranean

He, in 1654, summoned the viceroy of Malaga to surrender to him a priest at whose instigation the mob had risen upon some English sailors during a religious pageant. The governor trembled and complied. Blake received the culprit, who expected death, with great kindness, and sent him back with a message that he would prevent his sailors' misbehavior for the future, "but that no one should presume to punish Englishmen except himself."

Not far from this point we had occasion to observe the process of drying grapes, in the manufacture of raisins. The grapes are spread out on *paseros* or long wooden boxes or trays exposed to the south, which are covered at night in order to prevent ill effects from the night dews. The rich alluvial plains which are common in this neighborhood are termed "*Vegas*," lie snugly on the bosom of their mountains' embrace, where a luxuriant vegetation obtains throughout the whole year.

Here we baited the animals, and remained during the heat of the day. At half past two we passed on toward Viñuela.

The ride of two leagues to Viñuela was of uninterrupted pleasure and beauty, passing through a region of tropical fertility with a nature as verdurous and fruity as any on earth; its position amid its own rugged rocks lent an aspect of sublimity to this home of Flora and Pomana. After passing the ruined *Zalea*, the mountains became steep and barren. Amid these sterile chains nature is ever grand, and the noble profiles of the Tejada and Spajarra are ever in view. The sun went down while we were clambering over the gloomy and basaltic ruggedness of these sierra, and we had to grope the rest of our way over the mountains, until we reached the narrow gorge of the Alhama chain. It was fully nine before Ramon knocked at

the *Casa de los Caballeros*, a private house for the accommodation of his friends, with clean rooms, but an empty larder.

ALHAMA.

The number of the baths which existed at the times of the cleanly Romans and Moors gave rise to this diminutive of *Al-Hamman*—Alhama. This town is the Ronda of these Alpine districts, perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills, round which the river *Marchan* sweeps. It is backed by its own sierra, in which the Tejada rises 8,000 feet above the sea. It was the land-key of Granada, and its romantic capture by the Moors of Cadiz spread consternation into the Alhambra, and paved the way for the final conquest of Granada.

The well-known plaintive ballad, commencing, "Ay! de mi Alhama!"—"Alas! for my Alhama!" expressed the national lamentation of the Moors. In the Moorish period it was much frequented for its baths; now it is a picture of decay.

The traveler may look at the Aqueduct on the *Plaza*, peep over the *tujo*, pass on to the church, with its single tower, and thence under an archway by the miserable prison, from whose lofty grated windows the stranger is howled at by wretches in whose eye is famine, and on whose countenance is guilt and oppression: they let down by long strings baskets to receive rare donations of food, alms, and occasionally files, false keys, and implements for escape. Passing the arch at the head of a staircase which leads into the church is a most picturesque house in which many varieties of architectural style are introduced in juxtaposition. There are the Gothic windows of the fifteenth century, the peculiar "ball" ornament so frequent in Toledo; there are the projecting ornaments such as occur at

Salamanca and Guadalajara, with an Arragonese character of solidity, all combined in this single façade; many of the houses of Alhama are *casas solares*, or the family mansions granted to those who assisted at the conquest. The stone of which they are built is much corroded. The armorial bearings over the portals contrast with the misery in-doors, pride coupled with poverty. The population is clad in brown, like that of La Mancha, for the gay Andaluz Majo has disappeared.

The view of the *tajo* from the convent de *San Diego* is striking. Below tears the foaming Marchan, winding through rāvines and rocky pinnacles. The whole scene is made for the painter; on the ledges of the beetling cliffs are picturesque houses, with trellised vines and hanging gardens, while below boil water-mills and cascades. Alhama is seen to best advantage at its fair-time, September 8.

The road to Granada descends from Alhama. Continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, to the left, at a short distance, are the mineral baths. The waters issue out of a dip in the hills, in that sort of position so common to warm volcanic springs. They are strongly impregnated with *nitrogen gas*, as was first ascertained by Dr. Daubeny; considered to be beneficial for dyspepsia and rheumatism, they are frequented in spring and autumn. The bath called *el Baño de la Reyna* is circular, with a dome over it like the Pantheon at Rome, a round opening to the sky, and is quite in the style of the Romans, by whom it probably was erected. The Moorish bath *el Baño fuerte*, so called from the heat and *strength* of the waters, as it is nearer their source, is well preserved and very picturesque, with its emerald pool and spiry clouds of steam. A new bath for one person has recently

been constructed in a parallelogram form, with steps to descend into it; it is placed between the two older ones.

The road to Granada carried us over the Sierras of Alhama, and by a deep gorge descending to the village of Cacin, which is placed at the bottom of a funnel. From this point ascending, we crossed over a wild and sterile district, until we reached the *Venta dc Huelma* and salt-works of *La Mala.* About two miles further on it enters the Vega of Granada, which is spread out like a green carpet before the towering Sierra Nevada, now seen in all its Alpine majesty. Visions of the past glories of the Alhama flitted before the mind's eye, at the first sight of this interesting town, while we crossed over the threshold of the mountain-pass from which Boabdil gave his last lingering look at the home of his fathers, a spot remembered as the "Ultimo Suspiro de los Moros."—"The last sigh of the Moors." The hot sun of noon spent all its fires on the plain, and we rode rapidly into Granada, eager to enjoy the beauties of that enchanted land, for there is a fascination in the classic name of Alhambra.

GRANADA.

" Quien no ha visto a Granaa,
No ha visto a naa."

Certainly art and nature have combined to render Granada, with its Alps, plain, and Alhambra, one of those places which realize all previous conceptions.

The town is built on the spur of the mountains which rise to the north-east to their greatest altitude. Like Broussa, in Asia Minor, it has its Olympus, valley, and fortress palace. The city overlooks the *Vega*, at about 2445 feet above the level of the sea, and this Vega is "a spot," said the Arabians, "superior in extent and fertility to the Ghauttah, or the valley of Damascus:" who compared the white villas and farm-houses which sparkle amid the eternal verdure, to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds." Granada is built on and at the base of several hills; the portion of the Little Antequera hangs over the Xenil. The Alhambra is built on a crowning height that hangs over the Darro, which separates the *Antequerela*, from the Albaicin. The best portion of the town lies at the base, while none but the poor live above. The *Granadinos* despise the Alhambra, as a *casa de ratones*—a rat's hole—which indeed they have made it.

The "canting" arms of Granada are a pomegranate, "Granada," stalked and proper: some, catching at sound, not sense, have derived Granada from "*Granatum*," but the

Moorish name was Karñattah, and they never would have taken a Latin word had they wished to call the town "Pomegranate," because the hills are divided somewhat like that fruit. They would have preferred their own word Rommañ, and to this day a salad made of pomegranates is called "Ensalada *Romana*." It would be not less absurd to interpret this as *Roman* than to connect Karñattah with a pomegranate.

The first object of course will be the Alhambra; ascend therefore the *Calle de los Gomeles*, and, passing under the gate *de las Granadas*, enter the magical jurisdiction of this fairy palace. Three paths diverge; that to the right leads to the *Torres Bermejas*, the "red towers," a sort of outwork, which deserves a subsequent visit. This, the most ancient portion of Granada, existed when Illiberis was the chief town, and is mentioned as "Kal-'at Al-hamra," "the red castle," by an Arabian poet so early as A. D. 864. It was afterwards called Medinah Al-hamra, "the red city."

The long lines of walls and towers crown the hill, and follow the curves and dips of the ground: there is no attempt at symmetry or anything straight; hence, as at Jaen, Xativa, etc., the elegance and picturesqueness of these Oriental fortifications; they are the antitheses of the commonplace line and rule *places* of Vauban, which are as worthless to the artist as admirable to the engineer.

The Moorish towers rise like reddish cork models out of a girdle of trees, which contrasts with the stony sierras above; but all is artificial, and the work of the water-enchanter Moor. The centre walk leads to the public gardens; that to the left to the Alhambra; the wooded slopes are kept green by water-courses, and tenanted by nightingales: although everything looks the work of nature, it is the creation of man, as the

Moor changed the barren rock into an Eden; had the French intentions succeeded, all would have relapsed into barrenness, from their destruction of the supply of water: the elm-trees came from England, and here being rare, are as much admired as palms with us; on reaching the height is a semicircular barbican, and below it a fountain, wrought in the coarse stone of Elvira, in the Berruguete style. It was erected by the Alcaide Mendoza, whose arms, with those of Charles V., are sculptured on it. The river-gods are the Genil, Darro, etc.: this monument has recently been barbarously repaired and "restored."

Granada is a city of fountains. The Darro and Xenil are drawn off in canals from high up near their sources, and thus the waters retain the original elevation above the town; columns are accordingly thrown up from fountains in great body and height.

A sharp turn conducts to the grand entrace, *La Torre de Justicia*, the "gate of judgment," the "Sublime Porte," at which the king or his kaid dispensed judgment, as in the East, (Deut. xvi. 18; 1 Kings viii. 7,) after an ancient fashion, which at least was more rapid and cheap, and possibly quite as equitable, as any modern Court of Chancery, either below the hill or elsewhere. This gate was erected in 1308, by Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, a great decorator of the Alhambra. The Moors called it Bàbu-sh-shari'ah, the "gate of the law." The inscription over the inner doorway records its elevation and the name of the founder. It ends, "May the Almighty make this [gate] a protecting bulwark, and write down its [erection] among the imperishable actions of the just." The Moorish drapery has been broken, to make a niche for a poor wooden image of the Virgin.

Over the outer horse-shoe arch is seen an open hand, which some consider an emblem of hospitality and generosity, the redeeming qualities of the Oriental. Others think it a type of the five principal commandments of the creed of Islam—"To keep the fast of Ramadan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, ablution, and war against the infidel." Others refer it to the Hebrew *jadh*, the hand of God, the Oriental symbol of power and providence. But the true meaning of it is a talisman over the portal against the much dreaded "Evil Eye," at which Orientals and Spaniards have always and do still tremble. The Morisco women wore small bands of gold and silver round their necks, like the Neapolitans, and a substitute for the classical phallic symbol of defiance. Charles V., by a Pragmatica in 1525, forbad this usage. In the *Sala de los Embajadores* is an inscription to the same purport: "The best praise be given to God! I will remove all the effects of *an evil eye upon our master Yusuf*," etc.

Over the inner arch is a sculptured *key*, in which some see the Oriental symbol of power, (Isa. xxii. 22,) and others the "key of David." (Rev. iii. 7.) Others, however, hold that it is allusive to the "power of the keys," by which the true prophet opened the gates of heaven and hell. Then it is said to be simply a badge of honor, like the keys worn by chamberlains and titled menials; the key, however, was a symbolic sign among the Súfis, denoting knowledge—"the key by which God opens the heart of believers." It occurs over many Andalucian castles, especially those built after the arrival of the Almohades, who bore this particular badge on their banners. There is an idle tale, how the Moors boasted that this gate never would be opened to the Christians until the *hand* took the *key*.

The entrance is carried through a double gate: "David sat between the *two* gates." (2 Sam. xviii. 24.) Here is a guard-room; and the passages are contrived so as to obstruct an entering enemy. Now, instead of the well-appointed Mameluke and glittering Moor, or iron-clad champion of Tendilla, a few gaunt, bandit-looking invalids are huddled together.

Passing onwards, near a paltry altar screen, is a Gothic inscription, coeval with the conquest, recording that event, and the appointment of Inigo Lopez de Mendoza as alcaide. The jurisdiction of the Alhambra is separate from that of Granada, and has its own governor. The office was one of high honor, but is now altogether second-rate.

The Virgin and Child, in the *Retablo*, was painted by Saint Luke, to which, if any doubt, Mateo Ximenez will swear. In our time no donkeys were allowed to go through this passage, because some had grossly misbehaved themselves before the painting. Hence a narrow wall-enclosed lane leads to the open place, *Plaza de los Algibes*.

Ascend the *Torre de la Vela*. Here, as an inscription records, the Christian flag was first hoisted by the Cardinal Mendoza and his brother. The panorama is glorious. Below lies Granada, belted with plantations; beyond expands the Vega, about thirty miles in length by twenty-five in width, seventy in circumference, and guarded like an Eden by a wall of mountains. The basin was once a lake, through which the Xenil burst a way at Loja. The Vega is studded with villas and villages; every field has its battle, every rivulet its ballad. It is a scene for painters to sketch, and for poets to describe. To the left, rise the snowy Alpujarras, then the distant Sierra of Alhama, then the gorge of Loja in the distance, then the round mountain of Parapanda, which is the barometer of the

Vega, as Soracte was to Horace; for when its head is bonnetted with mists, so surely does rain fall: "Cuando Parapanda se pone la Montera, Llueve aunque Dios no lo quisiera." Nearer Granada is the *Sierra de Elvira*, the site of old Illiberis, and below the dark woods of the *Soto de Roma*. To the right is the rocky defile of Moclin, and the distant chains of Jaen: the *Torre de la Vela* was gutted by the French. It is so called, because on this "*watch*-tower" hangs a silver-tongued bell, which, struck by the warder at certain times, is the primitive clock that gives notice to irrigators below. It is heard on a still night even at Loja, thirty miles off. This bell is also rung every January 2, the anniversary of the surrender of Granada; on that day the Alhambra is visited by crowds of peasantry. Few maidens pass by without striking the bell, which ensures a husband, and a good one in proportion as the noise made, which, it need not be said, is continuous and considerable. The fête is altogether most national and picturesque. Ascend this *torre* just before the sun sets, to see what is his glory in these southern latitudes, when he crimsons heaven and earth. Then, as darkness comes on, the long lines of burning weeds and stubble in the Vega, run and sparkle, crackling like the battle flashes of infantry; and, in the old warder's remark, recall the last campaigns of the Moor and Christian.

Bensaken, *el Moro*, the best of guides, conducted us to the Cathedral and *Capillo de los Reyes*, the Chapel of the Kings, which is a perfect gem of architecture, placed between the Sagrario and Sacristia.

ALHAMBRA.

Starting very early one morning on horseback, with irregular loitering, and quite indifferent as to what course I should pursue, I finally made my way up towards the hill of the Alhambra, and having passed through the narrow streets of the city, found myself at length under the shadow of the Vermillon Tower. Riding on through the woods, with their refreshing shades, cooling the approach to these glorious ruins, I sauntered lazily under the trees that threw their overhanging boughs over the avenues and pathway, lending an air of seclusion to the deep dells and tangled copse of the more retired groves that guard the pass, so well protected by the Massacuttin Tower, I entered by the Gate of Justice, which still retains its gateway with the symbolic devices. The *hand* without the porch still omens of its charm against evil, and the *key* within is significant of the power of the prophet to unlock the gates of paradise. Passing on through another gateway, and leaving the ruined pile of Charles V. behind me, I came under another archway, beneath a chamber under the wall above, which was owned by an English gentleman, who could there admire the well preserved azulejo work on its sides. Beyond that was the tower *De La Vega*, from the top of which a huge silver-toned bell peals with its merry chimes, ringing at night only the hours and the quarters, and sounding never by day, save as the alarm of revolution. The view from the top is magnificent: ascend it, and what a glorious panorama is presented. Below you lies the town of Granada, separated only from the Hill of the Albaicin by the fearful gorge of the Darro. There was the old Moorish town, now tenanted by gipsies and the poor. Both these quarters, built on the summit of majestic hills, present the

cities as they rise in easy succession on the waste amphitheatre that surmounts the rich plain and the valley. That champagne rolls out its verdure in rich fields, spreading, like a carpet, until it is hemmed in and bound by the fringes of the distant mountains. The bold and snow-clad Nevada looms over the wide opening of the Suspiro gorge, and loses its form in the mountains of the Sun. Nearer to the town are the hills of Elcira and the city of Santa Fé, of broken faith, where the Castilian king sat to watch the battle on the plain, and to make treaties and vows—made, only to be broken. Overlooking all this scene the Parapanda towers, with its mist-clouded head, indicative of rain; and beyond, on one side, are the hills of Loja, and the mountains of Jaen, while beneath the eye is the circuit of Granada, hemmed in and circumscribed by its own mountains of the Sun and Moon, and gleaming on those hills, studded with fair, white houses, like pearls encircled by emeralds and ultramarine. Opposite this tower are the ruins and portions of the old Moorish wall, and below the parapets, under the shelter of the scattered debris, are the hanging gardens of Charles V., and the boa-constrictor forms of the grape vines which were originally planted by the Moors. In the outer court is the original fountain of the Alhambra, which still supplies pure water for the use of the city, and having crossed the square of the fountain, you enter into the gorgeous palace of the Alhambra, under the portals of a modern gateway. How great is the contrast there presented with the inferior and neglected outer wall! You now stand within the Alberca, or court of the tank or fish-pond. At your right is the mere shell or front of the winter's palace, which was destroyed to make room for the abominable and heavy architectural abortion of Charles V. All is now fairy-like and light within, and entirely unlike any-

thing that could have been anticipated from the gloomy appearance of the external walls and towers. In the tank of this court are the descendants of the first gold fish that ever swam in its waters. The aspect of the double corridor to your right is beautiful, graceful, and light, and is separated from the lower story by latticed windows of the *harem*, or women's apartment. The opposite front of the palace, leading to the Hall of the Ambassadors, is overtopped by the Tower of Comares. This lacks, however, a double corridor. Under the porticoes of this entrance are several pretty little alcoves, decorated with arabesque pendants. A stairway at the side of the Archives leads to the entrance of the Mesquita, or *mosk*. The patio in front presents a charming bit of architectural beauty, and shows the only remaining specimen of the original roof. Just opposite is the door of the Mesquita, with arches supported by slight and slender columns that would almost seem to bend under the superincumbent weight, were not that appearance relieved by the fretted lace-work of the arch above. The interior of the mosk has been so often retouched as to have lost much of its former primitive characteristics. The ante-room of the Ambassador's Hall has a curious wagon-domed roof, the side of which retains much of the original stucco work, which has been cut away on a line above the reach of man's hand. All around the wainscoting of azulejo work is retained, constructed in checker of various colors and forms, changing in composition and disposition of patterns according to the fancy of the architect, and consisting chiefly of purple, green, and orange. The primitive red, blue, and gold, adorn the grounds of the Turkish stucco, and tile indentures of the ceiling hanging like the sections of a truncated honey-comb. Nothing could be richer than the effects of its varying beauties.

Whilst passing thence by a long passage-way, we had a glimpse of the women's apartments, and of that particular chamber wherein the scene of the Zohayra's imprisonment was laid. This had been closed by an iron grating, though it was possible to observe the graceful and slight stems of the pillars supporting the arches of this secluded quarter. We at length came to the Tocador "of Queen's toilet-boudoir," a beautiful little apartment in ruins, retaining but little of its former interest and associations, but capable of inspiring some rays of poetic feeling, as you look through the interstices of the delicate columns that supported the roof; and had it been sunset, you could have looked over the valley and the Vega-impending mountains, upon a scene and landskip which would then have been painted with all the gorgeous tones of an Italian sky, with Claude Lorraine's perspective.

Having descended into the court below, we soon reached the apartments of the baths, where we obtained a sight of several underground passages which seemed to communicate with different parts of the palace, affording the secret means of escape in time of necessity. By retracing our steps, and returning into the square of the "Berca," we gained an entrance into the Court of "Lions." No order of architectural beauty could surpass the fairy-like proportions of this *patio*, surrounded by a hundred graceful columns, which were disposed in alternate ranks of single pillars and couplets, so arranged as to enclose in their centre a beautiful fountain of chaste marble, supported on rather dubious effigies of lions, while two light and graceful porches extended out into the court, under the shelter of which groups of devout Musselmen were formerly wont to assemble and talk the news before entering the Hall of Justice, which was within the vestibule beyond. The inte-

rior of several of the rooms under these porticos were richly ornamented with ensculptured tablets and arabesque scrolls, presenting an aspect of ærial and Oriental grace in their composition, which defied the faculty of a descriptive tourist, offering no parallel unto which they could be likened or compared, except in the marvelous illuminations of the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

The Halls of the Abencarrages and Las Dos Hermanas, or the "Two Sisters," suggested a most perfect beau-ideal of the locale of Eastern love-tale, and peopled the fancy with the most brilliant images of those scenes in the Harems of the East, where "dark-eyed beauties of raven hair," and houris for the prophet, appeared reclining and sleeping on golden couches, amid the perfumes of sweet incense and the soft notes of music, while the ever-wakeful eunuch kept his vigils at the gate. It were useless to attempt a proper description of these miracles of art, or of that gorgeous *coup-d'œil* which may be had from the unique window of the Linderaja. There is nothing similar in nature but those magnificent caves, where crystals of stalactitic grace hang pendant from the walls, or flowers of sulphates form in lines along the roofs of these brilliant caverns. Here only may be seen the poetry of architecture. At the Alhambra the name of Washington Irving has been wedded to the mystical muse of the spot, and must ever be suffered to remain there in order to be pregnant with inspiration.

The Alhambra hill is about 2690 feet long by 730 feet in its widest part; the walls average thirty feet high and six feet thick; it is shaped like a grand-piano, with the point toward the *Torre de la Vela:* it is entirely girdled with walls and towers.

Leaving the Palace by a small door at the hall of Justice,

and following the outer wall to the left, is the *Casa del Observatorio*, so called from its mirador, or *Casa Sanchez*, from having been the dwelling of a poor but honest peasant of that name. It was once picturesque and beloved by every artist, but it was ruined by a barbarian in 1837.

Continuing lower down is the Moorish gate of the *Torre del Pico*, which the French intended to blow up as a parting legacy, had not their intention been thwarted by the procrastination of the agent Farses. From this gate, a path, crossing the ravine, leads up to the *Generalife*. The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308, by Mohammed III., and is thus described by Ibnu-l-Kháttib:—It is "ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble; indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, which the sultan inspected in person, the elegance of the design, and the beauty of the proportions, the building has not its like in this country; and I have frequently heard our best architects say that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be compared to it." This, continues Gayangos, was in very good preservation until the ruthless occupation of the French, when it was entirely destroyed.

Continuing to the right is the corner tower, *de la Agua;* here an aqueduct, spanning the most picturesque ravine, supplies the hill with water. The French blew up this and the next tower; had they succeeded, as they wished, in destroying the aqueduct, the Alhambra would have become again a desert. Other towers, injured by these destroyers, now intervene between "*Los Siete Suelos*," the seven stories, or the former grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to

Xenil by the *Puerta de los Molinos:* hence it was afterwards walled up, as being a gate of bad omen. This is a pure Orientalism. So likewise, when princes came in, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, no man shall enter in by it." (Ezek. xliv. 2.) All was wantonly blown up by the French. The walls were fourteen feet thick, but what can withstand "villainous saltpetre?" Whatever escaped was by lucky accident, and now the ruins of six towers, their embroidery and porcelain, testify what they once were; all this quarter, with the Moorish palace of the Mufti, and *La Casa de las Viudas*, was leveled by Sebastiani, to make an exercising ground for his soldiers. Passing the *Puerta del Carril*, by which carriages enter the Alhambra, the circuit is completed.

In order to visit the Generalife, we passed out at the *Puerta del Pico*, to the right of the remains of the old Moorish Stables. A deep and romantic ravine now divides the hill of the Alhambra from the Sierra del Sol. Ascending amidst figs and vines is the Generalife—Jennatu-l-'arif, the "garden of the architect," of whom Isma'il-Ibn-Faraj, the sultan, purchased the site in 1320. This mountain villa, now belongs to the Marquis of Campotejar, of the Grimaldi Gentili family. He is an absentee, living at Genoa, and the real owner, as usual, is the administrador. This was the palace of Omar, and still retains traces of Moorish-Tarkish and Azulejo work, with the artinsonado roof. This is still a villa of waters; the canal of the Darro here empties its virgin stream; it boils through the evergreen glades under the arches of the court, while an open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, no longer looking like a filagree boudoir, but a grand solid mass of fortress. The view of Granada and the mountain prospect obtained from the arches of this colonnade, was magnificent, while the shelter

of its cypresses rustling in the breeze, in soft cadence with the bubbling of the Darro's fountains, gave an aspect to the scene which was truly enchanting. The livery-rooms are those at the head of the court, but the inmates and furniture are in miserable contrast with Moorish forms and color. Look at these cypresses, the "trysting-place" of the Sultana, which are enormous, and as old as the Moors; the frail Zoraya, is said to have been discovered under them with her lover, the Abencerrage; but this is a calumny of the Romanceros, and they are false witnesses, like the "Holm and Mastick" of the chaste Susanna.

At the top of the hill is the Moor's chair, *la Silla del Moro*, from which the view is splendid, that never can be defiled or destroyed. In the evening I went again to the tower, and took a view of that magnificent panorama from the tower *de la Vela*. How glorious was the light of that sunset! how superb the effect of the lingering rays which stole over mountain and dell! and as I listened to sounds of the wood-peopling nightingale, making the groves of the Albaicir vocal with their notes, it was an easy task to recall the light of the glories of those golden nights, when Moorish beauties hung their fair forms over the frames of these ancient balconies, and thence listened from their mirodors, when they enjoyed the splendor of these enchanting scenes, and waiting impatiently for the step of their cherished lovers, vividly awake all the while, either to the sound of the distant lutes, or the carols of the joyous birds. At such an hour the heart's finest chords are touched with tones of deepest sympathy, and the recollection of Moorish grandeur, of Alhambra splendor, and their maidens' joys rushed through the chambers of my memory, revealing strong images of varied and mingled emotions of sorrow for the losses of the chieftain

of Granada, of pity for the deep sighs which rose from the throbbing bosom of the vanquished, for the tear shed by manly eyes at the rupture of his warrior hopes, and his separation from the Paradise of his heart. No sentiments can be more impressive than those which arise in the pregnant womb of eve, there can be no better time for the earnest struggles of the heart, no better place to scene out the pleasures of the imagination, upon which to depict the visions of past glories, and abandoned wrecks of joys. Here, when sunset casts its last throes of purple over the fall of the passing day, as the soft winds sigh through the halls of the Moors, and the bright towers of the Alhambra blaze with vivid touches of golden light, before night buries nature and fair art in a universal mantle of gloom and blackness. Again we mounted to the Alhambra, our fleet coursers, rapidly as the winds, galloping through the narrow lanes of the Albaicen, and trampling almost upon the beggars, gipsies, gamblers, and animals of this Jewry, until we reached the convent *de los Martirós.* The garden with its little aqueduct is pretty, it is in close juxta-position with the *barranco* or *ravine* behind it, where gipsies live in troglodyte burrows, amid aloes and prickly pears. The dark daughters of Moultan sit in their rags under their vines, while their elfin brats beg of the stranger an *achavico.* The *Cualto Peal,* one of the convent gardens, was once a royal Moorish villa. The approach is under a high embowered archway of bays and enormous myrtles. The saloons and the *Azulejo* wear freshly on their cunic inscriptions of green, white, and blue. The white tiles with golden scrolls occur nowhere else. The original deeds of this garden, afford a curious abstract of the titles of this age. The "livery of Seisin," was thus: Don Alonzo entered the garden pavilion; next he opened and shut the door,

giving the key to *Macafreto*, a well-known householder of Granada, he then went into the garden, cut off a bit of a tree with his knife, and dug up some earth with his spade. Such was the practice of the Moorish conveyancers.

Not far from the *Puerta del Pescada*, where a Moorish gateway displays three arches of elegant design, is the *Currera del Darro*, or public walk, with planted trees, which communicates with the Alameda on the Xenil, and is much frequented in the mornings of winter and evenings of summer.

The *Darro* rises from the hill of myrtles near Huetor, and approaches Granada under the *Monte Sacro;* so called from the finding certain *sacred* bones and relics, to which are attributed the sweetness and fertilizing quality of the stream. The walks on both sides of the swift arrowy Darro up this hill are delicious: the stream gambols down the defile; hence its Arabic name *Hádaroh*, from *Hadar*, "rapidity in flowing." Gold is found in the bed; whence some, catching at the beloved sound, have derived the name Darro, "quasi *dat aurum;*" and in 1526 a crown was given to Isabel, wife of Charles V., made from grains found in this Pactolus. Here amphibious gold-fishers still puddle in the eddies, earning a miserable livelihood in groping for the precious metal. The Romans called the river *Salon:* the gorge through which it flows under the Generalife, was the *Haxariz*, or "Garden of Recreation," of the Moors, and was studded with villas. The Darro, after washing the base of the Alhambra, flows under the *Plaza nueva*, being arched over; and when swelled with rains, there is always much risk of its blowing up this covering. Such, says the Seguidilla, is the portion which Darro will bear to his bride the Xenil.

"Darro tiene prometido,
El casarse con Xenil
Y le ha de llevar en dote,
Plaza nueva y Zacatin."

The Moorish *Zacatin—Arabicè* Zacca; streets, passages—is as antique as the Spanish *Plaza nueva* is modern. In summer it is covered with an awning, a *toldo*, which gives a cool and tenty look. At the *respaldas*, the Prout-like houses and toppling balconies are so old that they seem only not to fall. Here is every form and color of picturesque poverty; vines clamber up the irregularities, while below naiads dabble, washing their red and yellow garments in the all-gilding glorious sunbeams. The Darro reappears at the end of its career at the "*Carrera*," and then marries itself to the Xenil. This—the Singilis of the Romans, the *Shingil* of the Moor—flows from the Sierra Nevada through a most Alpine country. The waters, composed of melted snow, are unwholesome, as, indeed, are most of those of Granada, which have a purgative tendency. The Moorish poets, who saw in the Xenil the life-blood of the Vega, the element of wealth, compared its waters to "melted gold flowing between emerald banks." "What has Cairo to boast of with her Nile, since Granada has a *thousand* Niles?" The letter *she*, *sheen*, has also the numerical value of a thousand.

The artist will, of course, trace this Xenil up to its glacier sources, from whence it gushes, pure, cold, and chaste. Far from cities, and free from their drains and pollutions, the river descends through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden, which woos its embrace, and drains off its affection. The fickle impatient stream, fretted at every stone which opposes its escape, enters Granada under the Antequerula, and passes *El Salon*, a fine walk. The sculptural

decorations are, however, in the vilest art: never were pomegranates worse carved than in this *Granada*, which teems with real models, and once was celebrated for its carvers. The beauty and fashion congregate on this Alameda, which is constantly injured by overfloodings. The Xenil and Darro unite below it, and, after cleansing the town of its sewers, are "*sangrado*," or drained, for irrigation. The Xenil is soon increased by infinite mountain tributaries, and unites, a noble stream, with the Guadalquivir, near Ecija.

While walking through the streets of Granada, the numerous and varied glimpses which you get of the prominently impending hills and towers of the Alhambra, is a source of perpetual delight and beauty. One never appreciates so fully the truth of the poet's taste, that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, as when passing through the different Alameda of this town, which are usually watered by limpid and rapid streams of water flowing freshly from their native hills, and leaping along with their joyous murmurings, seeming almost to laugh with delight as they frolic away over the pebbled beds, and, to rejoice at the refreshing influences which they convey to the eye and the sense of the desultory man. In no place is the recollection of such joys and pleasurable emotions so vivid as in Granada, and while passing along by the famous old square of the Vibarambla—the gate of river—so celebrated in the ballads sung for the *Cañas* and the balls of *Gazul*, one is particularly struck with the happy effect which the blessing of water supplies, as it runs along, mingling its life with the varied features which are so often afforded in Spain, amidst the grotesque houses of its towns and its animated market groups, and enlivened by a display of their various wares, delicious fruits, and party-clad people, as they are displayed at the booths and stalls on some

favorite market-day. The fruits of Spain are very fine, especially the grapes, figs, and melons: the latter are piled up like cannon-shot, and few of the arsenals of Spain can vie with the display of the natural and vegetable artillery which is supplied on the market-days at Granada. The figs, however, bear the palm over all other fruit, from the small, delicious, early Breba to the little greengage-looking later fruit. The first, however, are attended with slight unpleasant circumstances, which sometimes deter the traveler from indulging in them; and for a more satisfactory account of this, I refer you to Hosea, ix. 10.

Fish and fruit lie in close proximity on the quarter of the *Pescaderia*, where the old wooden balconies will delight the eye of the artist, as must the ancient fish-like smell of the shambles offend the nose. All which but sinks into insignificance in comparison with the classic recollections of the Archbishop's Palace round the corner, to the north of this square, where Gil Blas was simple enough to criticise the works of the archbishop. This palace, notwithstanding Le Sage describes it as rivaling a king's palace in magnificence, is nothing but a rat-box, as the Spanish would term it, *casa de ratares;* a disparity of opinion of little consequence, when we reflect that Le Sage was never in Spain. The Cathedral adjoining the archbishop's palace was built when the Gothic style was going out of fashion. Granadinos think it a rival of Saint Peter's. It is blocked up with mean houses and streets. Three orders contest for the style of the tower, which lacks, as yet, a companion; three recesses divide the compartments of the entrance, and the façade is so paganized by the attempts of modern artists, beginning it with rams' horns, masks, and unfinished festoons, that it is much better worth the painter's and reader's notice to study the groups in the markets, than distort their attention by a sight at such

unseemly realities. We pass over the outside, in order to notice what is truly agreeable within.

The *Capilla de los Reyes* is placed between the *Sagrario* and *Sacristia*, and is the gem of the cathedral. The rich Gothic portal, having escaped the Bourbon whitewash, contrasts with the glare around. It is elaborately wrought with emblems of heraldic pride and religious humility. The interior is impressive ; silence reigns in this chamber of the dead, and accords with the tender sentiment which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires.

This royal chapel, like that of St. Ferdinand, at Seville, is independent of the cathedral, and has or had its separate chapter and eighteen chaplains. It is divided into two portions. The *Coro alto* is adorned with the shields and badges of the Catholic sovereigns. The superb *Seja*, of iron, partly gilt, was made in 1522, by el Maestre Bartolomé, whose name is near the keyhole.

On each side of the high altar kneel carved effigies of the king and queen, which are very remarkable, being exact representations of their faces, forms, and costumes : behind Ferdinand is the victorious banner of Castile, while the absorbing policy for which both lived and died—the conquest of the Moor and the conversion of the Infidel—are embodied behind them in singular painted carvings, which have been attributed to Felipe Vigarny, and are of the highest antiquarian interest. In that which represents the surrender of the Alhambra, Isabella, on a white palfrey, rides between Ferdinand and third king, "the great cardinal" Mendoza ; he is on his trapped mule, like Wolsey, and alone wears gloves ; his pinched aquiline face contrasts with the chubbiness of the king and queen. He opens his hand to receive the key, which the dismounted

Boabdil presents, holding it by the wards. Behind him are ladies, knights, and haldberdiers, while captives come out from the gates in pairs. Nothing of the kind in Spain can be more curious. The other basso-relievo records the "Conversion of the Infidel." The reluctant flock is baptized in the wholesale by shorn monks. Observe the costumes: the mufflers and leg-wrappers of the women—the Roman *fasciæ*—are precisely those still worn at Tetuan by their descendants, who thus, as Orientals do not change stockings or fashions, corroborate the truth of these monuments.

In the centre of the chapel are two magnificent sepulchres, wrought at Genoa by Peralta, so it is said, in delicate alabaster; on these are extended their marble figures, and those of their next successors. Ferdinand and Isabella slumber side by side, life's fitful fever o'er, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union; they contrast, the ruling passion strong in death, with the averted countenances of Juana, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome but worthless husband. Observe carefully the details of these *urnas* and the ornaments: in that of Ferdinand and Isabella the four doctors of the church are at the corners, and the twelve apostles at the sides: Ferdinand wears the Garter, Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Their faces are portraits: their costume is very simple. Analagous is the *urna* of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*—crazy Jane. They are both gorgeously attired: he wears the Golden Fleece. The decorations are cinque-cento, and some of the sculptured children are quite Raphaelesque.

These royal sepulchres are superb. The statue of Isabella is admirable; her smile is as cold and her look as placid as moon light sleeping on snow:

—— "In questa forma
Passa la bella donna e par che dorma."

She died indeed far from Granada, but desired to be buried here, in the brightest pearl of her crown. The sentiment is truly touching, and the effect aimed at is fully produced: the subject is the Christian's death, who, stretched on the tomb, has yet the hope of another and a better life. She was the Elizabeth of Spain, the brightest star of an age which produced Ximenez, Columbus, and the Great Captain, all of whom rose to full growth under her smile, and withered at her death. She is one of the most faultless characters in history, one of the purest sovereigns who ever graced or dignified a throne, who, "in all her relations of queen or woman," was, in the words of Lord Bacon, "an honor to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain."

For the true character of the Catholic sovereigns consult Prescott's excellent work, or Shakspere, who, understanding human character by intuition, thus justly describes Ferdinand: "The *wisest* king that ever ruled in Spain:" and makes Henry VIII., when describing the virtues of his ill-fated Katharine, thus portray her mother Isabella:—

"If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, else could speak thee out
The *Queen of earthly Queens!*"

Next descend into their last resting-place; a low door—mind your head—leads down to the vault, a small space, as Charles V. said, for so much greatness. The royal coffins are rude and misshapen, plain and iron-girt; but they are genuine,

and have never been rifled by Gaul or Ghoul, like those of Leon and elsewhere. The ashes of the royal conqueror have never been insulted, nor have the "dead been unplumbed to furnish missiles of death against the living." The letter F marks that of Ferdinand. The religio loci and sepulchral character is injured by some modern churrigueresque stucco-work.

Thus the earthly remains of prudence, valor, and piety moulder alongside of those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long bygone days, connect the spectator with the busy period which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in the "dark backward of time," to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of sober history: but these coffins make the past and present real; and everything at Granada, art and nature alike—the Alhambra, the battle-field vega, the snowy sierra, towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids—form the common monuments and the best histories of these, the true founders of their country's greatness. Then it was, in the words of an eye-witness, "that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes." Then it was that her flag, on which the sun never set, was unfolded, to the wonder and terror of Europe, while a new world, boundless, and richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap, discovered at the very moment when the old world was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect, enterprise, and ambition of mankind.

The interest of Granada, beyond the illustrious ruins of her Palace and a few articles of rare value and remote antiquity or the sacristy of the Cathedral, stops with the Moors the Alhambra and its hills.

On the last evening which we spent at Granada, I lingered late watching the quiet beauties of its town, and in the secluded portions of the city, sought to find new interests and pleasant views along the banks of the bubbling Darra and the lively Xenil. Shielded from the oblique rays of the declining sun, I sat under the shade of the noble and venerable elms that expanded their arms in natural arches over the walks of the citizens, and under that canopy of trees waited and watched with longing and eager eyes, but with a disburdened heart and glorious associations, while the forms of the Alhambra walls floated over the distant hills, seeming afar off to mark the horizon, behind which the sun was sinking. Beside me, the ever-blooming flowers of the Acacia and the blushing clusters of the rhododendron flung their graceful trellises of leaves and flowers, emitting but a slight perfume, which was rather the reflecting colors of odorous light, harmoniously blending with the eve, than the perfume of pleasant scent, and by their roots the play of fountains rushed in accordance with the running streams mingling amid the beauties of the scenes like the workings of fancy and fond thought amid the reveries of a dream. Under such a construction of loveliness and grace, and of wedded art and nature, it were impossible not to feel the delirium of transport which excites the poet and artist to thoughts of an inspired cast. Such an embodiment of beauty and of grace, of natural effects and suggested association, seemed a fit frame through which to view the glories of the past, it was calculated to revive the history of the Moors, the almost fabulous accounts of the Musselman's life, the pictures of the domestic comforts, the beautiful constructions of their houses, and to restore in fact the castles and towers, bastions, gateways, gardens, galleries, groves and pastures of that wonderful and warlike people.

The sad picture of the present Spanish town contrasted mournfully with this picture, even as the ruins of the Alhambra were opposed to the former condition of perfection and order. Such eventides disposed the rambler to earnest and solemn meditation. A happy train of sentiment survives the turns of thought which course within that hour, and amid all the power of these sad and mournful reflections which brood over the mind, there is an effort and a relief in the consolation, that human life, no less than ruins, have their beautiful reflections of sunshine, varying ever the opinions which checker our existence with their light and shady flecks, and opening to our waking and active perceptions, prospects and fruits of brighter realms and perpetual joy, amid the stern conflicts and harsh struggles of the world, and pointing

> "Yet higher still to lights' first source aspire,
> With eyes that never blink, and wings that never tire."

Nothing can be more pleasing and interesting to those who relish the simple beauties of nature, than to walk by the side of living streams, to see the light playing and disappearing on the water, the green boughs waving their long streamers on the waves, the twigs and reeds bending and recovering themselves again, the glassy reflections on the deep, while shrub and trees of varied shape and foliage form a quivering and refreshing shade on the bank. Here is enough to fill the tasteful mind, and to invite the painter-poet to draw from such sources holy and pure inspiration. How various the views on the side of the stream of life. How dear to the heart the memory of the streams and bubbles of our boyhood. How meditative we become when we stand by them in old age. How like life is a river.

The excursion to *Soto de Roma*, situated on the Xenil, about three leagues from Granada, and liable to constant injuries from inundations, has no intrinsic interest beyond that reflected on it by its illustrious owner, the late Duke of Wellington. This property is bounded on the west by the *Sierra de Elvira*, which rises like a throne of stone over the carpeted vega, through which a spring of water flows from the rock, gushing with its balm of healing for cutaneous complaints. It contains about 4000 acres, but the value of this estate has been greatly exaggerated in Spain; first from the natural habit of the Spaniards to romance; then from a desire to exaggerate the national gift to the Duke, and lastly, from not always knowing what they are talking about.

Scarcely three days after the Duke had taken possession of of the "*Soto*"—"the Wood of Pomegranates"—before the tenants petitioned to Madrid, impugning the right of the Cortes to grant this property to a *foreigner*. Thus, said they, the "Soto is worth *at least* a million," until in and out of Spain it was considered an El dorado. In sober reality, however, the land is poor, and the house—this so-called "palace,"—in England would not pass for a decent manor-farm. The Duke having received a better proportionate rent than the neighboring proprietors, the Dukes of Abrantes and San Lorenzo, simply because *he* was *not* robbed, caused them, in envy, backed by avarice, to circulate an evil report against O'Lawlor, his agent and manager. "*Está atesorando*," he is making his fortune, was the universal cry; and as most Spanish *administradores* in his place, which they coveted, *would* have done so, the belief in the lie was commensurate. *El ladron piensa que todos son de su condicion*—the thief judges of others by himself.

In truth, O'Lawlor has been a loser by the situation, which

he held from pure love and respect to his great master. No Spanish government dared to promote him in the army or make him the Captain-General, while they feared his supposed wealth and influence. O'Lawlor, prudent for others, and economical in his habits, by an early investment of part of his rich wife's fortune in the most profitable lead-mines of Berja, has reaped the reward of order and wise speculation. He, like his master, has long treated with contempt the floating calumnies of the "smaller deer," as *Cosas de España;* but when they were published by Lord Londonderry, whose chivalrous character is a sufficient guarantee that his ear had been poisoned with incorrect accounts, he sent, *through the Duke*, who has always known his man, such an unanswerable answer as became the soldier and the gentleman. When, in consequence of his advanced age, he gave up his honorable charge, then only, in 1846, was he made a Lieutenant-General—Alava, his colleague, having been promoted in 1814!

The rambling old mansion at the *Soto* contains nothing worth seeing, the greengages in the garden excepted. The visitor, if on horseback, may cross the Xenil—that is, if there be no flood—and return to Granada by the now decayed agricultural village *Santa Fé*, the town built by Ferdinand and Isabella, while besieging Granada. The miserable spot was much shattered by an earthquake in 1807. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and the original deed is at Simancas. It was dated at this town of "*sacred faith*," as if in mockery of the Punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken. It was from *Santa Fé* that Columbus started to discover the New World, and also to find, when success had rewarded his toils, every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The lover of Alpine scenery should by all means ascend the *Sierra Nevada*. The highest peak is the *Mulahacen*, so called from Boabdil's father. The next is *El Picacho de la Veleta*, the "watch-point," which appears to be loftier, because nearer to Granada, and of a conical, not a rounded shape. This eternal rampant of the lovely vega is very impressive: the sharp mother-o'-pearl outline cuts the blue sky; clear and defined, yet mysteriously distant, size, solitude, and sublimity are its characteristics. The adventurous are inspired to scale the heights and win the favors of this cold beauty, and she will be melted by such daring. The distance to this point is about twenty miles, and may be accomplished in nine hours.

The night passed on these heights is piercing cold—"the air bites shrewdly;" but with a "provend" of blankets, and of good *vino de Baza*, it will kill no one. While beds are making for man and beast, the foragers must be sent to collect the dry plants and dead underwood, of which such a bonfire can be made as will make the Granadians below think the *Picacho* is going to be a volcano, *probatum est*. No diamonds ever sparkle like the stars on the deep firmament, seen from hence, at midnight, through the rarified medium. After the *Prevesin* begins the tug of war. For the first hour there is a sort of road, which may be ridden; the rest must be done on foot. The effects produced by he rarity tof the air on the lungs and body are not felt while seated on a mule; but now that muscular exertion is necessary, a greater strain is required than when in a denser atmosphere. The equilibration of air, which supports the bones as water does the fish, is wanting, and

the muscles have to bear the additional weight; hence the exhaustion.

The *Picacho* is a small platform over a yawning precipice. Now we are raised above the earth, which, with all its glories, lies like an opened map at our feet: when the vapors ascend from the ocean, they are spread out beneath like a sea, out of which the black pinnacles of lower mountains emerge like islands; when the thunder-storms roll below your feet, you look down even on the lightnings. Now the eye travels over the infinite space, swifter than by railroad, comprehending it all at once. On one hand is the blue Mediterranean lake, with the faint outline even of Africa in the indistinct horizon. Inland, jagged sierras rise one over another, the barriers of the central Castiles. The cold sublimity of these silent eternal snows is fully felt on the very pinnacle of the Alps, which stands out in friendless state, isolated like a despot, and too elevated to have anything in common with aught below. On this barren wind-blown height vegetation and life have ceased, even the last lichen or pale violet, which, blooming like beauty on the verge of ruin, wastes its sweetness wherever a stone offers shelter from the snow; thousands of winged insects lie frozen in this shroud, each in its little cell, having thawed itself a grave with its last warmth of life. In the scarped and soil-denuded heights the eagle builds; she must have mountains for her eyrie. Here she reigns unmolested on her stony throne; and lofty as are these peaks above the earth, these birds, towering above, are mere specks in the blue heaven.

THE RETURN.

Early before sunrise we left Granada, taking the same road

as that by which we had entered. It was on a lovely morning, and just when the first touches of the rosy-fingered Aurora were penciling the peaks of the Nevada with hues of flushing beauty, and entoning the fleecy clouds of vapor that rolled from off the mountain tops, like puffs of perfumed incense from sacrificial fires. The opening dawn cast a pink veil over the emerald green of the vega, and spreading its length beyond its borders, burnished the towers of the receding city, and then burst with full splendor upon the vermilion tower of the Alhambra.

After crossing the hill of La Mala, Granada ceases to be seen, and hence the spot, not far from this, is called, *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, for here Boabdil, January 2, 1492, sighed his last farewell.

The banner of Santiago floated on his red towers, and all was lost. Behind was an Eden, like the glories of his past reign; before, a desert, cheerless as the prospects of a dethroned king. Then, as tears burst from his water-filled eyes, he was reproached by 'Ayeshah, his mother, whose rivalries had caused the calamity. "Thou dost well to weep like a woman for that which thou hast not defended like a man." When this anecdote was told to Charles V., "She spake well," observed the Emperor, "for a tomb in the Alhambra is better than a palace in the Alpujarras." Thither, and to Purchena, Boabdil retired, but not for long. He sickened in his exile, and, passing over into Africa, is said to have been killed in a petty battle, thus losing his life for another's quarrel. Gayangos, however, (Moh. D. ii. 390,) has ascertained that he lived at Fez until 1538, leaving children. His posterity was long to be traced there, but reduced to the lowest poverty, existing as beggars on the charity doled out at the mosque-doors! a sad reverse of fortune, and a

melancholy conclusion of the brilliant Mahommedan dynasty in Spain.

Do not return to Granada by the same road; but, passing through the pretty village of *Otrusa*, cross the rivulet Dilar to *Zubia*, to which, during the siege, Isabella rode to have a view of the Alhambra: while she halted in the house with Claude-like miradores, a Moorish sally was made, and she was in much danger. In memory of her escape she erected a hermitage to the Virgin, who appeared visibly for her protection, and it still remains amid its cypresses. Returning home, just on entering the avenue of the Xenil, to the left, on its banks, is *San Sebastian*, once a Moorish Caaba, to which Ferdinand and Isabella accompanied Boabdil on the day of Granada's surrender.—Read the inscription let into the wall. The extraordinary *Alamo*, or tree, under which the first mass was said, stood here, but was cut down by some barbarians in 1760.

Nothing occurred to vary our return journey until within a few miles of Alhama, except the never-failing varieties on the mountain scenery, and we visited with pleasure some pleasant spots near the baths which we had omitted to see on our way out. I stopped an hour to bathe in the circular bath, which still runs with tepid water as in the time of the cleanly Romans and Moors. The stream which fills these baths gushed from out of one of these awful chasms in the hills which are peculiar to this Alpine district, and affords fearful traces of strong geological convulsions, and points of great scenic beauty. Having passed through the town of Alhama by night, I had now the pleasure of remarking the prominent features of this curious old city—the land-key of Granada. The place is wild and picturesque, and perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills round which the *Marchan* sweeps. The situation is fearful, and

it broods over the abyss of the precipice upon which it leans securely, almost ready to tumble into the gulf beneath. There is a fine aqueduct in the square, and the sierras which back it rise to the height of 8000 feet. At this point we were joined by a commercial party from Malaga, who had been engaged in making purchases of wheat in the districts around this point, and with them we returned back to Velez Malaga, passing over the picturesque and grand Sierras of Alhama, and the bold chain of the Alpujarras.

We were pleased in finding so much novelty and variety to interest us while retracing our steps to this point. Such are the peculiar effects of light and position on landscape, and so much have circumstances and companionship to do with the agreeableness of travel, that the attractions of natural scenery are proportioned to the various dispositions and tempers of the traveler, even in going over a twice-trodden track. So amid these Salvator-Rosa like gorges which the waters have forced through the mountain, where the rocks rise up on each side like terrific perpendicular walls, the traveler passes like the Israelites, with his pillar of sunshine and cloud; at times crossing through lonely depths where the sun never enters, and again emerging in a broad flood of fiery sunshine in the wilderness.

We had reached Velez Malaga about nine o'clock in the evening; but what a dreadful night I spent at the old inn, on the floor of the second story, and in horrible torment under the attacks and inflictions of the gnats and musquitos that infested my chamber, scarcely having slept a wink during the whole night. Ramon roused me in the morning by daylight, and I was glad to escape from this pest-house into the cool and refreshing air of the morning. Our early start soon brought us to the sea-side, and on our road to Malaga Proper. Then, for the

first time, I obtained a fair view of the charming sea-views that enhance the ride along the coast, and render this path one of the most delightful in Spain. The littoral was very picturesque, the eye embraces both the marine and inland prospects, and the entire region abounds in objects of interest and study, which are presented by the culture of the land, the characteristic of the strata, the habits of the people, and the peculiar traffic of the country. During the whole morning we were entertained by troops of merry muleteers whom we passed on the way, and as we listened to the wild choruses and their fitful shouts to the mules, which were laden with boxes of fresh Malaga raisins, we lacked no society on our return to the port. The narrow bridle-run which led over the hills soon brought us within sight of our destination, and shortly after sunrise the the delights of our journey were crowned by the picturesque portion of Malaga resting on its bay, as it lay hemmed in by the circuits of its own native hills, and the bordering spurs of the Alhama beyond. After such a trot, overcome by the fatigues of a hurried journey, and still lingering under the ravages of the insects, how refreshing and grateful it was to be quietly settled at the inn of the Alameda !"

Having spent a delightful evening in the society of Mr. Carr, our former Consul at Tripoli, who amused us in Mr. King's room by a recital of his life and adventures in Africa, I arose in the morning and made preparations for my departure by the steamer.

September found me leaving the harbor of Malaga, with a full view of the port and the town. The weather was a little rough after the storm of the previous night. Our vessel steamed gallantly out to sea, but after taking her course still hugged the shore during the passage. The coast was kept

constantly in sight during the day, and gave us a clear view of the magnificent borders of rocks which limit Spain on the southern part of her territory. Owing to the prevalence of a head-wind we made little progress during the first day, and except the ever-varying outline of the magnificent mountains on the coast, the experience of our first journal would have been very monotonous.

We scarcely touched at the Bay of Almeria, as we steamed along on the second day. This port, under both Roman and Moor, was the great port of traffic between Italy and the East, and one of the richest manufacturing towns ; but, under its Moorish independent chief, Ibn Maymam, it was a perfect Algiers, a pirate port, whose galleys ravaged the coasts of France and Italy. It is no longer, as once sang its Arabian eulogist, "a land where if thou walkest, the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens paradise." Some little bustle has been given to the decay by the arrival of the steamers as they pass up and down the coast; and the walls of a picturesque Moorish castle which backs the town, repaired by Charles V., running up and down the declivities, lend an aspect of interest and revival to the port. Passing the point of Almeria, the next point of attraction was the Cabo de Gatas—"Cape Agate." It is a rock formed of crystals, spars, and agates, where amethysts sometimes are found. The traveler will recollect the landmark on this wind cape, since, according to the nautical adage, "At Cape de Gat, take care of your hat." About noon we moored inside of the wild and dreary "Point of the Eagles," a small place of two intersecting streets, which nestled at the foot of a rock and a castle, where we took in some silver, the produce of the mines which were worked in the Sierra of *Almazarron*, at some distance back of this town.

The mines were discovered by a poor weaver of Cartagena, named Valentin, who, under the pretence of shooting, passed his days here, until near a ridge or dip he found specimens, which, being assayed at Cordova, were found to be galena or argentiferous lead. He imparted his secret to a townsman named Soler, as ignorant as himself of their true value. At last poor Valentin died, and Soler formed a club to work them; and having obtained a grant from the crown, with a competent engineer, the shares soon after rose from 150 dollars to 60,000. This sudden acquisition of wealth attracted thousands of competitors. What seven years ago was a wild and dreary waste, is now studded with buildings, traced into roads, crowded with laborers, and nine smelting furnaces erected upon it.

Although we reached the harbor of Cartagena about dark, we were not permitted to land until the next morning at ten. This town, which flourished under the Romans, who called it, "Colonia Victrix Julia," is now much decayed. Its admirable port, scooped out by the mighty hand of nature, alone remains the same; owing nothing to the care of man, nor to be spoiled by his neglect: it is the best on this eastern and harborless coast, and was ranked with July and August by the admiral of Philip II., when the monarch demanded which was his safest harbor: here even the navy of England might ride. It is accurately described by Virgil, (Æn. i. 163,) "Est in secessu longo locus," etc. The hills which fringe the bay render it land-locked.

The best street is the Calle Major. Ruin, neglect, and emptiness prevail everywhere, and the traveler is pained while he walks round the silent quays and parade at the head of the harbor, and beholds the fine marine school, a building better than its pupils. The fortifications, barracks, hospitals, arsenals,

extensive rope-walks, foundries, basins, and dock-yards are fine; all that is wanting is life. The town is dull and unhealthy, and the water brackish. The view from the heights of *La Atalaya* is superb and sweeps the port. However torpid man and water, and the elements of hatred against their neighbor, Murcia burns fiercely. They have never forgotten or forgiven the removal of the see.

On leaving the province of Murcia, a metal-pregnant district, it is as well to state here, that, although thinly populated and almost a desert in the parts which lack water, the Huertas compensate by their prodigious fertility, producing the palm, orange and carob tree, silk, soda, bass-grass, red-peppers, and rich wines. Its mines enabled the family of Hannibal to make war against Rome itself. Under the Moors, Mursiah became one continuous garden, and hence was called *El Bostan*, as well as *Misr*, Egypt, to which it was compared. This province, lying in an out-of-the-way corner, is considered by Spaniards to be the Bœotia of the south. Few illustrious have ever been produced in this Dunciad. The lower classes, chiefly agricultural, are alternately sluggish and laborious. Their physiognomy is African, superstitious, litigious and revengeful; they remark of themselves and province, that the earth and climate are good, but all that is between them is bad. *El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo.*

Nightfall found us on the road-stead of Alicante; but Spanish dilatoriness and their proverbial *punctillo* compelled us to delay our entry into the town, until we were waited upon by the authorities of the port, on the following morning.

Alicante—Arabicè transparent—lies under its rock-crowned castle, and it is not seen until closely approached. It is defended by a strong outwork, el Castillo de Fernando, by the

advice of the English, who paid for it. Salt-fish, wines, almonds and coarse raisin, with potash for the linens of Ireland, form the commerce of this port. The wines are rich, with a rough taste combined with sweetness; they are used to doctor thin clarets for the British market. The "Huerta," or garden, is very fertile. The olives are fine and the carob-trees numerous and productive. Here the succession of crops never ceases. There is no winter; one continual summer reigns in this paradise of Ceres and Pomona: but the immediate environs are arid and unproductive, and the swampy coast toward Cartagena breeds plagues of flies, fevers and dysenteries, which the immoderate use of the *Sandia*, or water-melon, encourages.

Its trade is no longer what it was. This key of Valencia rose in consequence of its castle, which protected it from the Algerine pirates. The castle is now in poor order, and not worth seeing. We remained here all day. We entered into the City Hall, which is an elegant building, and found good society in a reading-room, where there was a collection of good books, and a few newspapers. Their Colegiata, being dedicated to San Nicolas, brought back pleasing memories of the Knickerbockers and Manhattan. Our "Old Nick," the patron of Alicante, (as well as of New York,) is or was the portioner of poor virgins, and a model of fasters, for, according to Ribadneyra, when a baby he never, during Lent, sucked before the evening, and only once on Wednesdays and Fridays. That, no doubt, accounts for the custom of childrens' *hanging* their stockings up on the night before Christmas, and for holidays on Wednesdays, and hanging on Fridays! The town was very prettily situated under the lee of the impending hills, and the shelter of its castle, which had been partially destroyed by the French, but we were particularly struck with the singular

costume of the peasantry, which appeared to resemble that of the Neapolitans. The low, button-tipped hat is changed for a small cap, worn hanging on one side of the head. The male costume is antique and Asiatic. The many-colored plaid is cast over the right shoulder; the men wear the hempen sandal, and their legs are either naked, or covered with stockings without feet. *Bragas*, or large, loose and short linen drawers, of classical Roman origin, are a substitute for breeches; the upper man is clothed with a velvet or gaudy jacket, with open shirt sleeves, while their waists are girdled by a gay silken sash, or *faga*. The head and their long, lanky, red, Indian-like hair is bound with a silk handkerchief, which looks in the distance like a turban.

This Valencia, although one of the smallest provinces in Spain, yields in fertility and delight to none. The mountains abound in marbles and minerals. Cinnabar is found in the Crevicta; iron in many places; marbles and jaspers at Cervera; and lead at Zeldo. To invalids and consumptive patients the climate is far superior to that of Italy; there is a most delicious softness in the air, which is so dry withal, that salt undergoes no change. Frosts are almost unknown, whilst the sea-breeze tempers the summer-heats, and the fresh mountains offer verdurous retreats. The *Huerta*, most truly the garden, is irrigated by the Turia, or Guadalaviar—the white river. This great vein is so drained or bled, that when it reaches the capital, it is almost as dry. The Moors bequeathed to the Valencians their hydraulic science, by which they exercised a magic control of water; wielding at their bidding, they could do all but call down the rains from heaven, that best of all irrigations. The network of artificial canals is admirable. We have dwelt longer than usual on this head, because the

Royal Canal on the Incar, and the whole water system deserves the closest examination of our engineers and architects. The artist will find happy subjects for his pencil in the picturesque *noria* and the large water-wheel, which, armed with jars, descends into the well, and as it rises discharges the contents into a reservoir. In the Huerta of Valencia, the main trunk supplies all the smaller veins. Thus irrigated, the rich, alluvial plain, which basks in the never-failing irritating sun, knows no agricultural repose; man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun in calling into life. The produce, even when the land is poor, is almost incredible. Thus, in one year, four, nay, five crops are raised in succession. Rice is the great cereal staple. The culture was introduced by the Moors, and the grain enters largely into the national cuisine of the Valencians, in their *pilafs* and *pollos con arroz*—pullets in rice.

The province produces wine, oil, barrilla, esparto, hemp, flax, cochineal, and fruits, especially figs, almonds, dates, oranges and grapes. The honey is also delicious. Silk is another staple, and the *Huerta* is covered with white mulberry, "food for worms." The animal spins its cocoon, and is then destroyed in boiling water; the process is nasty; but as the peasants, seated under their vines and figs, wind out the golden tissue, the picture is perfect. The *Raso* and black silk, for *mantillas* and *sayas*, is equal to anything in Europe. The profusion of mulberries has rendered the purple color of the fruit, the *morado*, a favorite one with the painters of Valencia, the makers of azalejos and stained glass, just as the rich brown olla color of Seville was with Murillo in Andalucia, or the chorize tint with Morales in Estramadura. Valencia is deficient in animal and cereal productions; corn and cattle are brought from the Castiles and Aragon. The over-irrigation

diminishes the flavor of the vegetables, which lose in quality what they gain in quantity. Hence the proverb allusive to the aqueous, unsubstantial character of Valencian men, women, and things: *La carne es yerba, la yerba agua, el hombre mujer, la mager nada.*" This is a mere play upon words, for these ethereal women, whose minds and bodies are supposed to evaporate, are much more than nothing, and the cuisine is excellent. Those who eat the national "*Pollos con arroz*" will never talk more about the mere "idea of a dinner," facetious travelers to the contrary notwithstanding; as for the women, they will speak for themselves.

The sea-coast, like that of the west of the Peninsula, is the terror of mariners.

The upper classes are among the most polished of Spain, and the Valencian has always distinguished himself in art and literature. Under the Moors this province was the repository of theological science; under the Spaniards it boasts of San Vicente, whose miracles have employed the Valencian artists; and of the learned divine, Juan Luis Vives, the Spanish Bacon, who lived and *learned* in Oxford, and was the friend of Erasmus. Valencia is also proud of her poet, Christobal Virues, and of Guillon de Castro, the dramatist; while her Juanes, Ribalto, Ribera, Orrente and March, form a school of painters second only to that of Seville.

The lower classes are fond of pleasure, the song, and the dance, their "roundabout" *rondalla;* the national dance is called *la fiera.* They dance well, and to the *tamboril* and dulzana, a sort of Moorish clarionet, requiring strong lungs and ears.

In darker shades of character the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors; they are cunning,

perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous. Theirs is a sort of tiger-monkey character, of cruelty allied to frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good: nor can their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good humor, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass, like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile. The infamous Cæsar Borgia was a true Valencian, as were his chosen *sicarios* and bravos: their leader, Michalot de Prades, has bequeathed his name to the armed company of *Migueletes*.

Their physiognomy is African. The burning sun not only tans their complexions, but excites their nervous system; hence they are highly irritable, imaginative and superstitious. Their great joys and relaxations are religious shows, *pasos*, pageants, processions, cars, acted miracles and church spectacles. The *Miracles of San Vicente Ferrer*, the tutelar of the city, ranks first among these street festivals, in which little children play a great part, dressed like angels, and really looking like those creatures of which Heaven is composed, although some of them grow up to be devils incarnate. The *Dia de Corpus*, or procession of Christ present in the Sacrament, is *the sight* of Spain, and accordingly has always been brought out to amuse the princes, whenever they chanced to be in Valencia. On one occasion, Fedinand VII., the beloved, having expressed a pious curiosity, the incarnate Deity, *locally present*, as they believe, was paraded out to amuse such a mortal.

The Valencian women, especially those of the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark complexioned as their mates; singularly well-formed, they are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain. They

sit at work in the open streets, and as they wear nothing on their heads but their hair, "their glory," they have rather a dressy look. Their ornaments are most classical; the roll of hair is pierced with a silver-gilt pin; they wear also the silver-gilt comb, and one of a singular triangular-shape, called *la llase*, and the cross. As they are very superstitious, talismans and little horns and hands are carried about the person, the old phallic antidote for the evil eye, *el mal de ojo*, which is as much dreaded here as among the Moors and Neapolitans.

One of our companions, who had accompanied us thus far, left us, and started for the interior in a peculiar-shaped vehicle that resembled a covered butcher's cart, or an ungreased and canopied Irish jaunting-car running on two wheels, and conducted or drawn by one horse: this is the preferred mode of locomotion among the middle classes of this province, and it is uncommonly well suited to the roads.

We left Alicante about four o'clock in the afternoon, and were towed out from the shore to the steamer, which lay tossing about and exposed to the open sea in the roadstead, and early on the following morning we arrived at the port of Valencia. Having landed I hired a tartana, the common Valencian vehicle, which resembles a dark-green covered cart: the type is the Turkish *Araba*. It may be compared to a Venetian gondola on wheels, and, like that, though forbidding-looking, often contains a deal of fun, like mourning coaches when the funeral is over. The name is taken from a sort of felucca, or Mediterranean craft.

Riding away from the Grao in this go-cart, I was quickly drawn through the Huerta, covered with shade trees, until we entered the city by the Gate of the Cid, which is situated near the largest tobacco-factory of the place, having first crossed a

bridge suspended over the now dry Turia. As I had engaged my driver for the day, I struck a path immediately for the Cathedral, determined to see the only and great lion of this *Valencia del Cid*. Now the first thing which the Cid did, on capturing Valencia, was to take his wife and daughters up to a height, and show them all the glories. Ascend, then, with me the Cathedral tower, which is called *El Micalete*, because of its bells, which were first hung on St. Michael's Feast. This isolated octagonal Gothic belfry, is built with a brownish stone, 162 feet high, and disfigured by a modern top. The panorama thence is very striking, the bright sky itself is wonder enough: it is a glimpse of the glory of heaven, an atmosphere of golden light which Murillo alone could paint, when wafting his blessed Virgin into paradise. The air is also so clear and dry that distant objects appear as if quite close. See how the town is disposed in the map at your feet. The streets are so narrow that the openings scarcely appear amid the irregular close-packed roofs, of which many are flat with cane-cages for pigeons, of which the Valencians are great fanciers and shooters. No portion of Spain presents so fertile an aspect as the green carpet of the Huerta surrounding the city on all sides, and stretching its velvet beauties even to the sea-shore. The spires rise thickly amid blue and white-tiled domes; to the north are the hills of Marviedo, and the mountains of Saguntum, the *Huerta* is studded with farm-houses and cottages thatched like tents. This view, in extent and beauty, is without parallel in Europe; its culture of the rice-fields, and their rolls of vivid verdure reminded me of the great plains of Lombardy. In Michilate is the great bell, *La Vela*, which, like that of the Alhambra, gives warning of irrigation periods.

The cathedral has little to attract internally save its Corin-

thian pulpit of carved walnut, and some few paintings of the celebrated masters. Its original Gothic has been marred by the frequent attemps to modernize its inside and out, while its low interior roof spoils the effect of the naves. Behind the circular end is the gay and gaudy chapel of *Muestra* Señora de los Desamparados, the Virgin of the unprotected, to whom the generals applied in times of danger, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel. When the French entered Valencia, this image of the Virgin wore three gold bars, the emblems of the rank of Captain-General. The Marques de los Palacios, commander of the city, took no other steps of defence than laying his baton at its feet. It was then carried in procession round the walls, the whole population exclaiming, "The divine mother will protect us!"

Continuing our drive through some of the principal streets, we found our way to the *Calle de los Caballeros*, the aristocratic street. The Valencian houses are substantially built, and have an air of solid nobility. A large portal opens into the pateo, with arched colonnades, which are frequently elliptical; the staircases are remarkable for their rich banisters, and the windows are either Gothic or formed in the *Ajimez* style, with a single slender shaft dividing the aperture; the long lines of open arcades under the roofs give an Italian lightness. Whenever a house is taken down, it is obliged to be set back, with a view of widening the street. The rebuilt mansions are uniform and common-place, with rows of balconies. None should omit visiting the collection *del Peluguero*, Plaza San Vicente. This hair-dresser, Pedro Perez, has filled his house with an *omnium gatherum* of art and antiquity. The pictures are not of a high class, although the geese here are all swans. The least bad are at the top of the house—a Christ Teaching, Leonardo (?);

a Christ Scourged, Morales (?); a Christ and Soldiers, Velazquez (?); a Neño Dios and Saint John, Marello (?). The Spanish and Celtiberian coins were good until the good peruquier polished off the venerable ærugo, lathering and shaving them, as it were—a common fate in Spain, when offered for sale to foreigners by peasants, who, with a view to commending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the very thing which makes them valuable to the antiquary—the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years. This numismatic Figaro is himself, however, like old Tradescant, the most curious of his rarities. This Figaro of taste has lately laid aside his razors, having been appointed "Conserge" to the Academy of Noble Arts of San Carlos, *Plaza de las Barcas*, where are some secondary objects of art, and bad pictures with good names, and some portraits of the poets from the monastery Murta. A barber, however, is a personage in this land of Figaro. Suchet, too, who shaved Valencia pretty well, began life as an apprentice to a peruquier. In the *Calle San Vicente* lives a hatter, el Sombrerero, who has also some barbaric pictures. which he shows readily to strangers.

We knew two similar characters in America, both of whom were celebrities in their respective towns. Platt Evans, a tailor, of Cincinnati, has built a bijoux of a house on one of the main streets, and having filled it with objects of virtu and art, takes a pride in showing his gallery of paintings and curiosities to any stranger who happens to visit him in the West. Truly all his geese have been turned into swans by his industry; and his well peopled aviary, on the top of his house, is a palace of singing birds.

Every one is familiar with the renown of the celebrated

Dowse, of Cambridgeport, another creditable instance of the cultivation of letters and art amid the toil and cares of daily mechanical labor. Mr. Dowse, by dint of industry and good fortune, had not only succeeded in accumulating a small and valuable gallery of water-colors, which had been painted for the British Academy, but in obtaining the ownership of the best part of Bishop Heber's library. By adding daily to his stock every elegant edition as it issued from his booksellers, he had at length procured a collection which is second to few in this country. To the honor of his sound and good judgment, it is well known that he reads them.

The future possession of so rich and precious a treasure had necessarily led to an inquiry as to its probable fate after his demise. With due apology to this amiable gentleman and scholar for suggesting even a hint at his dissolution, I would close this notice by a current anecdote, which would be likely to allay any curiosity thus excited.

The faculty of Harvard, it seems, once held this question of inheritance under discussion, a proposition having been made, as reported, that the conferring of a high college honor would in a degree compensate for the translation of this library into Gore Hall. The high sense of the dignity of the University arose to prevent the grant of an application which savored somewhat of the taint of a bribe ; and the sages in council were at a loss to conceive how the title of L. L. D. could be properly granted to one whose pretensions to learning were chiefly based on his peculiar skill in the dressing of sheep skin. "It can not be done," said one professor : "Non detur," spoke another. The president shook his head like Jove. "Ha ! ha !" exclaimed the amiable Justice Story, rubbing his hands, and raising his spectacles ; "Why not, gentlemen? Why not in all equity

give him the L. L. D.? It is proper: don't you see that it stands for *Literary Leather Dresser?*"

The learned Dowse still lives at the port of Cambridge, and the stand-post sign, surmounted by a wooden sheep, remains in front of the store, quite on a level with the library on the second floor; and Gore Hall yet survives, lifting its granite towers upon the college green, and sullenly, solemnly and silently looms up toward the sky like an old feudal castle in the middle ages.

The *Colegio de Corpus*, or *del Patriarca*, is a museum of Ribaltas. He is generally called "*El Santo Ribera*," having been canonized in 1797. The noble Corinthian chapel of the college was built by Anton del Rey, after, it is said, a plan of Herrera. It is somewhat dark, the windows being very small; the walls again are "blacked through the smoke" of the incense; but the daylight was purposely excluded by desire of the founder, who wished to give the impressiveness of religious obscurity to the ceremonies. The *miserere* on a Friday morning is one of the most impressive services of Spain: be there at ten, as soon after the darkling chapel is rendered darker by drawing blinds over the windows and shutting the doors, to exclude also the idle trifler: the whole space above the high altar is now covered with a purple pall, the color of mourning; none stand near it save the silent choristers; next an aged priest approaches and prostrates himself; then all kneel on the ground, and the solemn chant begins. At the first verse the picture above the altar descends by a noiseless unseen machinery, and the vacancy is supplied by a lilac veil with yellow stripes; as the chant proceeds this is withdrawn, and discloses one of a faint gray, which, when removed discovers another of deep black, and then after a lengthened pause

another and the last. The imagination is thus worked up into a breathless curiosity, which is heightened by the tender feeling breathed out in that most beautiful of penitential psalms. Then at once the last veil of the temple is, as it were, rent asunder, and the Saviour appears dying on the cross ; a sepulchral light is cast on the brow, on which a sweat of agony seems to mantle, while "the shadow of death hangs on the eyelid." (Job 16 : 16.) It is the reality of the Crucifixion, and is too harrowing to be long looked at ; but soon a distant quire of silvery voices strikes up, and the pall is closed again over a spectacle which is not to be profaned by irreverent or lengthened curiosity.

The sculptor should examine this crucifix as a work of art ; and by application to the rector, and a fee to the *sacristan*, it can be seen in the afternoon, when the chapel is closed to the public ; get a ladder and lights, and then will be revealed the ropes and contrivances by which all this solemn scene-shifting is managed. The carving is one of the finest in Spain, but nothing is known of its origin. It belonged to the founder, and was placed here by his express order, as a relic, from the number of miracles which it worked. The material is a dark wood ; the feet, extremities, and anatomy are very fine : observe the broad modeling of the forehead, and the lines about the mouth, where character resides ; as *death* is here represented, the absence of life, which is so felt in painted sculpture, does not offend.

The whole church deserves a careful inspection, as here Ribalta is properly to be estimated : in the first chapel to the left is one of his masterpieces, and painted in a style between Titian and Vandyke ; "San Vicente de Ferrer, visited on his sick bed by our Saviour and Saints ;" he rises on his pallet, his

expression of humble gratitude contrasts with the kindness and sympathy exhibited towards him; the light is unfortunately bad.

Since the suppression of the convents a national museum has been established in the former *Carmen*, where the great Valencian school may really be studied and appreciated: it contains 600 or 700 pictures, of which the vast majority are worthless. The chief painters to be observed are Vicente Juanes, the Spanish Raphael; then Francisco de Ribalta, who is the Spanish Domenichino and Sebastian del Piombo combined. He was *the* painter of San Vicente de Ferrer, *i. e.*, a local painter of a local subject; just as Murillo was of the *Conception*, so worshipped by Sevillians. There is a picture, probably by Ribalta, in Magdalen Chapel, Oxford, although even his name has not penetrated into those cloisters, and the picture is ascribed to artists with whose works it has not even a remote resemblance.

Another great Valencian, Josef Ribera, (Spagnoletto,) was a pupil of Ribalta. He painted cruel martyr subjects in a decided Caravaggio style of marked shadows and lights. Pedro Orrente, the Bassano of Spain, and as monotonous and multiplied, was born at Monte Alegre about 1560, and died at Toledo, 1644. He principally painted cattle and Adorations of Shepherds: although he was a mannerist, he colored his low subjects well; he was the master of Pablo Pontons, whose pictures are seldom seen out of Valencia, and of Esteban March, a painter of battle-pieces, who died here in 1660; both these imitated the Bassanos through Orrente. These pastoral pictures are as tiresome as pastoral poetry, which then was all the fashion: Scripture was degraded by peasant forms; angels became accessories to cattle; there may be the merit of truth to ordinary nature, but divine subjects require a more epic

treatment. The Zariñenas are another Valencian family of painters of second-rate merit. Valencia has produced no great sculptor.

Among the best pictures by *Juanes* are three pictures of our Saviour: observe especially that from *Santo Domingo*, in a violet dress; a magnificent San Francisco de Paula, in a brown dress leaning on his staff, from *Los Minimos*. Remark, by *Ribalta*, San Vicente Preaching, from Santo Domingo; San Francisco, from *Los Capuchinos;* a Cardinal, by *Espinosa;* a Holy Family; a St. Jerome; an Assumption, from *Santo Domingo;* a San José, from *Los Agostinos;* by *El Bosco* (Jerome Bosch of Bois le Duc), the three singular pictures from *Santo Domingo*—the Crowning with Thorns, the Christ at the Pillar, and in the Garden: inquire for the altar of Jaime I., with its singular old paintings.

Visit the church of *San Juan* to see the celebrated Concepcion, or La Parisima, which formerly was in the *Compania*, having been painted for *los Jesuitas*, and under the following circumstances:—The Virgin appeared in person to the Jesuit Martin de Alvaro, and desired him to have her painted exactly as he then beheld her. He applied to Juanes, giving all the details of the vision; the artist, after many failures, by the advice of Alvaro, confessed and went through a long religious exercise, and then produced this picture; the Virgin, when it was finished, descended from heaven and expressed herself satisfied. Charles IV. wished to remove it to Madrid when he founded her order, but refrained from fears of a popular outbreak. The figure is colossal, but the expression is meek and innocent: on each side are emblems and mottoes allusive to her manifold perfections.

The principal plaza, called *El Mercado*, is in the heart of the

city, and contains its only fountain. Here the Cid and Suchet executed their prisoners without trial or mercy. The market is well supplied, and the costume of the peasants very picturesque. Here is the *Lonja de Seda*, the silk hall, a beautiful Gothic building of 1842. The saloon is magnificent, and supported by spirally-fluted columns. This is the chamber of commerce, and has a pretty court attached to it, where the beautiful Gothic windows, medallions, with heads and coronet-like battlements, are much to be admired.

Valencia abounds in pleasant walks; among which are the *Paseo de la Glorieta*, laid out and planted by Elio, who converted it into a garden of Hesperus, a locality made desert by Suchet; and one that leads to the river, or rather the river-bed, for it is so drained for irrigation, that, excepting at the period of the rains, it scarcely suffices for washerwomen. Crossing over the bridge of *La Trinidad*, a massy construction, with strong piers, which seems a sinecure, from the want of water underneath. you reach the site of *El Real*, the royal residence of the vice-roys, which was pulled down in the wars, and the space since converted into a pleasant plantation. The river now divides the Glorieta from the long avenues of the delightful Alameda, whose shady over-arching branches continue to *El Grao*, the grades, or steps, to the sea. This agreeable drive is the lounge of the natives, who flock here in the summer for sea-bathing. The want of a good seaport as an outlet for her productions, is a great drawback to Valencia. Large sums of money have been expended in the attempt to make a port of this sandy roadstead, which is much exposed to gales from the south and southwest; but the French invasion arrested the work. The mole was to have been pushed forward in two piers, with towers and batteries at each extremity. The *temporada*, or season

of the baths, is a gay period. The bathing-houses are thatched with rice straw. The road is then thronged with *tartanas*, which convey all sexes to their immersion, hissing hot like horse-shoes. The Grao waters are said to soften the female heart, and to cure confirmed sterility.

Knowing the tariff, we had no dispute to settle with the boatman of the Grao, who rowed us back to the steamer; for of all the rascally tribe of watermen, those of the Grao are the most unconscionable, and having embarked on board the vessel, in a few moments we passed out of the roadstead with a stiff gale ahead and heavy swell behind us.

The next morning's sail bore us along an uninteresting coast, which afforded little to interest, until we came within a few leagues of Barcelona, where the first object of attraction was the prominent headland of the saw-headed mountain Montserrat, so celebrated among the faithful for its miraculous image of the Virgin, and its sanctimonious virtues. The image was made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50, by St. Peter. In 717, the Goths hid it away from the invading Moors, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon the bishop of Vigue came in person, and being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave; but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot, on which it remained 160 years. A nunnery was then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent.

It is rudely carved out of dark wood, and holds the child in its lap; the dress and wardrobe are most splendid, as emperors and kings vied with the devout in pious offerings. Night and day, lights blazed before the graven image in

seventy-four precious lamps, which were plundered by the French.

The legend runs thus: towards the end of the ninth century, the devil entered the body of Riquilda, daughter of Wifred *el velloso*, so the father sent her to Juan Guarin, the hermit of the Virgin's cave, in order to have her exorcised. The temptation was too great; and in one moment the exorciser canceled a chastity of a century's duration. The dread of discovery of his first crime led to the perpetration of a second, and he next cut the throat of his violated victim, and fled to Rome. There the pope ordered him to go back on all fours, and never to look up until pardoned by Heaven. Thus punished, he almost degenerated into a wild creature, and at length was found by Wifred when out hunting; at the end of seven years a voice from heaven told him to look up, he did so, and recovered his human form and senses. Guarin now led the count to the mountain, where Riquilda reappeared alive, with only a red rim on her throat; her virginity also was restored by a very great miracle, and she became the first abbess of the convent.

The extraordinary mountain is called Monserrat, *quasi* "Mons Serratus," *Πριονωτος*, and it is, indeed, jagged as a saw. The legends say that it was thus rent at the moment of the crucifixion. It rises an isolated grey mass, chiefly of pudding-stone, being some eight leagues in circumference. The pinnacles range about 3300 feet high. The outline is most fantastic, consisting of cones, pyramids, buttresses, nine-pins, sugar-loaves, which are here jumbled by nature in a sportive mood. More than 500 different plants grow here. The box-trees are magnificent: from these the monks carved spoons, which, stained with red, were sold to pilgrims to assist digestion, and nothing eaten out of them ever disagreed. On the

Virgin's day, September 8, sometimes 3000 people went up to her shrine.

When the heights are gained by land, the views become extensive, sweeping over the sea to Manresa and the Pyrences. Here and there, perched like nests of the solitary eagle, are the ruins of former hermitages, burnt by the French. The extensive convent is placed under a tremendous rocky screen, on a sort of esplanade, overlooking the Llobregat, which flows deep below. The ride from Barcelona takes from ten to twelve hours. Those who come in a carriage will find at *Colbato* an inn, *Fonda de Monserrat*, where you can hire mules to ascend to the convent: the charge for each, up and down, is two *pesetas*. Formerly strangers were received by the monks, who had a separate range of buildings to lodge pilgrims gratuitously. Now reform has swept away both monk and welcome, although a sort of accommodation is to be had, being paid for, from a person placed to show the present abomination of desolation. Bring your provend.

On one side of the entrance *patio* is part of the old edifice, and some crumbling sepulchres; the ruined cloisters, gardens, walks, are overrun with nettles; as above these rise rocks of a terrible perpendicular, a mass was always said to the Virgin to prevent their falling on the convent, which a portion once did, and destroyed the infirmary: the chapel is now sadly desecrated. The *Retablo* was carved by Esteban Jordan; the magnificent *Reja* is by Christobal de Salamanca, 1578. On this site, see the mural inscription, in 1522, Loyola watched before the Virgin, previously to dedicating himself to her as her knight, and the founding his order of Jesuits: he laid his sword on her altar.

The jagged Monserrat towers in the distance, from whence

the Virgin smiled continually at San Ignacio, while doing penance in his cave at Manresa. This neighborhood is intimately connected with one of the greatest characters in history; whose life we will now briefly sketch.

Ignacio Loyola, born in Guipuzcoa in 1491, began life as a soldier, and was wounded by the French during the siege of Pamplona in 1521. He was cured by St. Peter, who came down from heaven on purpose. During his illness he read the lives and legends of saints, and determined on a spiritual career, and, first, did penance a year in a cave, the Virgin having actually reconceived him. Having dedicated himself to her at Monserrat, he went to Paris, collected a few disciples, and proceeded to Rome to ask for papal permission to found his society, our Saviour "appearing to him in person, to promise his assistance." Constituted by a bull in 1540, the order rapidly extended. Loyola was the chief for fifteen years, and died July 31, 1556, aged 63. He was recognized by Gregory XV., March 12, 1622. It has been calculated that the Jesuits' property in Spain, under Charles III., was worth more than three millions sterling. The Jesuits at length became too mighty for kings and popes; and the order was annulled July 21, 1773, by Ganganelli. They were expelled from Spain, March 31, 1767, under circumstances of singular perfidy and cruelty. How Aranda managed the blow with Charles III. is detailed by Blanco White, 'Doblado Letters,' pp. 445.

No artist ever painted the stealthy grimalkin Jesuit like Roelas. Ribalta imitated Sebastian del Piombo, and took the Schidoni look of these "men in black from under the ground." Loyola adopted for the costume of his order the usual dress worn in Spain by the secular clergy, which consists of a black gown and a huge hat, a yard long, turned up at the sides; it is

the dress of Don Basilio in the Marriage of Figario: none, however, can understand the fine arts of Spain, as connected with the Jesuits, without reading his authorized life, '*Vida del Santo*, Nieremberg,' Mad. 1636, 3rd ed.

After passing these points of remarkable interest, the mountains assume a bolder outline, and follow the coast in a graceful succession of undulations until the terming promonitory of Montjuich, which is crowned by the Citadel. Barcelona soon opens to view with its lines of walls and fortifications, and its Catalonian towers. It is admirably situated on a rich "*pla*," or plain, girded by fresh hills, and irrigated and fertilised by the *Llobregat* and the canals *Condal y Réal*. The advantages are counterbalanced by the town being a *plaza de* armas. The The garrison precautions impede free ingress and egress; the place is exposed to sieges, and its proportions, limited by the outworks, cannot be extended to meet a growing prosperity; hence, in addition to their turbulent rebellious tendencies, the Barcelonese have always been anxious to pull down their French-erected fortifications, or strait-jackets; whatever, just now, may be their Gallic predilections, they have no wish to imitate the re-Bastilement of Paris.

A fine sunset, lavishing its spendors over the noble and bold form of Monserrat and the other mountains on the coast, lent an air of grandeur and magnificence to the aspect of the port, before we came to a mooring alongside the quay; a charming effect, which was rather heightened by the beautiful appearance of numerous villas of the citizens which crowned the summit of the environing hills.

I had no sooner landed than I went to the new theatre on the Rambla, where I enjoyed a very fair representation of the Opera of Macbeth. The Liceo claims to be the largest edifice

of the kind in Europe, and disputes the supremacy of size with La Scala in Milan, and San Carlos at Naples. They say that there is scarcely an area of four feet in the difference between them. However this may be, the arrangement of this building, and the disposition of the boxes, were far preferable to the other, and there was but one fault, the house was too large for the proper conveyance of the sound. The palcos presented a brilliant array of beauty, who displayed themselves in the intervals between the acts, while promenading along the corridors, or when taking refreshments in the grand saloon, which was gorgeously arranged on the first floor. Verdi was as composite as ever.

Having returned to the vessel after the Opera that night, on the following morning my first walk was down the Rambla, a fine promenade made by filling up the channel of a stream which once ran through the city, and converting it into an Alameda with trees. The variety of life, character and costume presented upon it, renders its attractions unequalled in Europe. On the side are most of the elegant houses in the city, and the two fronts of the Santa Cruz and Lyceum Theatres. I extended my steps outside the gates and beyond the walls, in the environs observed several picturesque groups of the people: women sitting in the open air making lace; peasants, who are all trowsers, and bakers carrying loaves of bread of Brobokanago dimensions, some weighing thirty pounds. Other peasants, snoring in their carts, singing or drinking out of poraones, which they hold up with both their hands, and let the refreshing liquid fall in a rill down their throats. I ascended the hill of Montjuich, whence a glorious view may be had of the town, the port, and its charming environs, and thence descending passed again into the city by another gate, and

wandered through every street and quarter of the interior, visiting the hospitals and military establishments and markets. Of course, the Cathedral was entered, with its elegant Gothic cloister and rich light that illuminates its inner life; another walk led me to the Plateria, where all the jewelers reside, and where you will find the heavy and long earrings that the peasantry wear. Besides looking into a number of quaint old houses, and up to some rambling balconies which seemed to have strolled out of the middle age of these antique tenements, I followed the course of the narrowest streets and lanes I could find, taking them just as I fancied, and not caring whither they led, until I came out of the paths of the New Alameda, and thence returning to the city, was occupied during the whole day in viewing the life of this truly commercial place, the first, and almost the only port of importance in Spain.

BARCELONA.

Barcelona is one of the finest and certainly the most manufacturing city of Spain. It is the Manchester of Catalonia, which is the Lancashire of the Peninsula. Compared, however, to the mighty hives of English industry and skill, everything is petty. It disputes even with capital, and is beyond doubt a better placed and handsomer city than Madrid. The *Rambla* divides the old city from the new; it runs nearly north and south. It once was a streamlet, *la Rivera deu Malla*, of the "Mall," which bounded the west wall of Barcelona. The word *Rambla*, is Arabic, *Raml*, a sandy heap: it properly means a river-bed, which often in Spain, being dry in summer, is used as a road. The channel was, on the extension of the city, taken in, like the Boulevard of Paris; now it is the great aorta, and a charming walk planted with trees, like the *Unter den Linden at Berlin*, and is the fashionable promenade by day and night, and the *Corso* of the renowned carvinal of Barcelona. On it the traveler should lodge: here is the theatre, the post-office, the diligence-office, and the bureau for passports, the best shops, and most gape-seed.

Barcelona, according to local annalists, was a Laletanian city, and founded by Hercules, and 400 years before Rome. It was certainly refounded 235 B. C., by Amilcar Barca, father of Hannibal, and thence called Barcino. It became the Carthago Nova of the north coast. The Punic city was small,

and only occupied the hill Thaber, now the site round the cathedral. In 206 B. C., it was made a colonia by the Romans, and called "*Faventia Julia Augusta Pia Barcino.*" It was, however, quite eclipsed by Tarragona, the Roman capital, and by Emporiæ, a busy Greek sea-mart. It was taken about 409 by the Gothi-Alani, rose in importance, and coined money with the legend Barcelona: two councils were held here in 540 and 599. When the Moors utterly destroyed Tarragona, Barcelona, awed by the example, capitulated, was kindly treated, and became a new metropolis. After many changes and chances during the eighth and ninth centuries, in 878 it was ruled by an independent Christian chief of its own, whose twelfth descendant dropped the title of Count of Barcelona, on assuming that of King of Aragon. During the middle ages, like Carthage of old, it was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean, and divided with Italy the enriching commerce of the East, and trade was never held to be a degradation, as among the Castilians; accordingly, heraldic decorations are much less frequent on the houses. The citizens were protected by municipal charters and *fueros;* their commercial code dates from 1279. The Castilian connexion, with its wars, pride, and fiscal absurdities, led to the decay of Barcelona, hence their desire to shake off that *foreign* yoke. Thus, in 1640, they rose against the taxation and violation of their usages by Philip IV., and threw themselves into the arms of France. Again, in the War of Succession, they espoused the Austrian cause, and the citadel Monjuich was surprised, October 9, 1705, by Lord Peterborough, one of the most brilliant feats of that chivalrous commander, the Don Quixote of history, and Barcelona surrendered on the 13th of September.

When Marlborough was disgraced, Barcelona was left alone

to combat her two powerful neighbors. Louis XIV., then sent Berwick with 40,000 men to aid Philip V., whilst an English fleet, under Wishart, blockaded their former allies. The city refused to yield unless its "*fueros*" were secured, and was therefore stormed by the French; September 11, a white flag was hoisted, but in vain, for Berwick applied the torch himself; and when the sword, fire, and lust had done their worst, all the privileges guaranteed by France were abolished by Frenchmen.

Buonaparte, in our times, obtained Barcelona by perfidy; he knew its importance, and called it the "first city" and key of Spain; one which "could not be taken, in *fair* war, with less than 80,000 men." In February, 1808, he sent Duhesme with 11,000 men in the character of allies, who desired, as a "proof of confidence and harmony," that his troops might alternately mount guard with the Spanish; this granted, on the 28th he seized the citadel, having drawn out his soldiers under the pretence of a review; Ezpeleta, the Captain-General, at the same giving up the fortress of Monjuich.

The Catalonians, in 1827, rose in favor of Don Carlos, and ever since Barcelona has taken the lead in all insurrections against every established authority. General Lauder opened the ball by opposing Christina, in 1834 : soon after, Barcelona "pronounced" for Espartero in 1840, and against in 1841–2–3 : the low populace, especially in the San Jaime quarters, (the Saint Giles's,) being always ready to raise the banner of revolt.

Barcelona is the capital of its province, the see of a bishop, the residence of the Captain-General and *Jefe Politico,* and the seat of an *Audiencia.* It has a university, academies, and the usual civil and military establishments. Population above 120,000. The city possesses more European-like establishments than is usual in Spain, and they are well conducted.

Although there are few things more repugnant to English notions than all that concerns *Justicia* in Spain, a word at which the natives tremble worse than we do at the thoughts of Chancery, Mr. Milford, a Devonshire magistrate, found these matters at Barcelona to be on a more European and better footing. The *Carcel Nuevo*, or New Prison, built in 1838–40, is spacious and well arranged; the younger culprits are taught *las primeras letras*, to read and write; visit the *sala de declaracion*, where the judge listens unseen and behind a grating, while the prisoner is confronted with the accuser, who alone knows the presence of the judge! At the *Casa de Caridad*, founded in 1799, more than 1000 poor men, women, and children, are usefully employed. The *Presidio*, or place of detention for convicts, is on a large scale, and certainly is preferable to the hulks; the culprits, during the term of their confinement, are instructed in different trades, and receive half their earnings, part at once, which they expend in tobacco, and the remainder on leaving, by which means they are not forced into new crimes by being cast without means or character on the wide world; the other half is retained to defray the general expenses. There is very little attempt at moral reformation, and not half are reclaimed; safe custody rather than philanthropy is the principle: they are tolerably fed, as well indeed as Spanish soldiers: they sleep on the ground like pigs, on mats in long corridors; generally speaking, there is an open grating at one end, at which sentinels are placed, who, in cases of outbreak, not unfrequently fire in with ball-cartridge. There is a sort of school for the young offenders.

To understand the localities of this city, the traveler should first ascend the cathedral tower, and then walk through the beautiful promenades with which Barcelona abounds; first, for

the interior is the unrivaled Rambla; then, for the land side, the *Muralla de tierra*, which is both a walk and a drive. Commencing at the *Puerta de Santa Madrona*, below are the rich gardens of San Beltran, with the road to Monjuich, and the fresh fountains of Trobada, Satalia del Gat, and Pesetas. The Madrid road issues from the *Puerta San Antonio;* beyond the gardens and "torres" extend to Sarria; at the *Puerta del Angel*, a noble walk, made in 1824, by Campo-sagrado, leads to Gracia. The road to France issues from the *Puerta Nueva;* outside to the left, is a wide extent of densely-peopled garden district, to the right, the citadel, and beyond this the *Cementerio*, with its catacomb niches, and a chapel built by a Florentine named Ginessi. Near the Puerta Nueva, begins *El Paseo Nuevo*, or "*El Lancastrin*," so called from its founder, the Duque de Lancaster. The avenues are shady, and the stone seats commodious. The nereids, tritons, royal busts, all chin and nose, and sculpture, are poor as regards art. The garden "*del General*," at the other end, was laid out by Castaños, in 1816, with flower-beds, statues, ponds with swans, and aviaries. The walk on the sea-board, on the mural terrace or rampart, *la Muralla del Mar*, is, as at Palermo, the fashionable morning and evening lounge, sunny in winter, and freshened by the sea-breeze in summer. The modern *Plaza del Mar* opens to the mole, to the Plaza de Toros, and Genoese-looking Barceloneta. The *Plaza del Palacio*, is the resort of the official, military, and commercial classes. The environs of Barcelona are delightful. The sea and town from the base of a rich plain, girdled by hills, which rise to a mean height of 700 feet, from whence the river *Besos* and the tributaries of the Llobregat descend; this "*Pla*" is studded with "*Torres y Huertas*," which extend from the city walls to *Garcia* and *Sarriá*, the Brighton and Astoria of

the merchants; vast multitudes go there on the holidays to eat and dance. Among the cits' boxes, *el Laberinto*, and that of Señor Anglada, both near *Horta*, are the most charming.

The streets in the older part of the town are narrow and tortuous: they are being gradually widened as repairs become necessary. The demolition of convents has afforded additional space; the well paved new streets are built in imitation of those in the Rue Rivoli at Paris, with arcades and shops, rather than after the old Catalan character.

In *la Plateria*, the form of many of the ornaments worn by the peasants is quite classical and antique, although the work is very rude and coarse. Observe the huge ear-rings of amethysts, the "*Arracadas*," (a pure Arabic word and thing,) and the "*Joyas*," made with emeralds and colored stones.

The principal Roman antiquities are to be found in the oldest portion of the town; they are but fragments, having for fifteen centuries been ill-treated by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard. In the *Calle del Paradis* are some columns built up by houses, which are supposed to have been the termination of the aqueduct from Colcerolla, of which an arch remains in the *Calle de Capellans:* there are six in one house; one is seen in the *Patio*, three in a room, and two in an upper garret, to which the antiquarian should mount. These have been called the tomb of Hercules, Ataufus, etc.

In the church of *San Miguel* is a blue and white Mosaic pavement, with tritons and marine subjects, and hence considered to have belonged to a temple of Neptune; others have thought it the work of Greek artists of the thirteenth century. In the *Calle de los Baños* are some old Moorish baths, now, alas! converted into a stable.

The churches are very ancient; some are of singularly elegant

Gothic, and many have the square and polygonal belfry. The cathedral *la Seu* or *Seo* rises on the highest part of the old town, and is built on the site of a previous pagan temple. The chapter nestled around, in the excellent houses of the *Calle del Paradis.* This cathedral is a type of the ecclesiastical architecture of Catalonia: its characteristics are the elevated flight of steps at the approach, the belfry towers, the lofty roof, supported by slender elegant piers, the splendid painted glass, the semicircular colonnade which girdles the high altar, and below it the chapel crypt, with its elliptical arch; a profusion of Saracen's heads are used as bosses and corbels. The infusion of a Norman style cannot be mistaken. The principal façade is unfinished, with a bold front painted in stucco, although the chapter for three centuries have received a fee on every marriage, for this very purpose of completing it. The original cathedral was built by Ramon Berenguer I., on the site of one older, and dedicated to the cross. The present one was begun in 1298. The *coro* and pulpits are of a good Gothic; the organs are of sober-colored wood, with Saracen's heads beneath. The *Retablo Major* is composed of a dark stone, with pointed arches, and blue and gold ornaments; the pillars which cluster around it, forming an open semicircular frame, instead of the usual solid walls, have a very light and elegant effect. On each side is a spiral pillar of red marble, supporting an angel with a torch: the series of connecting gilt arches is delicate and singular; the chapels round the altar are *churrigueresque,* and filled with bad *Retablos,* sculpture, and over-gilding. In a chapel crypt below the high altar, like the sepulchre of St. Peter's at Rome, *lies,* or is said to lie, the body of *Santa Eulalia,* the "well-speaking" *Patrona* of the city.

"Esta es Eulalia, la de Barcelona,
De la rica Ciudad, la joya rica!"

The silver lamps were plundered by the French. The sacred plate of the cathedral was very ancient and magnificent. The chapter paid to the invaders 40,000 libras Catalanas to preserve it, who took the money first, and the plate next, væ victis! the fine gold or gilt Custodia in the *Sacristia* alone escaped, which all lovers of old plate should examine. On the base is represented the entry of Juan II. into Perpiñan, October 28, 1473, after he had defeated the French besiegers.

The cathedral has two noble towers; the arched support of that with the clock deserves notice: the great bell was cast in 1393: the panorama from the summit is glorious; flocks of pigeons, as at Valencia, fly about, being forced to do so by their proprietors on the house-tops, to make them air themselves. Near the door of ascent is the light Gothic cloister with its faded frescoes and pleasant court of oranges; let in the walls are some curious sepulchral stones, dating from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. Here was the canonical aviary in which certain sacred geese were kept like those of the Roman capitol. It afterwards became the palace of the Viceroy, and then a convent and prison.

Second, and closely analogous to the cathedral, is the fine church *la Santa Maria del Mar*, erected on the site of a chapel of the Goths. Inscriptions near the south door record the date of the rebuilding, 1328; it was finished in 1483. The style is very elegant, the piers airy and lofty; the painted glass very rich, in greens, blues, and reds. The gilded royal pew faces the overgrown, overdone organ. Observe the semicircular framework of pillars that surrounds the high altar, which,

unfortunately, has been modernized with red marbles, gilt capitals, and tawdry sculptured angels and the Virgin; to the right is a good statue of San Alejo, and in the *Respaldo del Coro*, some pictures by Viladomat, representing the passion of Christ.

The ship-crowded port of Barcelona opposite this plaza is spacious, but never was very good, as it is exposed to the south, and is subject to be choked up by deposits from the river. A mole was begun by the Spaniards in 1439, but it was carried away by the sea; they then employed, in 1477, one Stacio, an engineer, from Egypt, whose work has been strengthened from time to time. The breakwater, made of stones from the quarries of Monjuich, was improved in 1802, by John Smith and Timothy Roch. During the war, when the Mediterranean became an English lake, the port, like that of Tarragona, being useless, was neglected by the French, and almost ruined.

The port is guarded to the left by the "*Ciudadela*" and the fort *San Carlos*. The former was erected by the French under Philip V., as a Bastile to terrorize the citizens. In a military point of view it is of no great value, being commanded by Montjuich. This citadel is an abomination in the eyes of the town's folk; it is a bridle in their mouths, and prevents the city's increasing to its full commercial growth: hence the attempts to pull it down. The *cortinas del Rey, y de la Reyna*, which face the town, were demolished in October 1841, when the municipality, having first promised Zabala to protect it, actually led the way in the destruction, each member carrying away a stone in triumph.

In order to compensate for the district destroyed by Philip V., the Marquis de la Mina built, in 1755–75, the sub-marine

suburb called *Barceloneta*. The streets run in straight lines; the houses are low and painted red, and tenanted by ship-builders, dealers in marine stores, fishermen and washerwomen.

The eminence *Monjuich* defends and commands Barcelona to the right. It was the *Mons Jovis* of the Romans; the *Mons Judaicus* of the middle ages; being the residence of the Jews; and some strangely-inscribed tombstones are yet to be seen underneath it. The present name may be derived from either of the former appellations. The reddish hill is approached by a fine zigzag road constructed by Roncali. The superb fortifications are very strong, shaped in an irregular pentagon, and well provided with cisterns and casemates. The panorama, with the prostrate city at its feet and mercy, is magnificent. It was from the batteries that Barcelona was bombarded in the "Lesseps" insurrection, 1842; and again in the *Pronunciamiento* of 1843.

Thus having concluded an inspection of all the objects of interest embraced in the present sketch and history of Barcelona, I returned by the way of the *Marina* to the steamer, and staid on board all night, anxiously expecting to get under weigh in the morning.

TO FRANCE.

At eight o'cock on Sunday morning, a fine breeze favoring us, the steamer started out of port. Our course, by steaming, carried us close to the coast-shore, which was dotted with several pretty villages, among which the most conspicuous was Mataró. This place was remarkable, from the fact that the only railroad ever begun in Spain was completed at that point, which is only eight miles from Barcelona.

Shortly after passing the verdurous gardens of Mataró on the coast, we came to the picturesque port of San Felice de Guixos, and sailing by the wind freshening in force we caught sight of *Forte Vendres*, which is the first French possession beyond the bold promontory of *Cabo de Creux*. Two mountains, scarcely a mile apart, rose high above the wild coast. Each has a castle. The boundary line of Spain and France runs between these two outposts. Far to the west of these hills, a magnificent outline of the Pyrenees was seen, but on this overcast evening they were veiled in mist and uncertainty. This was our last sight of Spain. Not long after its disappearance we lost sight of the headlands of the French coast. The night was heavy and portended a storm. The sky was overcast in the morning as we crossed the Gulf of Lyons. Our course was due north-east for Marseilles. The wind had been south-west, fair, during the whole night. About eight o'clock we came in sight of the bold hilly coast in the neighborhood of the port, and the wind changing about ten, we made a fine entrance into the harbor of Marseilles, just in time to escape the brunt of a storm which was gathering in the heavens.

MARSEILLES.

This harbor, at the mouth of the Rhone, is one of the most singular, as well as the most secure in the world. Its entrance is about a hundred yards wide, but within there is space for 1500 vessels. The narrow opening is strongly guarded, and made almost impregnable by bristling rocks and its strong fortifications.

But Marseilles has few attractions. It appeared in a more quiet state than when we had previously visited it on our way

to Spain. In fact, I hardly thought of my being in French territory, for such is the force of habit that I forgot for some time that I had escaped from my Spanish neighbors, and I should have scarcely been reminded of my absent-mindedness, had I not been brought to my senses by the sight of numerous little grisettes, wearing tidy little bonnettes, who were flitting across the streets, or busily occupied in arranging the goods in their neat little shops.

To pass from the port to Lyons, and thence to Paris by the valley of the Rhone, and by diligence and rail-cars, was the work of a few days. I was too glad to get back to Paris to think much of the intermediate space. How glad I was to arrive in the capital, and what sights I saw, and what was done, how I went to Franconi, was enchanted by the acting of Rachel, diverted at Mabille, strolled on the Boulevards, ate at the cafés, looked at the Barricades, admired the Gobelins, listened at the Opera, walked in "La Chaise," laughed at the Gymnase, smiled with Rose Cherie, grinned at Le Maitre, purchased at the Ville de Paris, chatted with Rodolphe, my old valet de place, ran to Versailles, quizzed at the Ballet, drew on my bankers, lodged at "La France," met with old friends, looked at *le chat* somerset, was advised, *soyez sage*, danced at the Chateau Rouge, feasted the monkeys, breakfasted with Don Ribas, went to the minister's and got despatches, would be only to relate what is done and will be always done by every American who visits Paris—and would only bore my readers.

Our labor of love and these traces having been sufficiently lengthened, our readers are doubtless no happier than ourselves

that they are now brought to a close. Here we rest awhile to reflect over the joys of the past. What thoughts of pleasant hours spent in innocent enjoyment and profitable result rush through the mind, painting with guileless images the whole landskip of that retrospect. Our endeavor has always been to instruct as well as to amuse. Few lines have been written which should ever cause the reader or writer to blush. We have striven to sustain a high standard of morality, and to present a better model for the elevation of a higher society among us. The cultivation of art—the handmaid of religion—in the Old World, has been earnestly commended on every suitable occasion. Refinement of manners, and that gentle courtesy which can alone arise from the education of the heart, and the development of Christian Grace, have been eminently urged as subjects worthy of our study and adoption, for without religious principle there can be no true gentility.

Conceding the poetical accuracy of the line, that

"The honest man is the noblest work of God,"

it is a pre-eminently grander truth, that the loftiest title of nobility on earth, is that of the Christian gentleman.

While comparing the differences existing between Europe and this country, it has always pleased me to conclude that in the essential virtues necessary to a nation's prosperity, America has decidedly the advantage. In civil and religious liberty, the education of the masses, and the means of subsistence are eminently superior, because these are more universally diffused among the people.

If by the sentiments offered in my works, my country has been made to appear dearer to her subjects—if this example

shall have led others to a more careful cultivation of their leisure—if any heart has been made happier by any comfort of reflection, or any poetry of thought herein; or one youth beguiled from the wiles and snares of vice during the perusal of these pages, such results will prove ample reward for our humble endeavors. Beyond this, we have thus experienced that, "Labor ipse voluptas,"—for in all labor there is profit.

In fine, I thank God for His unspeakable gift of health, which has enabled me to conclude this labor of love, in prosperity and happiness; and sincerely pray, that in the countenance of His grace, my efforts may ever redound to His honor and glory.

THE END OF

THE TRACES

OF THE

ROMAN AND MOOR.

719

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 009 830 303 0